

·POEMS·OF·NATVRE·
·AND·LIFE·

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J. W. Randall

POEMS OF NATURE AND LIFE

BY

JOHN WITT RANDALL

EDITED BY

FRANCIS ELLINGWOOD ABBOT

WITH AN INTRODUCTION ON THE RANDALL FAMILY

“Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart”

BOSTON
GEORGE H. ELLIS
272 CONGRESS STREET
1899

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1159082

TO J. W. R.

*Dazzling the honors of successful crime,
Deafening the plaudits of triumphant wrong!
But thou, great heart, didst glorify by song
A life too short, yet sweet, pure, true, sublime:
To WORTH — unknown, dead in forgotten time,
Yet by one royal soul remembered long,
With love and grief that years but made more strong —
Thou rear'dst thy "humble monument of rhyme."
O Friend! in all this labyrinthine maze
Of human follies, falsities, and phlegms,
Still looms thine obelisk with stones that blaze —
TRUTHS more resplendent than those thievish gems
That flash superb, proud of Heaven's stolen rays,
In coronets, tiaras, diadems.*

F. E. A.

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NOTE.

The likeness which is inserted as a frontispiece to the "Consolations of Solitude" is reproduced from the best of a dozen daguerreotypes, taken as a special gift for me at my request, about 1853, when Dr. Randall was forty years old. The fine steel engraving which stands as a general frontispiece to "Poems of Nature and Life" was made from a photograph taken in March or April, 1885, just before his first paralytic stroke, when he was seventy-one.

F. E. A.

INTRODUCTION.

THE RANDALL FAMILY.

I.

THE poems here collected, although published in part more than forty years ago, are in truth now given to the world for the first time. In 1856, a small volume in black or brown cloth binding, very unpretentious in appearance and altogether unheralded by advertisements, was printed and put on sale for a while in Boston by John P. Jewett and Company, well known at the time as the publishers of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The book was entitled "Consolations of Solitude," and went out anonymously to meet the fate which is common to anonymous books, especially when, like this one, they are published at the author's expense and get no help from the trade. A few copies were sold; more were given away. The author, too proud to permit what he called "puffery," and too jealous of the poet's high calling to sanction the pushing of his work by means which he thought detracted from its dignity, refused to resort even to quite legitimate advertising, and chose to let his strains die unheard rather than to force them, or even seem to force them, on a single unwilling ear. The result could easily be foreseen, and it would be quite unfair to hold the publisher alone responsible for it.

Indeed, the poet himself never complained of his publisher for not advertising the book, and, when the veneration

able Joseph T. Buckingham seemed to make that complaint in his behalf in the "Evening Transcript" of February 15, 1856, wrote this note in a private copy of his own: "This is, perhaps, hardly fair to Mr. Jewett, because the work is a private one, and Mr. Jewett's offer to purchase the right of publishing was not accepted by the author. Jewett's puffing system is a real mischief to an honest literature, and an author of self-respect would hardly submit to it; still I do not know that he is less liberal than other publishers. I am told that none will advertise on a mere commission."

But, happening to step into the store where his book was announced to be on sale, and finding no copies there which were not hidden under the counter, the poet ordered all the remaining copies of the edition to be sent to his own residence, and gave them away privately to any persons who desired to read them. Possibly these facts may lend new interest to the introductory poem, "The Author to his Book in Early Spring," and the lines "to the Reader." They show, at least, how singularly sincere were the sentiments there expressed.

But the poems thus noiselessly dropped into the noisy river of modern literature did not altogether fail to reach appreciative minds. Despite the disadvantages of slovenly printing and (it must be confessed) occasional slovenliness of composition, despite some technical defects of structure, form, and expression, and the graver defect of a too frequent lapse into the monotone of didacticism, there was yet something in the "Consolations of Solitude" which arrested and held the admiration of undoubtedly competent judges — something of power, originality, beauty, wisdom, true inspiration, which must still charm those who can discern what is most precious in literature. It is altogether fitting, and in truth a sacred duty to the dead, to preserve

in this place some record of the appreciation accorded to these poems more than forty years ago.

Mr. Richard Henry Dana, Senior, the venerable author of "The Buccaneers," and one of the founders of the "North American Review" in May, 1815, wrote the following letter to the poet's sister:—

MY DEAR MISS RANDALL,

When you called at my house and left for me with your name a copy of your brother's volume of poetry, I was ill, and from that time to the present have scarcely for a day been free from more or less trouble, particularly in the head, which has at times prevented my reading at all. I have of course been in no state for reading poetry, especially that which was new to me. I have, notwithstanding, read a few of the pieces, and will no longer delay telling you how much I have been struck with their deep thoughtfulness, which does not seem to be so much awakened for the time by an object or subject calling it up as to be a state habitual to the mind, and subjecting to its power whatever comes across that mind. Here is also shown an eye most observant of nature, constantly noting what would pass under most eyes unseen, its minuter forms and subtile changes such as the eye of love alone would see. Here are wise thoughts, too, expressed with a closeness which comes of strength and imparts strength, and the language is plain mother-English, comforting and refreshing to one wearied of the so prevalent affected and strained and obscure phraseology of these days. I will not now stay to particularise the pieces which I have read, but I cannot pass by "A Spring Morning"—is it? (A friend has my copy.) What a beauty in its tender sadness! How true in its many and varied objects in nature, follow-

ing one on another as the affections turned towards them or were touched and saddened or soothed by them! I know not where I have met with anything of the kind which has so deeply, yet so gently moved me. I may not stay to play the critic now, but only to request you to thank your brother in my name for the pleasure he has given me — the *kind* of pleasure. With great esteem,

RICHARD H. DANA.

43 CHESTNUT ST., Feb. 15th, 1856.

Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote to the poet himself as follows:—

CONCORD, 11 Sept. 1856.

MY DEAR SIR,

I thank you heartily for your kind gift of the Poems, so truly named, and so truly written. I had borrowed them of Elizabeth Hoar, and read them with much interest, as celebrating places and experiences which are mine also; and I pleased myself that, some day, our walks might meet — you at the extreme of your ramble and I at the extreme of mine. I sent E. H. some note of what I found in the book. Now I shall keep it by me for the weather and mood that require it. I have no verses to send you in return, but shall ask my publisher to send you a copy of my “English Notes,” and, if the prose is extreme, I hope you will lay it to the necessities of the theme. With great regard, yours,

R. W. EMERSON.

Mr. RANDALL.

Rev. Jones Very, known to many as a poet of rarest delicacy and beauty of thought, sent this note of acknowledgment :

MR. JOHN W. RANDALL.

Dear Sir, — I feel much indebted to you for the volume of your Poems which I received through our common friend Mr. Whipple. Mr. Whipple presented me with a copy of your volume not long after its publication, which I read with much pleasure and highly prize. I sent a short notice of it to the Salem "Gazette" with extracts, wishing to call the attention of others to the work. The "Ode to Conscience" I think striking and sublime. "A Last Word to 'The Waterfowl'" and others please me. I shall value highly the copy you have sent, especially as containing your last corrections. I hope the opportunity will be given us of becoming personally acquainted.

Your friend,

JONES VERY.

SALEM, Jan'y 26th, 1857.

Mr. Epes Sargent, who had won distinction in almost every branch of literature, acknowledged receipt of a copy of the book in the following terms :—

ROXBURY, Jan. 22d, 1856.

MY DEAR RANDALL,

Accept my thanks for your beautiful volume of poems. I have read many of the pieces (and expect to read all) with the sincerest pleasure. The opening stanzas ("Dedication") seem to me very beautiful and touching. I have read that and the "Ode to God," together with the two

introductory pieces, aloud to my wife, and she agrees with me in admiring them. I would like to make a notice of the book for the "Transcript," or some other Boston paper. I shall want to make some extracts, and it will facilitate my purpose if you can give me some loose sheets of the book from the binder, as I cannot think of marring my own copy. I was sorry that I was not at home when you called. It will give me pleasure to see you at my house in Roxbury whenever it is in your power to make me a visit. Should you be able to let me have some of the loose sheets, let your publishers send them to me at Phillips, Sampson & Co.'s, 13 Winter St.

Believe me, with sincere regard,

Your friend,

EPES SARGENT.

J. W. RANDALL, Esq.
Boston.

Rev. Dr. Ephraim Peabody, minister of King's Chapel, Boston, who, although not himself an author, was as widely admired for his literary taste as he was deeply venerated for his personal character, thus expressed to the poet his appreciation of the "Consolations of Solitude":—

MY DEAR SIR,

54 CHAMBERS ST., Jan. 11, 1856.

I cannot better express the pleasure which I have received from your volume than by saying that, with the exception of one or two pieces, I read the whole of it on the evening I received it, and parts of it twice, and with more gratification the second time than the first. I am delighted with your descriptions of nature, especially "Asabet Brook and River," "The Mountain Journey," and

so forth. I do not know but I like better still the blended contemplative philosophy and poetry of such pieces as the "Ode to God, as he appears to the child," and so forth. Whether or not I was just in the mood for it, I cannot say, but I was charmed with the "Retrospect." I will not, however, refer to particular poems. I will only say in general that, in addition to other things, I am particularly impressed by the number of lines and stanzas I should be glad to retain in the memory, on account of their felicitous expression of some striking thought. I am greatly pleased at seeing your self-criticisms in the alterations you have made in words. It makes the copy as good as an "engraving before the letter"—is that the phrase? I wish that the admirable piece on "The Poet: Fourth Treatment" might be read, studied, and inwardly digested by our modern poets, and that they might then ponder the full meaning of "The Nuptials" of Beauty and Truth. But I am writing a letter instead of a note, and must close with again thanking you for your volume and the pleasure it has given me; while I beg you to believe me

Very respectfully and sincerely yours,

E. PEABODY.

J. W. RANDALL, Esq.

The following two letters from Dr. Samuel Conant Foster, the poet's schoolfellow, classmate at Harvard, and lifelong friend, and one of the most distinguished physicians of his generation in New York City, written as they were eight years afterwards, throw great light on the reasons why the "Consolations of Solitude" were so little known at the time of publication:—

NEW YORK, Aug. 10, 1864.

DEAR JOHN,

YOU are a very mean fellow. You are an outrageous curmudgeon. You deserve to be exposed. I have a great mind to (I have more than once vowed that I would) review you. What right have you, I should like to know, to keep such poems as these to yourself? They belong to your friends, if not to the public, and it is a wrong to them, and, I insist upon it, a wrong to poor human nature, which has few enough of these "Consolations," to keep them locked up in your desk, or to quarrel with your printer because he wished to make them known.

Seriously, your volume has afforded me unmingled delight. Before I had had the book forty-eight hours, I had read it through, and many of the poems several times. Since then I have recurred to it again and again, and am really annoyed to think it could have been in print so long without my knowing it. During the long period of ill health which I went through, I used often to long for some new poetry, and, if I had had your book, should have got most of it by heart.

Now one object of this communication is this: namely, to beg of you to publish the rest of your six volumes and as many more as you can write—to *publish* them, I say, not merely print them; and this includes the sending copies to the newspapers in the usual way (which is open to objections, certainly, but, being the usual way, it is unwise to kick against it).

I take it this is a *class* of your poems. I know it only shows one side of your mind. Let us see, let the public see, the whole of it, or at least such parts as it would not be painful to you to expose. Of course, every man has a right to a private recess in his soul that no mortal may in-

trude upon; but I deny his right to pretend that his entire soul is a "holy of holies." It belongs partly to himself and partly to his fellow-beings. If I lived in Boston, wouldn't I unearth you? Wouldn't I drag you out of your den?

Hoard up the productions of others' genius as much as you please, and gloat over the possession of this and that and the other treasure—but don't lock up your own inspirations!

Come, you have collected a splendid lot of choice works of art. You have taken *them* out of the world, now I think of it. On the whole, have you not been doing mischief all this time in absorbing all these gems? Would they not have delighted a great many more people, if they had knocked about till they got worn out? And then you propose to have them decently interred in Harvard College. If you do, by thunder, I will not rest till I see your name painted on a big board, and affixed to some of the college buildings as they do those of munificent donors: *vide* "Thos. Hollis," "Soc. Prom. Evang." &c, "Wales," and the rest! But, however you inter your engravings and drawings, I protest against your poems being so interred. And don't let me hear again of your losing volumes of manuscript in "ponds at Stow," or elsewhere!

Alcott accused T. Carlyle (in a letter to Emerson) of "inhospitality to his thought." We are disposed to be hospitable to your thought, but you deny us the pleasure of its society. Don't do so any more. Get your other poems published. Don't be so unflinchingly unlike everybody else in this matter, at least. I am bound to go to Boston again next summer on purpose to unearth you. So prepare your mind for it.

I meant, when I began this letter, to have pointed out some things in your book that particularly pleased me, but I have no time at present to write more. Do you never come to New York? I should be glad to see you here, and can give you lodging and bread enough to keep you from starving (I say nothing of butter at present rates!). Try it some time this fall or winter.

Yours very sincerely,

S. CONANT FOSTER.

59 WEST 35TH ST.

NEW YORK, Aug. 11, 1864.

DEAR JOHN,

I wrote you yesterday and sent the letter today. But that is no reason why I should not write you today and send the letter tomorrow, or when I please. I have been reading some of your poems again, and I must write you again.

I have not the poetical faculty. But I have, thank God, the faculty of appreciating it wherever I find it, and I should not be doing justice to myself or you, if I did not express what I feel. You know very well, or ought to know, that I am no flatterer; and you will therefore give me credit for sincerity, when I try to convince you that you ought to give greater publicity to your poems. Shall a man who has the gift of music refuse to let others hear his melodies? This is the part of a churl, and it is not *your* spirit. Why, such things as these of yours are the very *pabulum* of the soul!

I have known you from boyhood, but I have not appreciated you hitherto. I have, it is true, always perceived that you were capable of great things, but I did not think

you would ever accomplish them. I have looked upon you as leading an idle and therefore useless life. But I was wrong. If you should do nothing more than you have done in writing this volume of poems, you will have accomplished more than the majority of men — more, I mean, for the good of the human race. Good food, when taken into a healthy stomach, not only sustains life for the time, but increases the power of digestion and creates an appetite for more. It is the same with the soul's aliment. I *know* when I have dined on roast beef, and can tell by the effect that it is not charlotte-russe and whip-syllabub. I have had more than one hearty meal out of your volume. (Excuse the shop!) Now, if it were necessary, in order to induce people to eat roast beef, to puff it in the newspapers, I should certainly advise its being done, that the consumption might not be confined to the enlightened few. My father, being a knowing one, used to eat tomatoes when the rest of the world considered them poisonous. There is no such apprehension in the present case, and all people want is to be invited to partake of the dish — to have it set before them.

I hope that, the next time you make a contract with a publisher, you will let him puff you as much as he likes. What harm does it do you? The judicious understand that that is a mere publisher's expedient to make the book sell. They form their opinions independently. But they might never have had a chance to form any opinions at all in the case, if the matter had not been thrust upon their notice in a way that you would regard, and justly, as a species of charlatanry. It is no use to kick against the pricks; and, if quackish procedures serve occasionally to bring a good thing into sight that would otherwise remain hidden, there is some good even in quackery.

Think of these things. Perhaps I am wrong, after all, in supposing that your book is so little known. If so, accuse my unfortunate position here, getting a precarious livelihood out of a commercial community, whose spirit, perhaps, infects me a little, much as I loathe it. Write to me when you have time, and believe me ever

Your sincere friend,

S. CONANT FOSTER.

59 WEST 35TH ST.

The few letters already quoted, the only ones which have been preserved, are not the sole record of the impression made at the time by the mingled tenderness and austerity of these poems, in which the love of beauty, the reverence for goodness, and the passion for truth seem contending for the mastery, yet in which there is manifest an almost fierce contempt for meretricious ornament. Among the papers intrusted to me is a retained copy of an undated letter, marked on the outside in the poet's handwriting — "From J. W. R. to Mr. Bryant." This letter is so characteristic, so proud and yet so shy, so suggestive of the solitude in which the writer spent his life, that it belongs here.

RESPECTED SIR,

The esteem which from my youth up I have entertained for your printed poems induces me to ask your acceptance of the little book which accompanies this note, and which a friend kindly offers to place in your hands. I do not know that any apology for so doing is necessary, believing that the motive above suggested has been always accepted

among authors and artists as a justification of similar intrusions. Although personally unknown to you, I may truly say that to me you do by no means seem like a stranger. Your poetical works, old and new, are identified with my most agreeable recollections. Your "Green River," "The Waterfowl," and "The Lapse of Time" were scarcely more familiar to my earliest associations than are "The Crowded Street" and "The Apennines" to my more recent ones; and I truly wish that the spirit of those pieces might be influential in subduing to the enjoyment of simple and thoughtful pleasures that restless spirit of my countrymen which, impatient of restraint, even that of contemplativeness, pushes ever aimlessly on from excitement to excitement.

I do not subscribe my name, because I intend only a tribute of respect. I well know that I have no claims upon your time, and do not wish you to feel it necessary, from motives of courtesy, to give yourself the trouble of acknowledgment. Suffice it to say that, if you should obtain from these little pieces a very small portion of the same kind of pleasure which I have been all my life deriving from your own, it will be to me a source of substantial satisfaction.

I am, &c, with great respect.

To this unsigned letter, of course, no reply was sent. But the New York "Evening Post" of December 17, 1856, contained a notice of the new poems which was written by William Cullen Bryant himself, and which for that reason is here reproduced, as follows:—

“We have here a volume of poems by one who holds the character of the poet in high esteem, remembering the time when

‘the sacred name
Of Poet and of Prophet was the same,’

and believing that great gifts of the mind should only be used for noble purposes. His notion of the proper vocation of the poet is expressed in four successive poems, closing with these lines [Mr. Bryant then quoted the three concluding stanzas of ‘The Poet : Fourth Treatment’].

“The volume before us is published without the name of the author, but it is ascribed to Dr. J. W. Randall, of Boston, who has found time amid more practical studies and pursuits to produce verses worthy of a high place among compositions of their class. They are the offspring of a mind more attentive to the essential forms and elements of beauty than to their decoration. There is not a single scrap of tinsel in the whole volume. The author is not afraid of what is homely, provided it be true; and in this peculiarity of his genius, or rather in this manly and sincere taste, he reminds us of the older poets of the English language, to whom we turn when wearied with the artificial graces of modern verse.

“These poems are either descriptive or meditative, and of each the author has given us successful examples. Of the first, ‘The Assabet Brook and River’ and ‘The Morning, Noon, and Night of a Summer’s Day’ are among the most remarkable. As a specimen of the other class, we extract the following, not because it is the best, but because it shows the author’s power of investing a not very promising subject with beauty.” [Mr. Bryant concludes the notice by quoting in full the poem “To Louis Cornaro.”]

Mr. Edwin P. Whipple, whose reputation at the time stood second to that of no New England writer in respect to delicacy of critical insight or soundness of literary judgment, wrote the following notice in some Boston journal of which neither name nor date is preserved in the printed slip here copied:—

“These poems are evidently the production of a mind of no common order, a mind which has earned the right to a direct communion with Nature by watching her every mood, and which fearlessly flings at artificial life the monitions and sarcasms which are learned in her austere school. Though evidently the work of a man accomplished both in literature and science, it derives little aid from either, if we except the habits of mind which are induced by study. The individuality of the writer is always prominent, leading him to state nothing which he has not himself seen, thought, or experienced, and to toss scornfully aside the traditional commonplaces and common phrases of poetry. This independence, while it makes him instinctively avoid all pretence, sentimental hypocrisy, and imitation, is not without the wilfulness which independence of mind is so apt to produce. It occasionally leads him to the choice of topics not essentially poetical, to give an undue emphasis to his own moods, to fall into rugged modes of expression in his desire to avoid the stereotyped phraseology and harmonies of versification, and to impress on his woodland notes a character rather rustical than sylvan. But these faults are more than counterbalanced by his power of keen, vigilant and accurate observation, his quaint energy of statement, his sympathy with all those forms of manhood which have in them the tough vitality of New England nature, his frequent depth and delicacy of perception and

novelty of combination, and his direct grasp and earnest expression of those sentiments and principles which purify, invigorate and elevate life."

Mr. Joseph Hale Abbot, formerly professor of English and mathematics in Phillips Exeter Academy and afterwards for a quarter of a century principal of a private school for young ladies in Boston, a member and for two years the recording secretary of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, contributed to the "Boston Daily Advertiser" (then edited by his kinsman, the late Hon. Nathan Hale) the following notice of his friend's poems:—

"MR. HALE: Will you allow me a small space in your columns to call attention to a little book which has recently been published by John P. Jewett & Co.? It is entitled 'Consolations of Solitude.' Amid the crowd of new books which usher in the year, this little visitant has stolen in so quietly that it is in danger of being overlooked, because very few persons know even of its existence. None of the common means of forestalling opinion and creating a market have been employed. A very small edition only has been published, and this was heralded by no advertisements, while it has been followed by scarcely more. Its unobtrusive name, blank title-page, and simple binding are little suited to attract any but seekers for hidden merit. And, lastly, of this small edition, none, as far as we can find, have been sent to Mr. Jewett's associated firms or to the other booksellers in this city. These circumstances are trifles, except so far as they indicate the character of the book and the author. We have dwelt upon them because we have been given to understand that it was the

author's wish alone which caused his little book to appear so quietly. His feelings, however, can be interpreted by his own address to the reader far better than by any words of mine:—

‘If aught here painted to thy soul or sight
Of moral truth or natural scenes delight,
Welcome! for thou art straight a comrade grown,
Who oft before hath walked with me unknown.
Yet, if thy taste reject a thoughtful book,
Forbear upon these pictures even to look:
Seek not to know me, lest, thy labor o'er,
We grow more perfect strangers than before.’

“Yet it is no egotistical vanity which leads him to refuse to employ the devices, so needful at the present day, to bring any book, however good, before the public gaze. With rare modesty, he says to his book:—

‘Farewell! On none intrude! The world is wide;
Go uncommended, dressed in plain attire,
That none may save ye for a fair outside
Who, if mean-clad, had cast ye to the fire.
If ye be worthless, ye shall die, no doubt;
If ye be worthy, worth shall find ye out.’

“It devolves, then, upon those who love the beautiful and the true to cherish this little stranger all the more tenderly because it comes to them unprotected and a foundling.

“Passing from these accessories, which foretell to us the character of the book, one finds what well deserves to be called remarkable poems. The author is no disciple of the modern English school. In his view, truth is far lovelier in her native simplicity than when tricked out with fantastic gauds. It is truly refreshing to turn from the

tortured strains of some English versifiers and the puerile repetitions of others to these beautiful poems. Their philosophy is lofty, but not cold. We feel that we are with one who has loved and suffered much, but whose sorrow has only made him love his race the more.

"It is hard to select particular pieces from this collection for especial praise, because almost all, both in power and finish, stand far above the recent poems of the day. The 'Lament of Orpheus,' a new treatment of an old subject, is finely conceived. It is written in an original metre of great beauty, and the effect is increased still more by the cumulative structure of the verse. But, if any one piece were to be selected as the great poem of the book, it would be the 'Ode to Conscience.' This rises to absolute grandeur. Its searching keenness pierces all disguise. It deserves to stand side by side with Derzhavin's 'Ode to God,' and the very best poems of Mr. Bryant.

"The narrow limits of a newspaper criticism, however, allow no space for an analysis of this most interesting book. If these words shall induce any lover of poetry to read it, he will assuredly find that worth about which the author so modestly doubts.

"We are tempted to look back to the day when, printed on coarse paper and bound in pamphlet form, the poems of Mr. Bryant were first given to the world. Time has at length arrayed them in a finer dress. No skill of the engraver or the binder is now deemed too good to be used in adorning them. Worth has at length found them out. Perhaps the judgment of time will draw these little poems, also, from their retirement, and clothe them, too, in purple and fine linen. To one who reads them attentively, such a fate cannot seem strange, while by one who studies them it is almost to be anticipated."

In the "North American Review" for October, 1856, Article XIII., Mr. Abbot reviewed the "Consolations of Solitude" at somewhat greater length, giving a variety of illustrative extracts. Some passages from this review may be properly added to the foregoing notice:—

"The copyright of the volume of poems bearing this unpretending title is secured to John W. Randall, of Boston, who from that circumstance, and from internal evidence, may be presumed to be the author. Dr. Randall is known to the public as the writer of several valuable papers on subjects of natural history, and as having been at one time a member of the scientific corps attached to the United States Antarctic Exploring Expedition, under the command of Lieut. Wilkes. The internal evidence to which we refer is the acquaintance with natural history incidentally shown in several of the poems, and, especially, in the admirable notes to 'The Mountain Journey.' These notes, and some of the poems, could have been written only by one whose mind was imbued with a strong love of the beautiful, and at the same time trained by scientific study to be observant of nature, not merely in its more prominent features, but in its minute forms and evanescent traits.

"The epithet *thoughtful* applied to the book in these lines [To the Reader] is aptly descriptive of one of its leading characteristics. A deep thoughtfulness, called into vigorous action by whatever subject arrests his attention, and embodying itself in language always simple and perspicuous, often singularly strong, terse, and elegant, seems to be a predominant feature of the author's mind. In these and other respects, the volume offers a striking contrast to the inanity, affectation, and obscure and strained

phraseology of much of the popular verse of the present day. The reader finds in it no far-fetched conceits, no rapid accumulation of mere words, no attempt to disguise commonplace ideas by distorting them into unnatural shapes and decking them out in glaring colors.

“One of the most striking, and the only one founded upon a classical theme, is ‘The Lament of Orpheus.’ It is admirably conceived, and executed with a vividness of imagination and a condensed forcefulness of expression hardly surpassed, we think, by any poem on a classical subject in English literature. The measure in which it is written is original, and is suited to heighten by its cumulative structure the effect of the author’s conceptions. We extract a few stanzas which describe the spell diffused by the lyre of Orpheus in the infernal regions, whither he had descended to recover his lost Eurydice. The rapid succession and sharp outlines of the pictures, deficient though they be in delicate limning, betray the bold and masterly touch of a genuine artist.

“The author seems to have taken a comprehensive survey of human society, and to have acquired by a sort of imaginative induction a keen insight into numerous and diverse types of character. He measures life by a lofty standard, and has a warm sympathy with its highest forms. He pays a noble and just tribute to the memory of Samuel Adams, one of the purest, firmest, most disinterested, and magnanimous patriots of any age or country; another to the memory of Captain Nathan Hale, who with accomplishments, talents, and character that gave promise of distinguished eminence, shrank from no service, nor from the imminent hazard of an ignominious death, provided he could be useful to his country, and perished in early manhood, lamenting that he had but one life to lose in its

cause; and another to the transcendently great and glorious character of Washington, in which he illustrates, by a series of fine analogies, the proneness of mankind to underrate that superlative form of greatness in which all its elements, practical, intellectual, and moral, are blended in the truest symmetry and the highest perfection. In striking contrast to these poems is 'The Dying Vision of Benedict Arnold,' in which the author portrays with great power the conflicting emotions of that bold, bad man: now scourged by remorse,—now, in total isolation from all human sympathy, cowering before the universal scorn and abhorrence of which he is the conscious object,—now defying mankind in impotent rage,—now courting death with courage borrowed from despair.

"The longest poem in the volume is the 'Ode to Conscience,' and we think it the most powerful, though not so artistically constructed and finished throughout as some others. It displays great vigor of conception, keenness of moral vision, and completeness of view, and in some passages a rare clearness, compactness, and force of thought and expression."

Some peculiar circumstances attending the publication of the "Consolations of Solitude," which throw light on the strong and proud, yet sensitive and scrupulous individuality of the poet, are related by him in a letter to Mr. Abbot which is worth preserving here.

BOSTON, Oct. 14, 1855.

As you are pleased, my kind friend, to take interest in the progress of my negotiation, I will say that my success has equalled that of any man who chooses to put his hand

into his pocket and pay for his own work. After writing to you, I sent a note to Phillips & Sampson, who returned for answer that they published no original works in verse, but only reprints of foreign ones, and added that they were full of business for many months to come. I next sent a note to Ticknor, who answered that he was too busy to enter into new contracts before next Spring. So, resolved not to delay, and unwilling to abandon my copyright, I proposed to Mr. Jewett that he should be my agent and sell my work on commission, having determined that I would be at the sole expense of my own undertaking. To this he cheerfully assented (he had previously offered to be at all expenses except for stereotyping, and allow me fifteen per cent). After a few days, thinking that, if I allowed him the use of my plates for five years, he might still adhere to his first offer, I went to him again; but he said that it was his custom to claim the use of the plates until the expiration of the copyright. But, upon my saying that I might wish to collect into a body my present and future works, he said that a provision could be made to that effect, but that he should much prefer to be my agent than to advance money on the book and have the trouble of contracting for its publication. This he thought I could get done for about \$325.00; although, if I was much bent upon it and could not make my own arrangements advantageously, he would not withdraw his offer, but, as the last proposition had come from myself, he should prefer to have me abide by my own proposal. I then told him that people were apt not to do those things so efficiently which they undertook for others on commission as when they themselves had a pecuniary interest involved, and asked him whether my affairs would really fare so well in his hands under the new arrangement as under the old.

Thereupon he laughed, and said he did not see where the difference lay, for whatever he undertook he considered it his duty to have properly performed. "Well," said I, "if you say so, I shall believe you, because you have been reported to me as a man of your word." So, as I really preferred him to any other publisher and was pleased with his plain, straightforward way, I concluded to make my own contracts and to have the entire control of my work. Moreover, I was not willing that, if my book failed in his hands, he should owe his loss to any solicitation of mine. If this thought had not weighed with me, I think I could easily have induced him to contract with me for a term of years, as he seemed desirous to have me feel satisfied.

I do not know whether I have not erred in making this last proposition. But I am sure that I should not have felt willing to abandon my property in the plates. As my book is a good book, it seems to me that it ought after a while to make its way, especially if any one should review it justly, which I wish that some man like Mr. Ephraim Peabody would do in the "North American," if it were but a few pages. Yet, though I shall send him a copy, and though I feel sure that he will like it, I should not suggest to him the doing of such a thing, because it would put him under a very unpleasant restraint, unless he should first have read it and should have expressed himself very favorably concerning it. As I have forbidden all puffing, intending that the book shall sink or swim according to its strength, I should not be surprised if it lay asleep for long; for I well know that studious and thoughtful persons (and for such it is designed) are the very last to be hunting up and down the earth after new books. Indeed, I scarcely hear of a book myself, till it has been going the rounds for five years.

As for the newspapers, I am aware that their criticisms go for little, unless the sincerity of the authors of them is perfectly apparent. I suppose, however, that Mr. Hale of the "Advertiser" would be apt to take some notice of a work in which the fate of a near relative of his own forms an important subject. However, although the extensive mention of a book may do much toward hastening its diffusion, I feel sure that it must depend on its own merits at last. As for my own, I am willing to commit it to the care of time; fortunately, it is not written with expectation of profit. I am aware that there are many other forms of payment for literary labors more gratifying to an author than money, and it is pleasant to perpetuate what one does in an indestructible form. I shall distribute copies of my book among all my friends, as well as others who derive enjoyment from it, and shall feel repaid for my outlay, even if there are not a hundred copies sold. Still, I wish it a better fate, and I cannot help thinking that, out of five hundred copies, many must by degrees reach the hands of the intelligent. Whatever may be its fate, I propose, provided my funds hold out, that five more works shall succeed the present; and for these the engraving collection must go lean for a time, if necessary. The next in order has been long since dedicated to Frank, and I anticipate agreeable amusement this winter in completing it. That which I am now about to have printed I have, to save expense, diminished from 375 pages to about 250, and defer the rest to a succeeding collection. It is agreed that Mr. Jewett's name shall be attached as the publisher; I hope in January to bring a copy with me to Beverly.

Mr. Peabody and his daughter called on me last week to look at prints. I find him no ordinary man. He grows

upon acquaintance, and I am pleased not only with his good taste, but with a certain vigor of imagination which enables him to regard a subject, not only as it appeals to the senses or understanding, but in its more romantic aspects. I have no doubt that he is a man to be loved by such as well know him.

Yours truly,

J. W. RANDALL.

MR. JOSEPH HALE ABBOT,
Beverly, Mass.

The reply to Dr. Ephraim Peabody's letter of Jan. 11, 1856, which has been already given above, was as follows :—

MY DEAR SIR,

BOSTON, Jan. 1856.

Your kind expression of sympathy with these children of my thoughts touches me, and I cannot help saying a few words in answer. It was indeed much my wish that you might like these little word-pictures, even as you enjoy those which are painted with the brush or etched with the needle, and it is true I did half think that they might please you. Yet I dared not feel quite sure of it, since we often deceive ourselves in such things. So warm an expression of your satisfaction, therefore, is very gratifying to me. Wont in life past to work much in silence, sometimes against opposition, I have at times seemed to myself little dependent on sympathy; yet for that very reason, perhaps, that of the intelligent is the more agreeable to me.

The poetic art seems to me in some things to have advantage over prose, less, perhaps, in pointing out the

steps by which truth is attained than in summing up its results and supplying the moral, thus winning men to a state of mind favorable to its reception. Without precisely reasoning, it expresses in an apothegm the conclusion of reasoning, and this character gives it singular facilities of condensing thought. Thus it convinces, even while it stands aloof from polemics. It paints and suggests, yet is dogmatic in nothing. Saying to none, "It is you!" it forces each one all the rather to say to himself, "It is I!" It thus escapes the difficulties of debate, where the truth is seldom reached because the passions stand in the way.

If poetry has any value, it seems to me to lie chiefly in this. I think it can never be fine, however musical, unless it can be turned at once into good prose; and, if this be not true of it, it seems to me unworthy of the attention of men of sense. Yet, if it be true, what must be said of those English works which, forgetful that our language is the richest in the world for the purpose of forceful expression, on account of its bold consonantal sounds, its vigorous spondees, its pointed monosyllables, borrow from languages which differ structurally, and vary their terminations in declension, measures which are ridiculous except in such languages, to express monstrous conceits and affectations? I do not know, however, whether our modern poets have so much corrupted the public taste as they have adapted themselves to it, such as it is. Most of them seem to me as innocent of bad intentions as they are of thinking.

I am pleased at the connection in which you refer to my "Poet: Fourth Treatment," and "Nuptials of Truth and Beauty," which you are pleased to refer to the attention of poets. I fear, however, that they would be in general apt to say of such idealisms, as some of the newspapers already

say of my poems in general: there is no poetry about them, and the whole might have been as well, or better, expressed in prose! A reproach which I wish I could retaliate upon some of their favorites, whose verses, when I undertake to reduce them to prose, evaporate, leaving no residuum. I would always except the works of the admirable Bryant.

As for the above image of "Nuptials," I think that, when one studies out its variety of analogies, he is struck with their number. Among others, this one strikes me, namely, that the "Beautiful" is easily conceived as the feminine element in all good, by which its essence becomes refined; by which Honesty becomes Honor, Hope becomes Trust, Love becomes Benevolence, Patriotism becomes Philanthropy, and so forth.

But I would not grow tedious, and will merely say that if in two years I shall find fifty affectionate readers, in persons disposed to look as kindly on these little pieces as you yourself have done, it will amply reward me for the labor and expense of this and such succeeding volumes as I propose to publish, if health, leisure, and means permit. I believe that the engraving cabinet alone will have any just cause of offence against the poems, which I do not expect will become popular; nor do I indeed wish this any farther than a real sympathy may exist. On the contrary, I like extremely the way in which such a book as "Friends in Council," by A. Helps, travels: namely, very slowly, from hand to hand, and among friends. Or like some books which the world of fashion cares little about, but which some old woman has picked up and causes to be read to her while she sits knitting at the chimney corner, or which, perhaps, some Uncle Joseph or Aunt Dorothy carries gladly back, when, having newly come down from

the country, it is handed to them by the rich city cousin who has twirled the leaves over and finds no farther occasion for it.

I believe and I wish that, if among the million things that are written these little pieces should do no good, they may at least do *no harm*: which last aspiration the conscientious author can hardly be supposed to utter without emotion — seeing how much worse is an ill book than a bad child, because, forever incapable of reform, it goes forth to do evil, but cannot, like the prodigal son, return penitent to its father. The more able, the more hurtful — while, on the other hand, a good book remains forever good, and no influence can corrupt it.

I close with again thanking you for your note, which I have filed away with my precious things. I speak with the more freedom because I feel assured that you yourself will derive pleasure from the thought that your sympathy has afforded so much pleasure to me.

Yours truly, dear sir, with the highest respect and esteem,

J. W. RANDALL.

P. S. I am truly sorry to learn from Mrs. Abbot that your health still suffers so much. It would rejoice me, if I could be of any service in lessening the weariness of a few tedious hours. Will you please consider whether you would not derive comfort from having a portfolio of prints from time to time to look over? If it should yield you the least pleasure, I will bring and leave at your door one at a time, taking back with me the last when I bring a new one. You might thus in course of time look over the whole collection, except such volumes as are too large to be easily lifted, and these you might easily examine when

warm weather enables you to go out again. Please consider this point, my dear sir, solely with a view to your own comfort, remembering that it will put me to no trouble to bring them, because I can as well take my daily walk in your direction as elsewhere, and you will not be obliged to fatigue yourself in seeing me. I understand the necessity of quiet to those who are unwell. Do not plague yourself with answering this — note, I would have said, but I perceive it is a long letter. I will call at your door when I return from Beverly, whither I go for a few days, and then shall be glad if you can find use for any services of mine.

[J. W. R.]

The subjoined letter to Rev. Dr. Andrew P. Peabody, at that time editor of the "North American Review," sufficiently explains itself.

[BOSTON, 1856.]

MY DEAR SIR,

I received a note some days since from Mr. Abbot, of Beverly, stating that he wished to prepare for the N. A. Review an article on a late book of mine, for which he feels a partiality. He says that he has stated his wish to you, and that you have courteously expressed a desire to gratify both him and me, provided there should be room to spare in the Review.

I know not whether you are a reader of poetry, nor do I know how far an editor feels responsible for the opinions of others as expressed in his pages. But it seems to me natural that he should like to possess a copy of every book concerning which he publishes a criticism. This motive will, I think, justify me in asking your acceptance of the accompanying volume. I think you are not likely to have

seen it, partly because few copies are in circulation excepting such as I have myself distributed, and partly because it has been issued in a manner nearly private, being without the name of the author, without advertisement, and so entirely out of the control of any publisher that it is not probable that any of the customary methods of creating a sale, either by puffing or other false pretences, have been or will be employed in relation to it. I ought to say, however, lest I should seem to think the N. A. Review committed to an article on my book (a circumstance which might prove embarrassing), that my ambition is not of a very hungry sort, and that, if either Mr. Abbot's health or engagements should prevent him from preparing such an article as he desires, or if the claims of others (which must be many upon your pages) should make the proposed courtesy inconvenient to you, far from thinking myself slighted, I shall in no degree deem it a just cause of mortification, believing that books, like other things, do in the long run reach those whom they concern. I shall in that case feel satisfied, provided anything contained in the volume should increase for you the enjoyment of a leisure hour.

[Yours truly,

J. W. RANDALL.]

II.

THE earliest discoverable ancestor of the poet on his father's side appears to be "Widow Elizabeth Randall," who, in 1653, was living in Watertown with her two sons, Stephen and John, and who died there on December 24, 1672, at the age of eighty years. Stephen, the elder son, married Susanna Barron, December 14, 1653, and died in Watertown, February 26, 1708. His will, dated January 13 and proved April 10, mentions three daughters, Elizabeth Codman, Susanna Shattuck, and Mary Randall, but he had a son Stephen, also, who was born August 20, 1655, and died without issue.

"Serjeant John Randall," the younger son of "Widow Elizabeth Randall," probably received his military title from service in King Philip's War. There were two soldiers of that name, one serving under Captain John Holbrooke, of Weymouth, and the other under Captain Jonathan Poole, of Reading, who were credited for service in that war on the same date, August 24, 1676; and there can be little doubt that one of these was "Serjeant John Randall." His wife Susanna (maiden name and date of marriage unknown) died May 14, 1673. Their children are recorded as follows:—

1. Susanna.
2. Sarah, born August 7, 1659.
3. Stephen.
4. Mary, married Jonathan Tainter, March 15, 1702.
5. Samuel, born March 20, 1669, married Elizabeth Gleason, January 27, 1709, and died January 24, 1730.
6. Eleazer, born April 30, 1672.

By his will, dated April 22, 1680, and proved October 5, "Serjeant John Randall," who died June 16 of that year, left his youngest son Eleazer to the care of "brother John Kendall," and directed that the two elder sons, Stephen and Samuel, should be apprenticed. Sarah, the second daughter, in 1682, married James Wheeler, and removed with him from Watertown to Stow.

It was seemingly the residence of his sister Sarah in the town of Stow that induced Stephen, the eldest son of "Serjeant John Randall," whose apprenticeship must have expired and who was probably between twenty and twenty-five years of age at the time, to apply in the year 1685 for a grant of land in the same town. It is certain, however, that the small farm granted him by the town in that year was immediately adjacent to his brother-in-law's farm, as proved by the terms of the grant, for a copy of which from the town records I am indebted to the present owner of the place, as follows : —

"It is voted, ordered, and hereby there is given and granted, the 10th of March, 1685, unto Stephen Randall of Watertown, thirty acres of upland and swamp land lying between James Wheeler's and Thos. Daby's lotts on ye south side of ye great River of this town. Twenty acres thereof is for an house lott, and the remaining ten acres of ye sd. thirty is granted to him in lieu of meadow ground, provided he pay to ye use of this town his proportion due as others for a twenty acre lott, with all charges arising from time to time as others doo for a twenty acre house lott. This land granted is not to hinder any highway, and sd. Stephen Randall is to attend ye Hon^{ed} Committee's orders."

Thus were acquired the poet's "poor paternal acres," which, for more than two hundred years, remained in the possession and occupancy of Stephen Randall or his lineal descendants in the male line. Stephen gave to his son John, March 22, 1732, the "southerly part" of the farm (no area given). John gave to his son Silas, October 18, 1772, "150 A. m. o. l.," shown on plan of A. Tower, March, 1806, to be 161 A. 105 R. Silas died intestate in 1805, leaving a widow, Elizabeth, and ten children, Betsey, Mary, John, Ebenezer, Silas, Josiah, Jr., Sarah, Marsylvia, Moses, and Eli. His estate, appraised as personal, \$989.74, and real, 212 A. and buildings, valued at \$5,000, was administered by his son Josiah, Jr., under appointment of March 12, 1805.

Dr. John Randall, the eldest son of Silas and Elizabeth (Witt) Randall, was born at Stow, Massachusetts, December 20, 1774, and died at Boston, December 27, 1843. He was graduated at Harvard in the class of 1802, and took the degrees of M.B. in 1806 and M.D. in 1811. As one of the most eminent practising physicians of his time in Boston, he was successful and popular, and acquired by devotion to his profession a handsome competency. On March 12, 1809, he married Elizabeth Wells, by whom he had five children, all born in Boston, as follows:—

1. Elizabeth Wells, born Sept. 28, 1811; married Alfred Cumming, of Augusta, Georgia, September 15, 1836; and died at Springfield, Massachusetts, April 12, 1867. Her husband, who belonged to a distinguished Southern family (his brother, Colonel William Cumming, was severely wounded at the battle of Lundy's Lane, July 25, 1814, became a prominent leader of the Union party in the nullification troubles, and attracted the attention of the whole country by his famous duel with George

McDuffie, of South Carolina, whom he lamed for life; while his nephew, General Alfred Cumming, served with distinction in the Confederate army, till disabled by wounds received at the battle of Jonesboro, August 31, 1864), was appointed by President Buchanan, in 1857, Governor of Utah Territory, and sent thither with an escort of twenty-five hundred United States troops under General A. S. Johnston, the celebrated "Utah Expedition" of that year. Governor Cumming held his office till the outbreak of the civil war in 1861, when he was superseded by Stephen S. Harding. He died at Augusta, Georgia, October 9, 1873. No children were born to Governor and Mrs. Cumming.

2. John Witt, born November 6, 1813, and died at Roxbury, Jan. 25, 1892.

3. Belinda Lull, born January 17, 1816, and died at Roxbury, March 14, 1897.

4. Maria Hayward, born October 5, 1820, and died at Boston, May 25, 1842.

5. Hannah Adams (who changed her own name to Anna Checkley), born June 1, 1824, and died at Boston, April 23, 1862.

Dr. John Randall, notwithstanding his removal to Boston and his deep interest in his profession, retained a strong affection for his native town, and above all for the home of his ancestors. The prosperity which rewarded his industry enabled him by degrees to buy out all his brothers and sisters, and finally to re-unite the whole of his father's farm under a single owner again. He built a new and more comfortable dwelling-house near the site of the original homestead, which had fallen into decay; and it became a cherished summer resort for him and his family. But his home was in Winter Street, Boston, on the site of what is now [1898] the store of Shepard & Norwell, which,

on the corner of Winter street and Winter place, is marked by a bronze tablet containing the following inscription :—

ON THIS SITE ONCE STOOD THE
HOME OF SAMUEL ADAMS,

WHO BOUGHT IT IN MAY, 1784,
AND DIED IN IT, OCTOBER 2, 1803.

IN GRATEFUL MEMORY OF THE
FATHER OF THE REVOLUTION,

THIS TABLET IS PLACED BY THE
MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY OF THE
SONS OF THE REVOLUTION,

1893.

{ SEAL OF THE }
{ SOCIETY }

For, on his mother's side, the poet was the great-grandson of Samuel Adams. To the kindness of Frank Willing Leach, Esq., of Philadelphia, who has for several years been engaged on a work to be entitled, "The Signers of the Declaration of Independence: their Ancestors and Descendants," I am indebted for the following genealogical data:—

Samuel Adams, Signer of the Declaration of Independence, born in Boston, September 16 (old style), 1722; died in Boston, October 2, 1803; married as his first wife, October 17, 1749, Elizabeth Checkley, daughter of Samuel and Elizabeth (Rolfe) Checkley. She was born in Boston, March 15, 1725, and died in Boston, July 25, 1757.

Their issue (all were born and died in Boston):—

1. Samuel, born September 14, 1750, died October 2, 1750.

2. Samuel, born October 16, 1751; Harvard College, 1770; M.D.; surgeon in Continental Army; died without issue, January 17, 1788.
3. Joseph, born June 23, 1753, died June 24, 1753.
4. Mary, born June 23, 1754, died October 3, 1754.
5. Hannah, born January 21, 1756, died May 28, 1821.

Hannah Adams, youngest child and sole surviving descendant of Samuel Adams at the time of his death, married, June 25, 1781, Thomas Wells, son of Francis and Susannah (Welch) Wells. He was born in Boston, May 23, 1754, and died —.

Their issue (all were born in Boston, and all died there except S. A. W., who died in Dorchester): —

1. Elizabeth, born May 25, 1783, died January 29, 1868.
2. Susannah, born April 10, 1785, died Aug. 19, 1786.
3. Samuel Adams, born March 1, 1787, died Aug. 12, 1840.
4. Susannah, born November 7, 1788, died June 26, 1789.
5. Thomas, born March 27, 1791, died March 11, 1861.
6. James, born June 28, 1792, died July 4, 1793.

Elizabeth Wells, who was the oldest child of Hannah (Adams) Wells, and who was born May 25, 1783, and died Jan. 29, 1868, married, March 12, 1809, John Randall, M.D., son of Silas and Elizabeth (Witt) Randall, who was born at Stow, December 20, 1774, and died at Boston, December 27, 1843. The list of their children has been

already given above. No one of them was married except Elizabeth, wife of Governor Alfred Cumming; and, as this marriage was without issue, this branch of the Randall family became extinct on the death of Belinda Lull, the last survivor, March 14, 1897.

III.

THE story of John Witt Randall's life, although he lived to an advanced age, is itself a short and uneventful one. Even for the telling of this, the materials in my possession are scanty and few.

The "Memorials of the Class of 1834, of Harvard College. Prepared for the Fiftieth Anniversary of their Graduation by Thomas Cushing, at the Request of his Classmates. Boston: David Clapp & Son. 1884," contains a brief account which is here transcribed in full:—

"John Witt Randall, son of Dr. John (H. C. 1802) and Elizabeth (Wells) Randall, granddaughter of Samuel Adams, the great patriot of the Revolution, was born in Boston, Mass., Nov. 6, 1813.

"He received his preparatory education at the Boston Latin School, in company with many who were afterwards his classmates in college, by whom his peculiar and marked originality of character is well remembered. Though among them, he was not wholly of them, but seemed to have thoughts, pursuits, and aspirations to which they were strangers.

"This was also the case after he entered college, where his tastes developed in a scientific direction, entomology being the branch to which he specially devoted himself, though heartily in sympathy with Nature in her various aspects. The college did little at that time to encourage or aid such pursuits; but Mr. Randall pursued the quiet tenor of his way, till he had a very fine collection of insects and extensive and thorough knowledge on that and

kindred subjects, while his taste for poetry and the *belles-lettres* was also highly cultivated.

“He studied medicine after graduation, but his acquisitions as a naturalist were so well known and recognized that he received the honorable appointment of Professor of Zoölogy in the department of invertebrate animals in the South Sea Exploring Expedition (called Wilkes’s), which the United States were fitting out about this time.

“We can all remember the wearisome delays and jealousies which occurred before the sailing of the Expedition, which finally caused Mr. Randall to throw up his appointment. Since that time he has led a quiet and retired life, devoting himself to his favorite pursuits, adding to them also the collection of engravings, of which he has one of the most rare and original collections in this country. He has also devoted much time to the cultivation and improvement of an ancestral country seat at Stow, Mass., for the ancient trees of which he has almost an individual friendship.

“An account of his life and experiences from Mr. Randall’s own pen would have been very interesting as well as amusing and witty; for in these qualities he excels. In excusing himself from giving this, he writes as follows:—

“‘As for myself, my life, having been wholly private, presents little that I care to communicate to others, or that others would care to know. I cannot even say for myself as much as was contained in Professor Teufelsdröckh’s epitaph on a famous hunter, namely, that in a long life he killed no less than ten thousand foxes.

“‘It might have been interesting in former days to have related adventures of my foot journeys as a naturalist, amid scenes and objects then little known or wholly unknown, where the solitary backwoodsman and his family,

sole occupants of a tract of boundless forest, were often so hospitable as to surrender their only bed to the stranger, and huddle themselves together on the floor. But, since Audubon published his travels and railroads have penetrated everywhere, such accounts cease to be original, and indeed the people themselves have become almost everywhere homogeneous. Itineraries fill all the magazines, and natural curiosities little known forty years ago have become long since familiar to the public.

“As for my present self, I will say no more than that, for health's sake to be much out of doors, I have been for a long time engaged in hydraulic, planting, building, and other improvements on my grounds, which create, it is true, pleasant occupation, but which when compared with wild nature so varied about me, I am impressed with the conviction how inferior are our artificial pleasures to those simple enjoyments of wood, water, air and sunshine, which we have unconsciously and inexpensively in common with the innumerable creatures equally capable of enjoying them.

“As to my literary works,—if I except scientific papers on subjects long ago abandoned, as one on Crustacea in the Transactions of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia; two on Insects in the Transactions of the Boston Society of Natural History; one manuscript volume on the Animals and Plants of Maine, furnished to Dr. Charles T. Jackson to accompany his Geological Survey of that State, and lost by him; Critical Notes on Etchers and Engravers, one volume; classification of ditto, one volume, both in manuscript, incomplete and not likely to be completed, together with essays and reviews in manuscript not likely to be published,—my doings reduce themselves to six volumes of poetic works, the first

of which was issued in 1856, and reviewed shortly after in the North American, while the others, nearly or partially completed at the outbreak of the civil war, still lie unfinished among the many wrecks of Time painful to most of us to look back upon, or reflect themselves on a Future whose skies are as yet obscure.'

"Dr. Randall was never married, and resides with his sister in Roxbury."

A few personal reminiscences of the poet, in addition to the foregoing record for the Class of 1834, and in response to my request, were very kindly communicated to me by Mr. Cushing, a short time before his death, who also obtained for me a few more from Dr. Henry Blanchard, another member of the same Class. These are here inserted in the words of the writers, omitting only Mr. Cushing's direct quotations from the record just printed in full, as follows:—

REV. F. E. ABBOT: 170 NEWBURY ST., Sept. 25, 1895.

Dear Sir,—Having promised you some account of my school-and-classmate, the late John W. Randall, I do not know that I can begin better than to use the same language that I used in the "Memorials of the Class of 1834" in regard to him. . . .

Though sitting on the same bench with him, I never penetrated a certain reserve that enveloped him. I have no recollection of ever seeing him join in the sports of his schoolmates or indulge in the light-heartedness of the typical boy. Perhaps he had already begun to gratify the poetical and scientific tastes which afterwards distinguished him. They would certainly have been a great relief to

the very exclusive studies of the Latin School in those days.

Similar peculiarities marked his college life. Nobody professed to be intimate with him or to thoroughly understand him. Eccentricities of dress, manner, or conduct were not looked upon in his case as affectations, and gave rise to no special comment. The regular studies of his class gave him no trouble, but we all knew he was more interested in other things. . . . We could not help feeling that we had a remarkable man among us, a genius, perhaps, though we could not fully understand him or sympathize with him.

His father being an eminent physician and he an only son, Mr. Randall naturally drifted into the study of medicine after his graduation in 1834, and took the degree of M.D. [in 1839]. . . .

He took no active steps to establish himself in the practice of medicine, but led a quiet and retired life, devoting himself to his favorite scientific pursuits. He subsequently added to these the collection of rare and original engravings which at his death he bequeathed to Harvard College, with a liberal sum for their care. . . .

Almost the only thing that drew Dr. Randall out of his secluded life was the Annual Dinner of the Class of 1834, which he always attended while his health permitted. On these occasions, his dry and caustic wit, exercised upon the men and things of the day, showed him to be not unmindful of the outside world, though withdrawn from it. His conversation was the life of his end of the table, and was very much missed after he thought it expedient to absent himself from the Class festival. Paralysis brought an end to his quiet life, as you no doubt know, January 25, 1892.

[THOMAS CUSHING.]

170 NEWBURY ST., BOSTON,
Sept. 27, 1895.

DEAR MR. ABBOT,

I send you all that occurs to me about my classmate Dr. Randall. Use it, or any part of it, as you please. As far as it goes, I believe it is all true. Nobody knew him intimately, in the usual sense of the word.

If you need the place and date of his birth, it was Boston, Nov. 6, 1813. His father's house was in Winter street, where Shepard & Norwell's store now is. I do not know whether he was born there. He was a great-grandson of Samuel Adams, the great Revolutionary patriot, by his mother's side. He had two sisters, one of whom, I believe, survives him—very cultivated ladies after the style of half a century ago; in fact, of any time.

I am sorry I cannot do more and better for you in regard to him.

Yours very truly,

THOMAS CUSHING.

FRANCIS E. ABBOT, PH.D.,
Cambridge, Mass.

Inclosed in the above letter, Mr. Cushing sent a "Copy of Dr. H. Blanchard's letter in relation to Dr. Randall," as follows, with an occasional parenthesis of his own:—

"Now with regard to our classmate Randall. Randall was a marked and unique character, but still there was little variety in it. He was not one of whom you would expect to hear anecdotes, nor was he, as far as I know, ever a subject of or for jokes. As you justly said, he lived mostly in himself and had comparatively few friends. Our classmate Ingersoll, of Cambridge, was his dear friend in College. He was a young man of great purity of char-

acter, also standing high as a scholar. He died soon after leaving College, March, 1836.

“It has happened to be my lot to have what you may call an intermittent familiarity with Randall all the way from college life to the time of his death. I think this intimacy began in the latter part of college life; for I remember his inviting me one or more times to his father’s in Winter street to tea. We used at that time to take walks together, but my recollection of those times is not so distinct as I wish it was.

“*(Dr. Blanchard then spent a year in Maryland, where he heard nothing of Randall. Then he went to Hallowell, Maine, where he spent a year.)* There, too, I met Randall, who was nominally studying medicine with Dr. Nourse, a distinguished physician who in former days had been a medical student under Randall’s father. In Hallowell, we were together almost all the time, except when otherwise employed. Randall had few associates then, and was seemingly lonesome. At that time he was greatly interested in entomology, and I used much of the time to accompany him in search of beetles, leaving no loose bark or decaying trees unturned, and no crumbling rails or fences uninspected, in searching for new species of the object he was in quest of. Great was his enthusiasm in finding a new or rare shining specimen. He had a very large collection, and I helped, adding many to it. I really got quite interested in beetle-hunting. I should mention that the ‘profane vulgar’ used to point Randall out as the ‘bug-man.’

“Another pursuit in which we indulged largely at the proper season, and which I enjoyed much, was the collection and study of plants.

“Randall appeared to be in good spirits and quite

happy, while I was in Hallowell. He did not go much into society there, if I remember rightly, although at that time there were many very good families open to admission, among them Vaughans, Merricks, Abbots, and so forth.

“After leaving Hallowell, I went to Billerica, and did not see Randall again for a year, when I went to Boston to continue my studies. During the two years that I remained in Boston, I only met Randall occasionally.

“(Dr. Blanchard then went to Marshfield, where he remained twenty years. He then came to Dorchester, and resumed his intimacy with Randall, who was residing in Roxbury.) He called on me often, and I was frequently at his residence; frequently on Sunday he would invite me to dine with him. I think he enjoyed seeing me, and I suppose it was because he had few associates to his taste, and really felt the need of sympathy. In fact, it was the readiness on my part to listen to his conversation, and the sympathy that I was able to extend to him, that so much inclined him to enjoy my company. He was generally very talkative, and liked to have me listen to him. I could not always adopt his views, but did not violently antagonize him. By pursuing a sort of conciliatory course on my part, he would gradually modify the positiveness of some of his statements and assertions, and perhaps come almost over to my views; so that our discussions were almost always very satisfactory and pleasant.

“I must here say that, during the twenty years that I had not seen Randall, he had changed much in his general characteristics. Though he had retained all his courteous and friendly feelings towards me, he had become somewhat morose, misanthropic, and, as I thought, unhappy. He seemed a perfect pessimist. Nothing suited

him. He criticised hardly men that stood deservedly high in the community, and almost all measures of government ; and in his harangues he was certainly sometimes tedious. If your memory is good, you will recollect instances of this kind at some of the last of the Class Meetings that he attended. I was glad when I did not sit at table next to him, because I had heard the same before. This phase of his character, however, did not long continue, and during the last years of his life, I am happy to say, it almost entirely disappeared. For the last three years there was a marked change in him. No harshness of criticism was ever heard. He was social, pleasant, subdued in his manner, and interesting in conversation.

“And now I will try to say something of Randall which is more to the purpose of what I have in view than anything which goes before. I am afraid you have become tired in trying to read thus far, and that you feel your time wasted. Dr. Randall was a very talented man. His reading in certain directions was very extensive. I always found, in spite of his eccentricities, his conversation interesting. He was a very learned man, and in natural science distinguished, as you know very well. Had he been allowed by his father to follow his inclination, I have little doubt he would have been a distinguished man — distinguished as a scientist, a more useful and happier man. His father was determined he should adopt medicine as a profession. The son might have enjoyed it as a study, but the practice of it as a pursuit would have been abhorrent. Our classmate was a *good* man. If not much of a believer in the Christian Dispensation, he was vastly better than many, I perhaps may say than most, of those who are. He was a firm believer in God, a God of love. His love was unbounded. The volume of verse that he

published many years ago will show that his soul was full of love. From long and intimate acquaintance with him, I can truly say he was one of the tenderest-hearted and kindest of men I have ever known.

“(I have written these pages under disadvantages — not to be shown, &c. He then gives me leave to impart anything to Mr. Abbot that I think may be useful. I have sent the *whole*.)

“T. CUSHING.”

An old-fashioned letter, folded as letters used to be before the advent of separate envelopes, sealed with red wax, addressed to “Mr. John W. Randall, Hallowell, Maine,” postmarked “Brookline, Mass., Oct. 14,” and having the postage noted in ink on the outside as “Paid 18 $\frac{1}{4}$,” is the only contemporaneous record in my possession of a young friendship as deep, strong, true, and ill-fated as that of Tennyson and Arthur Hallam. The “Memorials of the Class of 1834” contains the following brief story of the writer’s life : —

“Nathaniel Babcock Ingersoll, son of Nathaniel and Eliza (Babcock) Ingersoll, was born in Brookline, Mass., Dec. 15, 1813. He was fitted for college at the High School in his native town. During his collegiate course, which was highly creditable to him, he lived with his widowed mother in a modest house within walking distance of the college, where his friends in the class enjoyed a simple and sweet hospitality. His personal appearance, manners, conversation, everything about him, indicated uncommon sweetness, purity, and conscientiousness. Everybody loved and respected him, and hoped that, with increasing years, he would acquire a physical vigor that

seemed to be the only thing necessary to make his virtues and accomplishments of lasting benefit to his friends and society. But the somewhat obscure indications of consumption rapidly increased after his graduation. He filled, while he was able, with much success the position of Assistant in the High School at Brookline, where he was born and educated, and was the first of the Class to pass the veil, dying in March, 1836, at the early age of twenty-two."

Ingersoll's premature death was the first great grief of Randall's life. How deeply the iron entered his soul, how incurable the wound remained after the lapse of a score of years, is revealed in the "Dedication" of the "Consolations of Solitude," and no less in the "Retrospect" which tells so much. Fired by a common enthusiasm for all that was noblest and most beautiful in literature, the two friends had planned large enterprises together in the cultivation and dissemination of it, and looked forward to joint republication of the chief masterpieces of lyrical poetry, as well as to original contributions of their own. This faded pressed-flower, sole glimpse now to be got into a pure young heart long since gone to dust, has a peculiar and pathetic interest of its own, quite apart from the side-light it throws on some aspects of Randall's life which are otherwise lost in obscurity. Here is the letter:—

MY DEAR FRIEND,

BROOKLINE, Sept. 20, 1835.

Your letter has given me the greatest pleasure — if you knew how great, I think you would write to me often. It seemed, while reading it, as though we were once more together, and I heard you again pouring out your feelings

to one who could sympathize with them, and your ideas and images to one on whom they never fell without exciting the liveliest interest, and furnishing food for meditation during the many solitary and unemployed hours that for the last three years I have been condemned to spend. The ties of our early friendship, I do fully believe, will never be broken, howsoever distant and dissimilar from each other may be the lines which Destiny shall trace out for us; and, after long years of evil and vexation shall have passed over us, the present will still become a mirror of the past, reflecting back our schoolday and college associations unalloyed by any bitterness.

I am glad you have not given up literature, it is such an ever-increasing source of delight and instruction. I wish you would compose more often yourself. It is unjust for you, who have the power of drawing such beautiful pictures, so seldom to put pen to paper. I long to read once more myself the "Song of the Two Friends" and "The Water Spirit." Some circumstance or some feeling brings to my mind almost every day lines and images which they contain. The first I remember with the greatest pleasure, but I never see a beautiful and still sheet of water without hearing —

"The sea-cave is my dwelling-place,
But sunset makes me free."

I am glad you like Rebecca's hymn in *Ivanhoe*, as it is one that I particularly admire. It is the most chaste and classical poem Scott has ever written. As for Cowper, I dare say you may be right; he is one of the many authors we damned without having read them. Wordsworth has written a volume of new poems. One of them I have seen, "Yarrow Revisited;" it is the most exquisite thing he has ever written. It is an outpouring of his heart to

Scott, in company with whom he walked on the banks of the Yarrow immediately before the latter died. I will copy it for you as soon as it is reprinted.

You do not say a word respecting the terms upon which you are with Dr. Nourse, and of the manner of employing your time. I have just learned that your father has made you the offer of attending the medical lectures in Boston. I hope you will not accept it, for, although it would be pleasant to you and to your friends to have you spend the winter in Boston, you must (judging by the past) see plainly that your situation at home would in all probability be very uncomfortable, and obstacles might arise to prevent you from returning to Hallowell. There must, I think, be some *secret* reason inducing your father to desire it. I venture to say thus much on the subject, notwithstanding I know your opinion respecting advice that is given unasked.

I have obtained a very good translation of Schiller's "Honor to Woman," and a little piece from the Persian, the latter of which I found in a young lady's album—the last place where one would expect to meet with anything good. These I will send to your mother to be copied into your blue book. I inquired the price of "The Republic of Letters;" it is 6½ cents apiece, amounting to \$3.00 a year. I will write to you again shortly more at length.

Yours most sincerely,

N. B. INGERSOLL.

My mother and grandmother desire me to give you their kindest regards. Little Billy Greenough has been dismissed from college for *waywardness*.

N. B. I.

Truly, this was a most refined, delicate, beautiful, lovable soul, worthy to inspire a deep and indestructible friendship. What a man *is* shows itself infallibly in what he at heart *admires*. The young mind which beholds in Rebecca's hymn the culmination of Scott's poetical genius tells its own story to all who can understand. Such a mind is safe from the dreary platitudes and inanities of "art for art's sake alone." It is capable of entering into sympathy with the profound intellect of Goethe, who knew that art is for the sake of truth and beauty in one,—that art is nothing but a mode of expression, and that beauty of form in expression without truth of substance in meaning is nothing but the iridescence of a stagnant and fetid puddle. Emerson wrote in his first book: "The true philosopher and the true poet are one; and a beauty which is truth and a truth which is beauty is the aim of both." Goethe's exquisite utterance of the same idea is untranslatable, but may be feebly echoed in the following paraphrase:—

As in myriad forms and dyes
 Nature but one God reveals,
 Protean Art in each disguise
 One eternal Truth conceals:
 Truth that her own charms arrays,
 Viewless else, in Beauty's robe,
 Loveliest in the brightest blaze
 Of the all-illuming globe.*

Goethe's idea of art, above all of the poetic art, as not for art's sake alone, but for the sake of beauty and truth

* Wilhelm Meister's Wanderjahre, II. ix. The German is too fine to be withheld:—

*Wie Natur im Vielgebilde
 Einen Gott nur offenbart,
 So im weiten Kunstgebilde
 Webt Ein Sinn der ew'gen Art:*

in one, is easily discernible in Ingersoll's letter, and still more in Randall's poems. They had not derived it from Goethe. It was the natural product of their own minds; it was the bond of intellectual sympathy between the youthful friends, the foundation of common tastes, the inspiration of common studies and efforts and dreams of future work. Whoever thinks with Goethe that Nature is essentially Artist-Work (*Vielgebilde*), and that human Art is the expression of True Meaning (*Sinn der Wahrheit*) in the form of Imaginative Loveliness (*sich nur mit Schönerem schmückt*), will find Goethe's idea quite unconsciously reproduced in Randall's "The Poet: Fourth Treatment," and still more strikingly in "The Nuptials: or, Marriage of the True and the Beautiful,"—which in its exquisite simplicity has always seemed to me a well-nigh perfect lyric, and perhaps the poet's most melodious expression of his own ideal.

There is very little that I can say of Randall's early days. He used to talk of them at great length and with almost startling freedom, but in such a way that I never clearly knew how much was literal truth and how much was ironical or bantering exaggeration. That his whole boyhood and youth had been embittered by unhappy

*Dieses ist der Sinn der Wahrheit,
Der sich nur mit Schönerem schmückt,
Und getrost der höchsten Klarheit
Hellsten Tags entgegenblickt.*

Carlyle's version of this stanza, which may well have been the origin of Teufelsdröckh and his Clothes-Philosophy, is as follows:—

*As all Nature's thousand changes
But one changeless God proclaim,
So in Art's wide kingdoms ranges
One sole meaning still the same;
This is Truth, eternal Reason,
Which from Beauty takes its dress,
And serene through time and season
Stands for aye in loveliness.*

relations with his father, I never doubted in the least, and it plainly appears above in Ingersoll's letter. Dr. John Randall was a man of iron will, disguised to the world by great suavity and polish of manner, but manifested to his family in a despotic and often capricious arbitrariness that brought much misery to those whom, doubtless, he sincerely loved. This was a state of facts which might well be veiled in charitable and pitying silence, if it had not blasted the hopes, ruined the career, and frustrated the life of one of the most gifted men of our time. The only son possessed a will as inflexible and unconquerable as that of the father; and the long collision of two such natures, sometimes fierce, always tragical, ended in suffering and defeat for both. The father sank into the grave at last, disappointed in his overmastering desire of seeing his son succeed him in the profession in which he himself had achieved a brilliant success. The son lived on, educated for a professional career he abhorred, diverted from the scientific and literary career he desired, and driven into a seclusion from the world which his early companions beheld in dull, uncomprehending wonder. If Randall had not had a temperament of extraordinary sensitiveness to all impressions from without, combined with an unsurpassed energy of resistance to what influences soever sought to drive or tempt him from his own fixed purpose, — if the untimely death of his friend Ingersoll, to whom he clung with a love passing the love of woman, had not rendered the execution of his fixed purpose impossible, and thus withered his life at the root, — even the father's mistake would hardly have so injured and embittered the son. An education false to the bent of his strongly individual mind, a tragedy of the heart that brought to him long years of despair: was there reason to wonder, if

such a spirit as this fled into the wilderness? Even poetry itself, in the cultivation of which the two young enthusiasts had planned so much, became now so linked in Randall's thought with images of sorrow that the idea of pursuing it alone, bereft of the sympathy which had given to it its chief charm, grew hateful to him. All his youthful poems he put away out of sight; and for many years he sought relief in pursuits which should not torture him with constant reminders of what he had lost.

Besides this one all-absorbing friendship with Ingersoll, which always appeared to me as fine and memorable as any of which we read, there were three other intimacies of Randall's college days which ought not to be wholly unmentioned here. Two of these were rooted in common scientific interests, and associated him closely for a time with older men, Professor Thomas Nuttall and Doctor Thaddeus William Harris, both famous in their day for their services to Randall's favorite sciences.

Nuttall was born in England in 1786, and died there in 1859; but from 1822 to 1828 he was Professor of Natural History and Curator of the Botanical Gardens at Harvard, and afterwards remained in this country till 1842, pursuing his botanical and ornithological investigations, and publishing their results in works which brought him an enduring reputation. The rest of his life he spent on his estate of Nutgrove, near Liverpool, which had been bequeathed to him on condition that he should live on it. Randall became well acquainted, during his college course, with this distinguished naturalist, and used to accompany him on long excursions in search of plants, insects, and birds, not only in the neighborhood of Boston, but also in the backwoods and lake regions of New England in general; and he always retained a high respect for Nuttall as a naturalist and a man.

With Dr. Harris, too, he became intimately associated in the pursuit of entomology, sending to him hundreds of specimens of insects, which were acknowledged in long lists by genus and species. At the end of one of these lists, Dr. Harris wrote, in May, 1836: "You will see by the foregoing that a very large number of your Hymenoptera are new to me. Probably the same may be the case with the Diptera, but I have not had time to examine them. These remarks may induce you to collect as many specimens in these orders as possible, for I am sure you will be able to add much that is new and highly interesting in these neglected portions of our entomology." Dr. Harris, who was born at Dorchester in 1795 and died at Cambridge in 1856, was appointed Librarian of Harvard College in 1831, gave instruction in botany and natural history, founded the Natural History Society among the undergraduates, received in 1837 the appointment of Commissioner for a zoölogical and botanical survey of Massachusetts, published a catalogue of 2,350 species of Massachusetts insects, and made a highly important and still useful report on "Insects Injurious to Vegetation" which was printed by the State in 1841 (enlarged edition in 1852). To the end of his life, he and Randall maintained the friendliest relations, long after the latter had discontinued the active prosecution of his own investigations; and I well remember the affectionately respectful tone in which he always spoke of the scientific and personal merits of "my old friend, Dr. Harris."

The third intimacy alluded to was that with Madam Craigie, one of the most notable personalities at that time in the little university town. Her husband, Colonel Craigie, as I used to hear, had been a rich contractor in the Revolutionary War, and had purchased the famous

“Craigie House” (from which the present Craigie street derived its name), better known now as “Washington’s Headquarters” and “Longfellow’s Home,” where Madam Craigie herself, originally the daughter of a poor country clergyman, dispensed a generous hospitality to such students as won her favor. She was a lady of strong character and masculine intelligence, imbued with the free-thinking opinions so rife during and after the Revolutionary period, from which Franklin, Washington, John Adams, Jefferson, and other leading spirits, were by no means exempt. I have never doubted that Madam Craigie’s influence contributed not a little to encourage in Randall’s mind that marked tendency to independence of traditional beliefs which is so evident in most of his poems, especially the “Ode to God” and “The Philosopher in Search of a Religion.”

Dr. Randall the elder was a staunch Unitarian, and had his pew in the once well known but now long vanished edifice of “Church Green,” where the Rev. Dr. Alexander Young, eminent otherwise for his “Chronicles of the First Planters of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, from 1623 to 1636,” preached conservatively and drowsily for many years. Here the son heard nothing but authentic exposition of Unitarianism in its early form, safe and highly respectable in the Boston of that day; and one of his own childish ambitions, persistent even into his college life, was, as he himself told me, to become a minister of the Unitarian faith. This vision of a religious ministry, and not by any means his father’s ministrations in the sick-room, was what fired his young soul, as he peered into the mysterious future; and nothing cooled it but the contrast which forced itself on his quick perceptions between the ministry as a comfortable modern profession, a life of

routine and respectability and city luxuries, and the ministry as it was in the primitive church, a life of hardship, self-sacrifice, exile, weary pilgrimage, and perhaps fiery martyrdom at the end.

The effect of this contrast on the boy's vivid imagination and sincere heart was profound. It might have disappeared in the light of a sober comparison of the differences between the ancient conditions and the conditions of modern times; it might have been transformed into a purpose to take up the essential work of a modern religious ministry, as purification and elevation and self-consecration of human life through the known and felt influence of the Divine, provided the foundations of belief had remained unshaken. Such transformation has taken place in many a saintly soul, to whom the changed conditions of this modern period have seemed to need no less than earlier ages the same essential ministry of religion. But the decay of Christian faith through invalidation of the grounds of it, through explosion of the fundamental reasons for it, renders such a transformation of Christianity impossible; and this is what happened to Randall in his college days. He ceased to dream of becoming a Christian minister because he ceased to believe in the peculiar tenets of the Christian gospel; and this momentous change in his convictions was certainly due, at least in part, to the frankly acknowledged influence of Madam Craigie.

This lady's cool and reasoned scepticism, careful of its own conclusions, but careless equally of persuasion and dissuasion, aroused no reaction of personal pride, no resistance of a will quick to repel control, in the melancholy and sensitive young man; on the contrary, it did but reinforce the natural influence of his scientific studies, and help to

destroy in his mind all inherited or traditional belief in that foundation of "miracles" on which the early Unitarianism was so artificially and elaborately built. How far Madam Craigie's negations extended, I never knew, though I suspect they were wide and deep; but, if they went beyond the special doctrines of Christianity and included the thought-substructions of natural religion, they produced little or no effect on Randall's mind. The noble conclusion of "The Solitary Man," nay, the pervading religious spirit of all his poems from first to last, testifies to that essential powerlessness.

But, whatever was the precise content of Madam Craigie's philosophy, he always highly valued for her sake, and kept hanging above his fireplace to the end, a striking picture (he did not know the artist) which she had bequeathed to him as a memento of their friendship: the figure of a grim old gipsy woman, with half-averted face worthy of Meg Merrilies herself, warming her withered hands over a chafing-dish. Something in that picture connected itself in my boyish imagination, no doubt fantastically, with the weird impression I had got of the mental characteristics of Madam Craigie. Did she appoint this uncanny and austere old queen-gipsy to be her representative in the home of her youthful friend till his hair grew white, out of some subtle but felt resemblance to herself in those powerful and not ignoble features, fixed there on the canvas in unchanging perpetuity? To this day I half believe it. The Sun gone—no heat or light save in a dimly smouldering handful of Charcoal—what an allegory!

One anecdote, told to me by Miss Randall not long after her brother's death, is indelible in my memory. She herself always retained the impressions of her early relig-

ious instruction and remained a good Unitarian, attending regularly the preaching of the Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, and cherishing, at least in the days when our two families first became intimate, a sweet sisterly hope that her brother might yet be won from strange opinions she could not understand. One evening, she said, there had been visitors in the parlor, and some religious conversation, in the course of which her brother, rendered impatient by dull argumentative opposition, had as usual given utterance to his heterodoxies in coruscations of wit, not without sarcasms perilously bold. After the visitors had gone, he walked rapidly up and down the rooms for a long time in evident agitation, but in complete silence. Suddenly he stopped, took his seat by her side on the sofa, leaned towards her with his hands on his knees and with his great blue eyes deep with feeling, and exclaimed very slowly, but in a low tone that was full of suppressed excitement: "Belinda! I am a *religious* man — a *most* religious man!" Those were his exact words, emphasis and all; she repeated them on several occasions in precisely the same manner, and evidently remembered them with a glow of satisfaction. She could not follow his trains of thought, but those words of deep impassioned feeling she understood, and "pondered them in her heart."

IV.

IN the absence of written records pertaining to Randall's life prior to our acquaintance, I must rely on memory and a few letters, with some early journals of my own, for such poor pictures as I can make of the most gifted man I have ever known.

On January 12, 1850, Dr. Martin Gay died suddenly in Boston, where he was born on February 16, 1803. Dr. Gay was highly and widely esteemed in his native city, not only for his professional skill, but also for his many lovable traits of character. It is recorded of him that "he had a high reputation as an analytical chemist, and his frequent testimony as a witness in courts of justice, in cases of death by poisoning, marks an era in the history of medical jurisprudence in this country." An enthusiastic lover of knowledge, he had especially cultivated the sciences of geology and mineralogy throughout his life, and with the help of his noble and devoted wife, who shared his tastes, he had in the course of years accumulated a remarkably fine collection of minerals and fossils, which was considered to be of very great value, pecuniary as well as scientific. But, like Agassiz, he had "had no time to make money," and nearly all his savings had gone into this mineralogical collection. At his premature death, therefore, Mrs. Gay found herself obliged to offer it for sale. But some of Dr. Gay's friends, knowing how great a sacrifice to her feelings it would be to part with a treasure so sacred to her as this, secretly conspired to purchase it at its full value, and then present it to her as a mark of their sympathy for herself and their regard for her husband's memory. Among those who volunteered to procure the subscriptions necessary to accomplish this labor of love was my own

father; and it was his call upon Dr. Randall, who had known and valued Dr. Gay, with reference to this subscription, that first began a friendship between the two families which grew deeper and stronger to the end.

The first time I ever saw Dr. Randall was in Mrs. Gay's house on Essex street, not far from the house of Wendell Phillips, but on the opposite side. It must have been very soon after Dr. Gay's death; and how I, a little boy only just thirteen years old, came to be there at all, is a mystery now past solving. But there I was, sitting quite apart in a corner, and watching visitors who came on errands of sympathy and condolence to the sad-faced lady, alone on the sofa. Only one of these visitors left any lasting impression on my memory; all the rest were forms vanishing from an unretentive mirror, but this one left a picture imprinted on a remembering mind.

A gentleman of medium height, clad in black, pausing a moment at the opposite parlor door, then slowly moving across the room, taking with great respect the sad-faced lady's hand, sitting down upon a chair near by, speaking something, I know not what, in a voice so deep, rich, and mellow, so musical, so fascinating in its fine modulations, that I seem to hear it still: a pale but striking face under masses of black hair, close-shaven, strong, grandly chiselled, full of intellect, decision, pride, melancholy, and withal of something quite indescribable, yet visible enough here in the presence of sorrow, that riveted the little boy's gaze, and made him instinctively but unmistakably aware of a great heart, making an outlet for itself through the glance of those kind, grave, penetrating eyes. The child sat in his corner, observing but unobserved; he had dreamed much of genius—now he felt that he had seen it. All the rest is lost in the abyss of a long-dead past, but that vision stands out fresh as yesterday.

Rarely, perhaps, does it happen that two entire families find themselves wholly congenial throughout, but it happened so in this instance. Immediately after Dr. Gay's death and the successful effort to save his collection for Mrs. Gay, intercourse in this case became speedy, frequent, and close. Dr. Randall himself came often to our house in Temple Place (then a closed court opening on Tremont street only, except by a flight of steps descending to Washington street), and used to talk with my father till long after midnight. Finding me a constant and absorbed listener until I was reluctantly sent to bed,—hearing that I had never been sent to school, partly because I was not well and partly because I was better taught at home, and that I was a solitary child whose whole playtime went to scribblings of his own, chiefly in rhyme,—Dr. Randall asked me one day, in the early spring, to dine with him, and devoted a whole afternoon and evening to entertaining me in the kindest manner.

The result was that most of my Saturday evenings, during the months I was in town, were spent with him for the next five years. At first he gave these hours to reading aloud from the works of those whom he considered masters in literature, not at all for any set purpose of instruction, but simply as a matter of common enjoyment; and the charm of listening to fine works was wonderfully enhanced by the richness of his voice and the perfectness of his articulation, as well as by the piquancy of his remarks. When I discovered that he himself had once written poetry, but had turned away from it wholly since the shock of Ingersoll's death, I begged him to resume it now. The spur of sympathy, long unfelt by the lonely man, revived his interest in poetical production. He began once more to write with new zest, looking forward to an eager and appreciative audience of one, when Satur-

day evening came ; and this continued winter after winter. In his desire to have something written to read to me at our expected Saturday night sessions lay the origin of "The Consolations of Solitude," "The Metamorphoses of Longing," and other poems.

In 1855, I entered college, our regular sessions were broken up, and loss of the old stimulus proved practically the end of his effort to produce ; for, while he was more keenly alive than most men to the pleasures of intellectual sympathy grounded in congeniality of nature, he entertained for fame, whether present or posthumous, a most genuine and undisguised contempt. More sincere in this than Carlyle, who praised the virtue of "Silence" with the voice of Stentor, Randall never wrote a word for the sake of reputation. If he published a few poems in 1856, it was to please a boy-friend who entreated him not to bury his talent in a napkin ; all the rest he left lying in manuscript, utterly indifferent to their fate. If now, through the same friend no longer a boy, a few more of these are rescued from oblivion, it is only because that friend, in 1891, begged the privilege of saving for mankind what would else have gone to the rubbish-heap. What he wrote in "The Poet : First Treatment" was absolutely true of one man, at least, out of the many millions of our vain and plaudit-loving race :—

“What though the scorn of senseless pride
Disdain thy poor and humble lot,
Though fools thy sacred songs deride,
Nay, though by all mankind forgot?
Yon tuneful thrush no witness wants,
When his wild carols charm the glade ;
If steps profane invade his haunts,
He wings his way to deeper shade,
Where, all unseen within the gloomy wood,
His plaintive song delights the savage solitude.”

V.

PLEASANT pictures of that kind and hospitable Randall family, now all sleeping side by side in one tomb at Mount Auburn, were drawn, however poorly, in the boy's journals of those early days, worthless except for the authentic reflections they give of real scenes. No near relative is left to shrink from showing these pictures to the reader; and my duty to give some glimpses of the poet's lovable character, so little known to his contemporaries, must be my excuse for venturing to insert here a series of extracts from those journals, with all their boyish crudity and garrulousness, as follows:—

“ *Wednesday, April 30, 1851.* . . . After dinner we went to spend the afternoon with Mr. John W. Randall and his sisters, who invited us a day or two ago. We got there about four o'clock, and after a little while Miss Anna came in. She talked to us, told us queer stories and anecdotes, played on the piano, and, in short, did everything she could to please and amuse us. Emily and I danced together while she played on the piano, and, though we made some mistakes, we enjoyed it highly. When Miss Belinda came into the room, she played beautifully on the piano, and sang. Many of the pieces were Mozart's, and were exquisite. She plays very well indeed, and is one of the best players of our acquaintance. Mr. Randall came in from out-doors a little while before tea, and took us up in his study, where he showed us several beautiful engravings. After supper he played on the piano, and accompanied the music with the most beautiful whistle I ever heard. Miss Belinda played while we danced, and we got into

a gale of fun. After a little while, Miss Anna took her seat at the piano, while her sister danced with us. We had a fancy cotillion, and it would put Mr. Papanti into hysterics to see us. The last figure was the 'Car of Jug-gernaut,' and Miss Belinda made this conundrum: 'Why is a drunkard like the Car? Because it is *jug or nought*.' Afterwards Mr. Randall told us stories. He invited me to go with him to his country-seat at Stow to stay a little while. He showed me drawings of his house, and I thought they were quite pretty. About eleven Edwin came for us, and he stayed a little while looking at pictures, after which we came home. Mr. Randall went home with us, and took an umbrella, as it rained.

"*Saturday, May 3, 1851.* . . . Mr. Randall had appointed to-day to go to Stow, so I busied myself about putting up some things in a carpet-bag which I thought I should want, but which I afterwards found were an incumbrance. He came at one, or about one, and we went down to the Fitchburg depot, and, as we found there was no hurry, we crossed the bridge and saw the great freight station, of chairs, tubs, pails, &c. We did not stop long, but went back to the cars, which soon started. We passed Charlestown, Somerville, Cambridge, West Cambridge, Waltham, Stony Brook, Weston, Lincoln, Concord, and South Acton, where we got out. Mr. Randall wished to see Colonel Faulkner on some business; so, while they were talking, I went to see the stream which turns the Colonel's mill. It has a very pretty cataract, or, as I suppose it is called, dam. It was some time before another train would come along, so Mr. Randall thought that we would walk to the other station, two or three miles distant. On the way he turned into a path in the woods, to show me what a pretty place it was. After admiring it suf-

ficiently, Mr. Randall took a paper of sandwiches out of his pocket and invited me to sit down and eat dinner, which I accordingly did. When we were done, we resumed our way and passed a most charming little lake, sunk in a sloping hollow and shaded by trees on all sides. I have very seldom seen a more beautiful little sheet of water. It was so small that it was entirely shaded by the tall trees, and it seemed made for fairies. We stopped at the house of Mr. Randall's cousins, and stayed a little while. As I was very thirsty, I asked for a glass of water, which was very good, but not quite enough. When we left, Mr. Randall told me that one of the ladies I had just seen was a great botanist, and almost equal to Dr. Bigelow. It was so hot that I was soon panting for water, and, coming to a pump, drank pretty freely. After walking about a mile, we came to Assabet, where the railroad station was, and here I saw a very large ice-house, on the shore of a pond formed by a very pretty dam. After waiting a little while, the cars came thundering along, and we took our seats. In a few minutes we got out at Rock-bottom, the name of one of the Stow villages. From thence we walked to Mr. Randall's house through the woods, and we had a very pleasant walk. We got there a little while before dark, and the first thing I did was to go to the *pump* and get a draught. After supper we talked and read, and, as I felt pretty tired, we went to bed early. I slept with Mr. Randall [and I shall never forget the brilliant and fascinating way in which, during two or three hours, he told me De La Motte Fouqué's exquisite story of Undine].

“*Sunday, May 4.* This morning, as I was quite tired last night, I slept very late, and Mr. Randall told me that he did not like to wake me up. We ate breakfast, and then,

as it was too late to go to church [I never knew him to go to church, but that was the way in which he evaded my innocent proposal to go], we went to Dea. Meade's house; he married Mr. Randall's uncle's widow, and so could claim a kind of relationship. We stayed a little while, and just before tea we went on an excursion on the banks of Boone's lake, a large sheet of water near the Deacon's. It was hard work struggling through the woods and underbrush, but we worked along to the end of the lake. He found me some shells, quite pretty. We returned, and took tea, and afterwards we went home. It rained a little. In the evening Mr. Randall read, in Burns, some of his best pieces.

Monday, May 5. This morning we did not rise with the sun for this reason: the sun did not rise at all to Stow! It was rather late when we got up, but, when we did, we ate breakfast. Afterwards it was so rainy that we could not go out, so we stayed at home. Mr. Randall read in 'John Bull,' a book which describes the travels of a genuine Englishman in America and is of the Gulliver kind, a humorous satire on travellers' tales. About noon we found that we must have exercise, so we sallied forth for a short walk in the woods, wet as it was. So we went off, and saw a natural causeway, probably built by the first settlers or the Indians. We went home in a little while, and ate supper, after which Mr. Randall read in 'John Bull.' We went to bed about ten or eleven and lay awake till twelve, each composing alternate lines of poetry.

Tuesday, May 6. We were up late this morning, too, and after dressing, as a matter of course, we went down stairs and ate breakfast. When we had done eating, we got into the chaise and rode to Marlborough. I should consider the vehicle unique, as it can be either a four-

wheeled chaise or a carry-all. It is the most comfortable one I ever rode in, as it is very springy. We kept rising higher as we went on, until we were about five hundred feet above the sea, and here we paused. We could see very far in some directions, and it was a splendid prospect, but it was not equal to that which we saw farther on. We passed through Marlborough village, which appeared to be very flourishing, as there was a number of new houses building, until we reached Elm street, a street lined with tall and beautiful elms. We went to the end of it, and there we saw a view almost unequalled by any I had yet seen. A rising spot covered by thick trees divided the prospect into two portions, and seemed to form two vistas through which we could gaze. From here we could see sixty miles — it was magnificent. As we were going up or coming home, I forget which, we passed Gate's Pond, or lake, as I should call it. It was a most charming sheet of water, and the green turf came down to the water's edge. I drove coming home, and, as it was growing colder, I drew my cloak, which I take in all my rides with me, over my shoulders. As we were on a hill, I could see a little lake, *i.e.* not *very* large, crossed by a causeway or road, lined on either side by young willows, and we passed it ourselves in a little while. It was very pretty. We rode about fifteen miles, and had a nice time, getting home about dusk. In the evening we wrote some poetry together, first Mr. Randall writing a line, and then I.

"*Wednesday, May 7.* We got up rather late this morning, and went down stairs, where we had a nice breakfast, thanks to Mrs. Rea, the wife of Mr. Randall's farmer. We started for Cedar Swamp Pond, a lake of about twenty acres, which is growing over with moss, and, as it gets thicker, trees sprout, and it will eventually be entirely

covered. It was once very large, and, if a deep well is dug within a quarter of a mile, the water will gush up with great fury. This moss is like a towel spread over a tub, and, if you go upon it, you must run to avoid bearing the moss down by your weight, though there is no danger of its letting you through, as it requires a great deal of exertion to force a pole through it. There is one way of approaching the pond without any danger, and Mr. Randall took this way, but unfortunately, owing to the late rains, part of the road was overflowed, and after vainly trying to pass this place, we were obliged to postpone our visit. As we regained the highway, it began to sprinkle, but, as Mr. Randall had an umbrella, it did little harm ; besides, it cleared in a short time. We passed a quagmire which cost the town a great deal of trouble, as it was six years before they could build a road through it ! It was not more than a few rods long, too, but it was very quaking, and a rock thrown in would shake all the earth round. If you were to try to cross it, you might see a clump of grass, and, springing forward to gain a hold, the bog would swallow you up suddenly, and you would never be heard of again. Mr. Randall lost an uncle or grand-uncle in this way. We then went to the Old Dam, as it is called, though I could see little resembling a dam. It is situated on the verge of a very pretty wood, and is made by the Elsebeth [Assabet] Brook ; here it flows into a basin, and in summer it is about up to my neck, forming one of the prettiest bathing-places I ever saw. It is some fifty feet long, and perhaps twenty or thirty feet wide, and is pretty near the same depth throughout. At the time I saw it, it was considerably over my head and flowed with great force, so that Mr. Randall said that he could not stand against it. On the banks of this charming place, flowers grew in

abundance, and I, with Mr. Randall's help, collected quite a bouquet. I had violets, anemones, houstonias, cowslips, and ever so many others, together with the blossoms of trees, such as red maple, aronia [*sic*], &c. I did not know that so many flowers were out so early. We crossed the brook and began the ascent of Spindle Hill, a most unpoetical name for a beautiful place. We were about half way up when, behind an angle of a stone wall, Mr. Randall saw something that induced the exclamation, 'Look quick, Frank, there's a skunk!' I turned my head, and caught a glimpse of the creature as it darted out of sight. We kept ascending till we reached the top, the prospect growing more beautiful as we advanced, when it was perfectly charming. The adjacent country was spread out like a panorama, and on every side we could see silvery streams, winding through green fields and shaded by trees; white houses shining, if I may so express myself, among them, and the thick woods beyond; these formed a scene, at least to me, of almost unparalleled beauty. We could see, Mr. Randall said, fifty towns, perhaps seventy-five. In point of beauty, I think that this most charming prospect was superior to that from the Wilder estate in Bolton, which I afterwards saw. We sat down on a stone, and I gazed in silence on the scene below. The Elsebeth [Assabet] Brook, which we had just left, was coursing in serpentine mazes through green fields, now hid by trees, then appearing beyond—oh, I cannot describe my feelings. It was not so magnificent, so splendid, as that at Bolton, but its quiet beauty, its gentle aspect, quite won my heart. It seemed to be among landscapes like the violet among flowers, so enchanting by its fragrance that we forget the stately tulip. When we had looked at it as much as we liked, we started to come home. We came

by the road, and we found many flowers by the way though we should hardly expect to find many in such a place. We had gone about half or three quarters of the way, when Mr. Randall pointed to a beautiful valley that lay a little beyond his house, which is *one* of the most charming, if not *the* most charming vales I have seen. It is very fertile, and the part that Mr. Randall owns is very valuable. While we were eating supper, it rained a little, and, the sun coming out, of course there was a rainbow. This was a very good one, strongly marked and arching from one hand completely to the other. Mr. Randall and I went out to see it more distinctly, and we went off some way, up the hill near the woods. But it cleared off entirely, and we had a splendid sunset. The moon came up, and we wandered off into the woods in the direction of the Assabet River, which runs by Mr. Randall's farm. We strolled to the banks of the stream, our arms round each other's waist, and went into a beautiful grove of enormous pines, some one hundred and twenty-five feet high! The partridges were about, and we heard the whirr of a good many, besides the hoot of an owl. It was very pleasant to walk so at evening, I thought. We walked nearly ten miles during the day, and read 'Flowers of Travel' after we got home.

"*Thursday, May 8.* This morning we did not rise with the sun, but, when we did, we proceeded down stairs and partook of a nice breakfast. Afterwards we sat by the fire and talked, while Mr. Rea was harnessing the horse; for we were going to the Wilder estate in Bolton, the place I referred to in the account of Wednesday. When the horse was harnessed, I took my cloak and put it into the carriage, where I shortly after put myself. I forget whether I drove going or not, but I am certain that I did

coming back, and it is my impression I did going. We rode to Bolton, Mr. Randall telling all the things of interest as we passed them. At Bolton he showed me an academy built by money left to the town by a clergyman, with the proviso that the families of seven persons whom he disliked should not for several generations have the privilege of attending. I think he displayed the Christian spirit of forgiveness in a high degree. We passed several pretty places on the road, and I enjoyed myself highly. Before long we began to ascend, and, as we rode higher, I could catch glimpses of what afterwards was to constitute the finest prospect that I had seen. At last we gained the top of the hill, and I was almost transported at the vastness of the scene. I could see one hundred miles in some directions; Vermont, New Hampshire, and northern Massachusetts lay before me with their countless mountains, the beautiful valley between them and us. There was Wachusett about twelve miles distant, rearing his bulky form against the sky, Monadnoc with his sharp peak, and the dim outlines of the central peaks of New Hampshire, looking so faint and blue in the distance. Then nearer were the villages and towns. Lancaster with its beautiful temple to God was lying amid the trees so still and silent, and the quiet Nashua winding through the midst. It was the most magnificent view I ever saw. By moonlight it must be perfectly enchanting. There is an old mansion house here which is very imposing in its general appearance. It was long, very long, and did not look any more like a country-house, such as we see in this country, than a brick house would. It seemed like the residences of the gentry in England, it was so stately. The man who formerly owned this place built a church and parsonage for his own use, and he hired a clergyman to

preach to him and his family alone! After examining the grounds as much as we cared to, we went to Lancaster, about three miles off, through a most charming road shaded by trees. We crossed the Nashua River through an old bridge, or rather over it, though we did pass under cover all the way. We saw the church, which is *the* thing of interest, together with the town house, which was built in a very chaste style, both of brick. We did not stay long after we saw the church, but returned to Bolton the same pretty road. Here we took a last lingering look at the splendid view, and then we passed on. We came home through Feltonville [now Hudson], a rather pretty town, and saw the falls, which looked very well indeed. Mr. Randall stopped a little while at Rockbottom, and then we proceeded; and, as the moon shone, we had a very pleasant ride. We read 'Flowers of Travel' after we got home. We rode about thirty miles.

"*Friday, May 9.* This morning, after breakfast, Mr. Randall had the chaise got ready, and we started for White Lake, which is some seven or eight miles by the way we went. We passed through the village of Stow, as Mr. Randall wished to call on Dr. Bass, who used to live in Boston; I drove all the way, going and coming. We stopped there, and saw him and his daughter; they showed us their shells, library, &c., and also some beautiful china-ware. After staying two or three hours, we went on, and arrived at White Lake, where we rode into the water. Our horse, who [*sic*] was rather sedentary, by the way, seemed to like it very well. The water was too high to see the beach, so we did not stay long, but came back and ate supper. In the evening, we wrote a little poem to 'Friendship,' of which Mr. Randall wrote six verses and I wrote four [his six stanzas being, as is self-evident, the first, third, fifth, seventh, ninth, and tenth]:—

FRIENDSHIP.

1. Why yearns my soul, what void is here?
No cares, no sorrows vex my mind,
Yet Hope lags arm in arm with Fear:
Something I seek I cannot find.
2. It is not power, pleasure, gold,
That I would seek my soul to free
From loneliness that rests untold,
But I would have sweet sympathy.
3. As the deep sea reflects the sky,
As in a glass forms reappear,
So in some heart would I descry
The image of my Hope and Fear.
4. O Nature, thou art mild and fair,
Thy woods and streams, thy hills and vales,
Yet I alone could not live there
Amidst thy fairest, sweetest dales.
5. If love be absent, even thy lay,
Sweet thrush, can lend mine ear no charm;
Like sunshine on a wintry day,
It gilds my life, but cannot warm.
6. Not mine the love that fades and dies
And perishes within an hour,
Nor mine the friend that timid flies,
When threatened by misfortune's power:
7. But love that lasts, calm, warm, and bright,
Through green age and through gray —
That beam divine which, like thy light,
Sweet Truth, survives decay.
8. O Love, when bowed by sorrow low,
By weakness led to sin,
Then thou canst teach us back to go,
Canst lead us back to Him.

9. When passions wild the soul enslave,
Thou, Love, canst set us free;
Thy steadfast hands shall dig the grave
Of cold Hypocrisy.
10. By thee the world was made, by thee
All things around, above;
Thou rul'st o'er air, earth, fire, and sea;
Lo, God himself is Love.

“*Saturday, May 10.* We got up late this morning, too, and after breakfast went out to take a walk in the woods. It was very hot, and I was glad to get under the trees, though it was harder walking than in the open spaces. Mr. Randall helped me get flowers, and, as we were coming home to-day, I wished to have a good bouquet to present to mother. I am sure my wish was gratified, for I had a very large nosegay, and a very pretty one, too. We walked a long way, and, as we were in the midst of a wood, we saw a large black-snake! I forgot all my fatigue, and looked eagerly round for a stick, but Mr. Randall restrained me, saying that a black-snake will bite severely. I was so sorry when Mr. Randall, who was going to give him a quietus, was balked by the snake's running off very fast. He was a monstrous fellow, and he, Mr. Randall, called him five feet long. At last we went towards home, and, passing a murmuring brook, I quickly knelt down and drank a long time. ‘Frank,’ said Mr. Randall, ‘wouldn't you like to go into the woods and take a bath?’ ‘Yes, sir,’ said I, ‘I should very much, if you think that we should not take cold.’ ‘I don't think that we should, but do as you think best about it. If you are afraid to, I wouldn't.’ So, after much consultation, we agreed to go down. We accordingly went, I leaving my bunch of

flowers in the brook, in what I thought a safe place. After we got down there, we had to adjust some boards, &c., before we could go in, but, preliminaries being arranged, we boldly entered. I at once ducked under, and so I lost the chill which usually accompanies going in. It was a beautiful place, retired and completely shaded by trees, a brook with a gravelly bottom and with water quite warm for the season. Mr. Randall, however, delayed ducking for some time, and I had great fun enjoying *his* dread, as I had got over it all myself and could afford to laugh. After staying in as long as it was comfortable and prudent, we came out and dressed. I felt better for it all day. We went back to where I left my flowers, but, alas, no flowers were there. I espied them between two rocks, some way down the brook, and I hastily secured them. They were improved by their bath, too. I was glad to find them, you may be sure, fair reader. We went home and lunched, after which Mr. Rea's son drove us down to the station, where I weighed myself, and found I had gained three pounds in eight days. I weighed ninety-six pounds and a half. Now for a few statistics, for which I have the authority of Mr. Randall. While I was at Stow, I walked over fifty miles; we added it up, and so I can vouch for it; and we rode in a carriage sixty miles and in the cars sixty-two more, making one hundred and seventy-two miles in all. Now for me this is a good round sum to do in a week. Well, we got into the cars, and went to South Acton, where we got out, as we should have to stop for another train. Here a young lady accosted me, and asked what kind of flowers those yellow ones were. I told her that they were cowslips, so she very prettily inquired if I 'would be so good as to give her one, as she had never seen one before.' Of course I did, and I should have

given her others, but she declined. I got home about dusk, and ate supper after seeing all my 'folks.' Mr. Randall called in the evening, and very kindly gave me a silver pencil-case, together with two boxes of leads. I went to bed, and next day woke up in — Boston.

"*Tuesday, May 13.* This morning I studied till dinner time, excepting of course time for exercise. In the afternoon, Mother, Emily, Stanley and myself went to Mr. Randall's to spend the evening. I went some time before they did, and found him at home, and in a little while he took me up in his study. Here Mr. Randall showed me portraits of distinguished persons, and among them that of Raphael Sanzio the 'divine.' Pretty soon Emily and Stanley came in, and he showed us a great many curiosities; a great variety of coins and medals (one of the latter was a Whitefield medal, worth fifty dollars and almost unique, of *copper*), and a knife belonging to Samuel Adams, from whom Mr. Randall is lineally descended. He sent Emily and Stanley up in the observatory with the spy-glass, and, while they were gone, he gave me a beautiful portfolio, embossed and imported from England, with 'Gems' on the cover, most splendidly done. He opened it, and I saw that the title was very appropriate, as it contained about a dozen charming pictures, some engravings, some etched, and one of his own. I was delighted with it, and of course thanked him in strong terms. Mrs. Willard and her son Robert, who is rather younger than I am, were also there; so, pretty soon after Emily and Stanley came down from the observatory, we all went into the parlor. Here we conversed until supper, after which Mr. Randall and Mrs. Willard had quite a discussion with regard to the character of the 'Pilgrim Fathers.' The former thought them quite like other men. They

kept it up quite long, and then he showed the older part of the company some engravings, while we juveniles played games with Miss Anna. Father came before tea. We went home about eleven.

Thursday, May 15. This morning Mother went to Beverly, and Grandfather and Stanley went with her. She intends to return a week from to-morrow and in a few days take *us* back again to stay. After she was gone, we went to our books, and after our exercise studied till two or three o'clock, when we had dinner. In a little while, I took my books to Father and recited till about half past four, when Mr. Randall called for me to take a walk with him to Parker's Hill, Roxbury. Having obtained Father's consent, I posted off, and went to Mr. Randall's house, which, by the way, is 107 Harrison Avenue. Here he made me eat an orange, and put two or three oranges and five or six sticks of candy into my pocket! He told me that they would not come amiss on the way, and I found that he was no false prophet. We walked out on the Neck, and up to Parker's Hill, where I had never been, though I did live two years in Roxbury. We kept ascending by beautiful roads, until we stopped on the way and lay down on a bank. Mr. Randall took out his spy-glass, which he had brought, and we examined the adjacent country. The prospect was fine, but he said it would be much finer by and by. We continued our tour until we reached the summit, and here we were well rewarded for our pains. We had a capital view of Boston and its vicinity. Here there were some very pretty woods, small, but very thick. We did not stay long, but came back to the town itself about dusk. Mr. Randall stopped at the house of some acquaintances, ladies, who were delightful people. We left a little after — I do not exactly remember what

time it was. We had a very pleasant walk of eight miles total, and, after I got at Mr. Randall's, we ate supper. He gave me six oranges and nine sticks of candy *more*. I got home about half-past eleven o'clock.

"*Monday, May 19.* [Walk to Chelsea and back together.]

"*Wednesday, May 21.* After taking our exercise this morning, we studied till dinner-time. In the afternoon, Emmie and I went to spend the rest of the day at Miss Anna Randall's. I think that we are in enough with that family, don't you, gentle reader? We had hardly been there two minutes before she kindly asked us if we should not like some ice-creams. As we replied in the affirmative, she immediately took us to the confectioner's, and in a moment we were supplied. We chatted very agreeably, and, when we were done, she went to walk with us, and I think that she walked too far, as she was quite tired when we got at the house. We saw Mr. Randall, and he gave Emily a set of pictures. After supper, I went out into the back-yard with Miss Anna, and we had a council about where to plant her flowers. We came home about half past eight, and I went to bed directly, as my head ached severely.

"*Monday, May 26.* [Walk with Mr. Randall to Dorchester.]

"*Wednesday, June 4.* Mr. Randall has been here [at Beverly] for a week, and so I have not had time to write in my diary for a great while. These are some of the most notable days.

"Last Wednesday Mother and Emily came down from Boston, and the day after Edwin came. To-day we agreed to have a ride; so, in the afternoon, after lessons were got, we rode to the Farms to stay till evening. . . . Just before

tea, as we were looking out of the window, whom should we see but Mr. Randall! I was very glad to see him, and jumped out of the house in pretty quick time. We all went up on the hill just behind the house and looked at the prospect, and then came down and had tea. We started to come home about an hour before sundown, and came by the Montserrat road, as it is called. While we were passing through Cow Lane, it rained harder than I ever saw it before, and right in our faces, too. Edwin and Mr. Randall were wet through to the skin, I in a less degree [because Mr. Randall shielded me all he could with his own coat]. Stanley crawled under the boot, and escaped unhurt. When we got home, we changed our clothes, and did not take any cold in consequence of our wetting.

“Tuesday, June 10. When Mr. Randall came down here last Wednesday, he said that he only intended to stay three hours; but he has extended his visit until the present time. Edwin went home yesterday, as his vacation ended on Monday, and so he went up early to go to school. To-day Mr. Randall proposed to go home, and after breakfast he said to me, ‘Come, Frank, let’s take a little walk.’ We went down to Bass River and walked along on the railroad, looking for flowers. On one bank, we found some very pretty lupines, and further on we found geraniums in plenty. As we were looking at the prospect, Mr. Randall saw ‘Brown’s Folly,’ a hill two or three or four miles from Grandfather’s house, and proposed a jaunt thither.

“I was glad to go, and so we set out. We stopped at Isabel’s Island, a pretty spot with a pretty name, and here we found the Star-of-Bethlehem, and other flowers. Just beyond the mill we left the road and rambled over the fields, going here and there in search of flowers, of

which we found a great many. This, of course, greatly lengthened our walk, and, before we could get to the hill, we had to pass through a great many morasses, or rather we had to go round them, because they were over a man's head in depth. Among these wet places we found an aspen-tree, and I brought home some, as I never saw any before. Mr. Randall found a little blossom which he said was very rare; it looked very much like a strawberry blossom, and what seemed to be the petals was in fact a part of the calyx, the real petals being very minute. We found, also, a disease on some low trees, which looked and felt very much like wax-work, it was so hard and smooth.

"After wandering till twelve o'clock among the fields and hollows, we arrived at the summit of Brown's Folly, and here we had a fine view of Danvers and Beverly. There was one solitary tree on the top of this elevation, and here we lay down under its shade for an hour and a half. Mr. Randall was looking at Danvers, and said to me, 'Frank, let's walk back through it, and then we can go through Salem.' 'Yes, and that will be a good long walk,' said I, for I was anxious to achieve a good long peregrination, so that I could have something to boast of when I got home; 'that will be capital.'

"We walked through all the villages of Danvers, and at one Mr. Randall bought three ginger-cakes apiece, which we ate as we walked along. I felt very thirsty, and drank at nearly every pump we passed. It was a very fine day, though I thought that I should like to have it cooler. At one place, there was a dam across a river, or rather a large brook, and, as I felt almost suffocated from thirst, I climbed up and took a long draught, which lasted some time. The walk from Danvers to Salem was not so agreeable, as it was quite warm.

“When we arrived at Salem, Mr. Randall bought two glasses of spruce beer, which greatly refreshed us. Then we had some oysters, and proceeded on our way, passing through Chestnut Street, the handsomest street in Salem, which is not saying a great deal, though. It is full of old mansion houses, and is bordered on both sides with fine trees, so as to form a good shade. We passed the witches’ hill, where the witches are reputed to have been hanged, until we came to the North Salem graveyard. Here we looked around for the grave of Elizabeth Whitman, *alias* Eliza Wharton; and found that a path had been worn to the stone, and what was worse, it was very much defaced, so that we could hardly read the inscription. A large number visit it every day, and they break off pieces from the stone; so Mr. Randall copied the epitaph, and carried off some of the fragments of the stone which had been left by the barbarians. We stayed about an hour, and came back through Harmony Grove into the city. Mr. Randall bought some crackers and milk. We came home over the bridge; and, adding all up, we found that we had walked eighteen miles, the longest walk I have yet taken. We got home about nine o’clock, and I did not feel very tired.

“*Boston, Monday, July 14, 1851.* I have been preparing this winter to enter the Public Latin School, and I was to be examined to-day; so, after breakfast, about nine o’clock, Father went to the school-house with me. [The long and very full account of this examination here given, though of some value as throwing light on the methods in vogue a half-century ago, is of course omitted here.] So now I am a member of the Latin School. That is off my mind.

“About the middle of the afternoon, Emily, Stanley and I went to Mr. Randall’s and found Miss Anna at

home, who asked us if we would not go with her and have an ice-cream. We thanked her when we had done, and returned to the house, and in a little while had tea. In the evening Father and Mother came, and I suppose Edwin would have come, too, if he was not being examined at Cambridge for admission to Harvard University. Several other persons were there, among whom were Mrs. Willard and her daughter, Miss Dora. Miss Belinda Randall played most beautifully on the piano, and sang some of the most beautiful songs I ever heard. I wish that I could hear such beautiful music every night, or else could play for myself. We passed a very pleasant evening, and went home about eleven o'clock, as we usually do, and I soon forgot all my examination and its attendant trials.

“Wednesday, July 16. This afternoon Mr. Randall came to carry me off to Stow. He came for me about twenty minutes before four, so I had to bid them all a hasty goodby and hurry down to the Fitchburg railroad station in time to take the four o'clock train. I was much inconvenienced by a heavy carpet-bag, which blistered my hands. My collar was as wet, when I got there, with perspiration, as if I had dipped it in a water-pail. My head ached some, so I did not enjoy my journey up there as much as I otherwise should. After I had left my bag at the house, we went down to the Assabet river and went in, and had a very good time. It felt very refreshing to my aching head, and we stayed in a pretty long while. After we got home, we ate supper, and then went to bed, where we talked an hour or two before going to sleep.

“Saturday, July 19. Edwin arrived this morning, and of course I was glad to see him. . . . In the afternoon, Mr. Randall went to Feltonville in the carriage, and took

us with him ; Edwin drove. After the former had bought some things there, we went to Marlborough and saw those fine views which I have described as well as I could before."

Here the journal abruptly ended, not to be resumed for several years.

One other *carmen amœbæum*, belonging to the same year 1851, deserves to be preserved here for the sake of Mr. Randall's part in it. With much diffidence, I brought to him the first of the two following stanzas. He smiled kindly at the poor little thing, took a pencil, and wrote the second stanza offhand.

I love to stand at eve beside the shore,
 And mark the billows as they idly play ;
 They sport a moment and are seen no more,
 Yet, as they go, they sadly seem to say :
 "Our little space of life is quickly o'er,
 We have our hour, and then we melt away."
 But love sincere can never know decay.

Yet when, from false, true love I fain would tell,
 The task seems hard, tinsel so gay appears ;
 Lo, day by day that which I loved full well
 Melts from my view, and leaves me nought but tears.
 Then, Truth, be thou my aid, these doubts dispel —
 If thou with Love unite, farewell all fears !
 This bond shall last, not limited by years.

That first visit of a week at Stow, in May, 1851, was a great event in my boyhood. It was the definite beginning of a friendship which lasted, without even a transient cloud, for more than forty years — a close and intimate companionship to which I owed much of the best happiness and strongest intellectual stimulus of my early life. For

seven or eight successive years, we spent several weeks together in the summer-time at Stow, mostly alone with each other, talking, reading, walking and driving about the country for many miles in all directions. Stow itself was an insignificant and out-of-the-way farming town of about a thousand inhabitants, with a small cotton factory in the village of Rockbottom, a mile or so distant from the Randall place. The entire region was beautifully rural, and we left scarcely a single country road unexplored throughout the neighboring towns of Berlin, Bolton, Lancaster, Boylston, Marlborough, Sterling, Harvard, Acton, Littleton, Concord, Sudbury, Framingham, Boxborough, and so forth. The house (in later years changed almost beyond recognition) was a square two-story dwelling, with a long ell of many rooms in the rear for the farmer's family, and with a long verandah on three sides of the main building. On this verandah we took our exercise in rainy weather, walking up and down for hours at a time in animated conversation. There was a charming and airy library room, built by Mr. Randall himself as a one-story addition, in which we spent much of our time indoors, and near which grew on a mound of its own the tree which prompted his poem "To a Snow-covered Apple-tree."

Life at Stow was delightfully Bohemian. We rose when we pleased, had our meals when we pleased, and did exactly what we pleased. Our long drives of twenty or thirty miles often brought us back late in the evening, when we took our supper, and afterwards talked or read far into the small hours of the morning. There were no neighbors except the honest (or dishonest) farmers of the town in their widely scattered farm-houses. Randall indulged in no illusions as to the superior virtuousness of country life as such, and was full of amusing stories as to

the small cunning of the country mind; but he let its occasional petty impositions on himself go unproved and apparently undetected, except when he dropped some jest or biting sarcasm for my private benefit. He was always a kind and goodnatured neighbor, and cherished a sincere esteem for many of his fellow-townsmen, among whom he chose to make his legal domicile. In fact, he had a deep affection for this home of his ancestors, and often spoke to me in those years of the benefactions, afterwards realized by the faithful devotion of Miss Randall to her brother's memory, which he meditated towards the town of Stow.

Nothing could surpass the piquancy and brilliancy, sometimes the whimsicality and even extravagance, of Randall's conversation. Wit and imagination sparkled through his talk on the gravest as well as on the most trivial topics, and sometimes ran away with him, particularly if opposed. To question a statement of his in an antagonistic tone at once invited a re-statement of it with twofold emphasis, usually with additions still more startling. But I never knew a mind more candid or reasonable in the main. Reverence for truth was its predominant trait. I never opposed him in an offensive way, or felt the slightest impulse to do so; I was a charmed listener to his long monologues, understood him, made my own mental allowances for the sometimes too vividly colored assertions, and appreciated the essential rationality of his real meaning.

For this reason we had no quarrels. Never but in one instance, so far as I can remember, did we ever approach the brink of one. In the summer of 1853, we took together a ten days' walking trip through the White Mountain region, starting at Plymouth, following up the Pemigewasset Valley, climbing Mount Lafayette, passing

down from Bethlehem through the White Mountain Notch, and walking back through Bartlett and Jackson to Gorham, where we took the railway train to return. On the walk from Jackson to Gorham, the road was frightfully and continuously muddy, to the depth of some inches. In the discomfort of tramping through this Serbonian bog, we lost our tempers a little, separated, and for some hours splashed through the mire one behind the other, he in front and I some rods behind. I dare say the fault was wholly mine. When we reached the Glen House, we were on our usual terms, and neither of us ever referred to the matter again. That was our first, last, and only quarrel. Not a bad record that for a friendship of two score years!

But there never was and never could have been any excuse for quarrelling with John Randall, who, rigid as steel in resisting aggression or encroachment, was even painfully conscientious in refraining from disregard of the infinite or infinitesimal rights of others. If ever anybody loved justice more than his profit or his pleasure or even his whims, he was certainly the man; and his sympathy for all who suffered, whether justly or unjustly, was quick and active even to the verge of weakness. That is, he not only refused to take revenge on any man, but even to inflict deserved penalties on poor or distressed offenders. I used to wonder at his leniency towards former agents of his who had cheated him in the management of his farm, especially in cutting down woods he loved and would have spared, and putting the proceeds into their own pockets. But he checked my indignation by saying he pitied them because they were poor as well as mean, and really in need of money for the sake of their families. In truth, fierce as he was against opposition from the

strong, his heart was as pitiful and merciful as a woman's to all who were weak.

It so happened that Randall was exactly twenty-three years my senior; our birthdays fell on the same day of the same month. This coincidence greatly impressed my imagination, and lent a romantic tinge to our singular friendship. Notwithstanding the great disparity of our ages, the man of thirty-seven chose to treat the boy of fourteen on a footing of perfect equality in all respects. When my father wished to put me under his charge and delegate to him his own parental authority during our stay in Stow, Randall altogether declined that relationship. He insisted that I should be his guest, not his pupil or dependent. It goes without saying that such an arrangement would delight any boy. Moreover, from the time of that first visit he insisted that I should call him "John," and not "Mr. Randall,"—much less "Dr. Randall," a title which reminded him unpleasantly of his own compulsory medical education. A few years later, when I was about to enter college under difficulties, in 1855, I shall never forget how delicately and kindly he proposed to me one evening, as we were taking a walk over West Boston bridge, to defray all the expenses of my college education, nor how touched he was, when I replied impetuously that I could not accept this—that I could not afford to exchange our relation as equal friends for the relation of benefactor and beneficiary. This feeling he respected ever after to the day of his death, and never again offered (except in one instance, in a letter, when the offer was again declined) pecuniary assistance under any circumstances. No man ever better understood the deep truth of Cicero's words, *solem enim e mundo tollere videntur qui amicitiam e vita tollunt, qua nihil a diis immortalibus*

melius habemus, nihil jucundius; and no man ever better knew or obeyed Cicero's fundamental law of friendship, *maximum est in amicitia parem esse inferiori*.

A signal instance of this putting of himself on the ground of perfect equality with one so much his inferior in age and in knowledge occurs to me. We spent several weeks together at Stow in the summer of 1855, occupying ourselves in the final revision of the "Consolations of Solitude" for the press. Over a hundred and fifty changes and corrections were made in the manuscript poems, and certainly as many more ought to have been made. In discussing and remedying the errors we discovered, I was profoundly impressed with one quality of John's mind—its singular freedom from the sensitiveness and irritable vanity which are often supposed to be inherent in the poetic temperament. To this discussion of imperfections in his own work, he brought what Virchow well described as the "spirit of the coldest objectivity"—the temperament of a scientific man rather than that of a poet. A stanza on the paper was to him a purely objective fact, to be studied as coolly and critically as an insect, a plant, a shell. It did not seem to occur to him that he had any proprietorship or personal interest in it; the only point to be considered was the goodness or badness of the stanza as a stanza, as a rhythmical expression of a poetical idea, and the possibility of making it any truer or more beautiful. What charmed me most of all, however, was the candor, the simplicity, the hospitality, the recognition of my equality with himself as an independent critic, with which he received my suggestions, however immature or valueless; for I was only eighteen at the time. Many of these suggestions he actually adopted; more, of course, he had to reject. But in all those weeks his only test of accept-

ance or rejection was the intrinsic value of the suggestion itself ; and I do not remember that in a single case I dissented from his judgment of this at last, after we had talked the matter over in all its lights.

Daily intercourse with such a mind, so strong, so free, so imbued with the love of truth and beauty for their own pure sakes, was in itself an education. Now that my friend is dead, it may be permitted to me here to confess my gratitude to him for incalculable benefits that no words of mine can fitly describe. At my request, he gave me the original manuscripts of the "Consolations of Solitude" after the printers had got through with them, some in his own writing, some in that of his devoted sister Belinda. One of these poems in pencil, "A New Year's Wish," he told me he had written for me, the friend whom he held second to his lost Ingersoll alone ; and I was more than glad to hold the second place in that great heart.

VI.

BUT a truer impression of what John Witt Randall was than can be got from any statements of mine will be derived from his own words. His letters (he had few correspondents and did not write frequently even to me) reveal his character as nothing else can. Almost all I have are addressed to myself, and every sentence, so peculiar and original is the style, is like a photograph of him. As I must use these or none, I begin with the first he ever wrote to me—those between 1864 and 1876 are for the present hopelessly mislaid, though they can hardly be lost.

BOSTON, May 31st, 1852.

DEAR FRANK,

I remember that you said at Stow that, of all the books which you wished to get with your Lawrence prize money, Bryant's Poems stood among the first. Now, as this author was the delight of my childhood and one whose best pieces I had by heart when twelve years old, I have a strong wish to connect myself in your fancy with my favorite poet, feeling sure that you will accept so trifling a tribute to that uncommon affection which you are pleased so constantly to lavish upon me.

Another use might easily occur to my mind as one you may find for these poems, for, as they are emblems of a severe purity of imagination, so can no one read them without becoming the better for them; and as such were they the delight of my earliest youth. But, perhaps, my sensibility may have become less keen; and, as we do not

always grow better as we grow older, so my life may far less conform to that beautiful model which this poet sets so constantly before our eyes than even at a much earlier period of existence. Thus, then, you may try me before my own court, and see wherein I vary from strict right; for I am much more certain of the strength of my affection for you than of the absolute safety of my guidance. I have never been accustomed to be pilot to any one, and, when I would guide myself, have not infrequently been cast upon the rocks. So, though I would fain avoid the vice of meanness, you will find me not a little, as you have described yourself to be, under the dominion of impulse and feeling. Please, therefore, love me without putting too implicit faith in my judgment. For you will surely find that fools are of no particular age, and that there is abundance of them of all ages.

But, whatever causes may lead us into aberrations, truly do I believe, and have found, that the love of poetry does of itself incline us to love all that is good. It softens every grief. It adorns philosophy, and inspires it with life and soul. It lightens every affliction except that of a wounded conscience, but lends wings even to that, by which it is enabled to soar all the higher after its fall. A pleasing thought indeed it is to me that, as we grow nearer and dearer to each other, every day the more and more may we be united together in the love of the beautiful and the true. Certain I am that sincere love does constantly lead those whom it binds more and more toward pure lives, and the image is not inappropriate by which heaven itself is likened to love.

Yet, dearest friend, I cannot forget that joy as well as sorrow is the mother of tears. Only in apathy are we independent. When we have given our hearts away, then

first are we anxious, fearing some great disaster, and dreading those various accidents by which they may be broken.

Roaming about early in life in quest of friendship and amidst innumerable objects of choice, dissatisfied with all ordinary relations, it was my happy lot, after many disappointments, to find over and over again all that my heart could wish — kind, loving, devoted friends dearer to me than life, the companions of all my pursuits. But merciless Death has deprived me of nearly all, Estrangement (always less desirable than Death) of one; yet I feel happy not to have shut up my sympathies on that account. I still love the dead in their graves without feeling less of affection for the living; and, of all the living out of my own family, I do nowhere feel so bound in sympathy as in yours — so many and so kind hearts, from whom if I am ever long absent, I feel a sensation wholly unknown to my childhood. I mean that of homesickness. Much does the thought please me that warm affections will continually more and more bind us all together.

Far, then, be the day when the inevitable law of nature shall be put in operation against us by which flowers at the fulness of bloom presently fade, by which ripe fruits fall to the ground, by which the candle's brightest beam is quenched suddenly in darkness, and by which the very climax of health itself sinks thence into decay, and life itself, when fullest of action, hastens soonest into the arms of Death. One boon is still granted us, however, which is this: so to serve our friends while they live with loving kindness that, when they die, we may lament only our loss, and not our delinquency. Rejoice with me in this, and keep your heart cheerful; for many love you besides the friend whose hand here writes as his lips cannot speak, when, during the pleasure of seeing you, he occupies him-

self with the enjoyment and reciprocity of affection, and who writes these few lines, thinking that it will be a pleasure and comfort to you to have somewhat to remind you of him, while study and distance prevent you from seeing his face so continually as you have lately been accustomed.

Please close all I would say by reading with me the last lines of the beautiful poem of *Thanatopsis*. I need not say with how much love to you I remain,

J. W. R.

BOSTON, Thursday, Sept. 1st, 1853.

DEAR FRANK,

Anna invites you and Stanley to come to us when your school term commences. My mother expresses satisfaction at the invitation, and says that your coming will give her no inconvenience. So there need be no fastidiousness on that point.

Belinda is at Stow. Please say to your mother that she sends love to her, and asks if none of your family are coming to Stow while she stays. She will be glad to see your father and grandfather, if either shall be pleased to come, and it is now the season when drives are most pleasant. I shall ere many days be there myself, and can aid in making time pass pleasantly to them. Tell your grandfather that we now have opportunity to use a better horse than could be obtained when he was at Stow before, and that I desire to have him see some of the neighboring towns, which present prospects such as you are as well able to describe to him as I.

Love to all.

Yours with affection,

J. W. R.

N.B. Don't get drowned.

BOSTON, August 1st, Tuesday afternoon, 1854.

DEAR FRANK,

I but now got your letter. Held back by vexatious delays, I have not yet been able to go to the country. This afternoon I may perhaps be free, but this depends on the punctuality of others. As time will not permit to send you word, it would be pity you should delay going to Wilton. So, in the hope that after a few days I shall at any rate be untied, let us arrange it so that you go now to Wilton, and in a fortnight I will expect you all at Stow. To make assurance sure, I will direct a line to Edwin at Wilton on the day that I leave for Stow, which he may perhaps have to lie in wait for, as I know not to whose care I may direct it. For a few days still I may perhaps have occasion to be envious of Time, who is reputed to wait for no man. But the country will perhaps seem all the pleasanter, and all the more should the weather be hotter, *i.e.* if such a thing be possible. Meantime I hope you will get entirely well, for which I think so long a vacation will furnish facilities. As to the pleasure of meeting, it will doubtless be as mutually agreeable as ever; and since, between us, a settled confidence precludes the necessity of the customary assurances of love and esteem, I will only request to be kindly remembered to each and every one in the family, and am, as ever,

Yours and theirs affectionately,

JOHN W. RANDALL.

Please notice if the old woman on the beech yet lives, and in what condition is the house.

BOSTON, July 30th, 1856.

DEAR FRANK,

I know of nothing to prevent me from going to Stow on Monday. I have wished to do so for the past ten days, but have dreaded all motion on account of the heat. Last night was, I think, the most uncomfortable of the season. I did not sleep a moment, but spent the latter part of the night in strolling about. Near day-break I found myself at the end of Long Wharf. The deathlike calmness of the air gave to the motionless water a beautiful silvery aspect. The ships seemed to be asleep, as they lay scattered over the vast bay, or, melting into the far distance like ghosts, were scarcely to be distinguished from the mists that enveloped them. Vernet and Lacroix would have delighted to paint such a scene. No sun was visible, but the murky sky was here and there dashed with large red patches, like the light of a conflagration.

The ground was strewed with grain from the vessels which had been unloading, and the pigeons seemed in number almost infinite. A single motion of the hand would cause them to rise in one huge cloud, with an immense roaring of wings; but with a short circuitous flight they would alight all together, nearly on the same spot where they rose. The suddenness and unanimity of motion in such vast multitudes was very picturesque. They seemed to display but little fear, and were no small annoyance to a sailor who had lain down to sleep upon some old canvas lying on the wharf, and upon a spot where the grain seemed most to abound. Him they literally covered, teasing him on all sides; but he was too lazy to get out of their way, and seemed at a distance like some dead animal amidst clouds of carrion birds.

I am glad that you enjoy yourself, and hope that the

speedy arrival of a new servant may yet enable Emily to go to Stow, where Belinda thinks she may herself meet us. I shall remain at the farm some little time after you leave for Wilton, and shall be glad to have Stanley come and take your place. Please invite him to do so. He may chance to see Mr. Simmons, and perhaps others there, and, if not, will, I dare say, be glad to spend some time in turtle-hunting, or otherwise.

Love to all.

Yours truly,

J. W. R.

BOSTON, Jan. 9, 1857.

DEAR FRANK,

Your desire to hear from me induces me to push myself up to the exertion of writing. I suppose you feel a little lonely at a distance from your friends, yet probably less so than if you were not busily employed. Indeed, if one could choose one's scholars, I should think teaching by no means the least agreeable of drudgery.

I am glad you take so much pleasure in your new friend, nor do I think that a hundred can be of any harm to a sincere person, even though it reduce friendship to a general benevolence — a delightful sensation, however diffusive. I know from experience that it is a pleasant thing to grow up with a companion of one's own age; and a similarity in the moral nature with a difference of temperament I have found to present the most favorable conditions for the continuance of friendship. Now, indeed, equality of age has to me ceased to be important, and I contemplate with pleasure the variety of my companions, which presents a different object of attachment in all the ages of men, representing many different ex-

periences and characters as well as stages of life. As regards you and me, the gradual annihilation of difference which time produces, and which you refer to with satisfaction, is to me, also, highly agreeable. The twenty years which divide us seemed a great gulf a while ago, but now much narrower; ten years hence it will be easily jumped, and in a hundred the ground will have closed, not only up to us, but over us.

As regards your teaching, I wish it may add comfort when I say that I have often inclined to regret that, after graduating, I suffered my father to tempt me [by an offer of five thousand dollars, as he once remarked] from the ushership to which I was about engaging myself for a single year. The exercise would have operated as a review of past studies, and would have fixed in the memory many things valuable to be remembered, but which a great variety of new studies have long either driven out of my head or rendered faint and imperfect in their impressions. It must be true that there is no "faculty" of Memory, which I doubt not depends wholly on association; and I think it true that the associations of maturity are yet more strongly affined than those of childhood, but they are more under the dominion of preconception and purpose. The relations of words, of thoughts, and of things are more influenced by our experiences and our philosophy, and it is harder to learn a new language or to remember absolute definitions. The mind inclines to generalization, and desires to have its facts previously stored up for use.

I therefore shall not pity your situation. I believe that you have already discovered how desirable a thing it is to be personally independent, and I think that you will derive not less satisfaction ten years hence in being master of

that wealth which consists, not in money, but in a multitude of exact ideas, a less alienable possession. How often have we expressed our disgust at the shallow thoughts (if want of thought may be so named), the deficient method, and the empty conceits of modern poetry, and observed how useless are the labors of genius itself, when it totally rejects science! Yet I will not go so far as Mr. Nuttall, who complained of Bryant's "Waterfowl" because the species of goose was not stated; nor perhaps should I wholly admire the new poet whom you mentioned, Mr. Titcomb or Whitman or what's-his-name, who chiefly excels in enumerating facts.

By the way, it may interest you to know that about a month ago there was in Mr. Bryant's paper a somewhat extended notice of "Consolations of Solitude." The remark that it is impossible to find a single scrap of tinsel in the whole volume was to me more satisfactory than if it could be said, with truth, that it is a performance highly finished and lacking nothing for its perfection save ideas.

I am glad you called on Mr. Emerson. I have been pleased, like yourself, with his courteous and affable manners. His personal character stands high with those who know him, as being the farthest removed from meanness. I think you will find Miss Elizabeth Hoar an agreeable person to visit. Her father was a classmate of my own father, and has with all his family been held for many years in the most friendly esteem by all the members of our own.

If it were summer, I should wish you to walk half a mile to the junction of rivers, where our lively Assabet joins the Sudbury and forms the Concord river; also, to the battle monument in the opposite direction between Mr. Simmons's house and the old Ripley mansion-house;

also, one mile to Walden Lake, if the woods had not been cut away. It was formerly celebrated for its depth and beauty, as well as for being near the residence of the Mr. Thoreau at whose house you live, and who passed a studious year upon its banks. But its beauty is now almost wholly gone, nor can it present the same aspect when the woods have grown again, since Nature plants in the place of an old one, not only a new tree, but one of a different race; and, as the landscape derives much of its peculiarity from the character of its foliage, I find that many beautiful scenes endeared to memory for the eternal green of the pines, which relieved the desolation of winter, have now lost their interest, since black oaks and chestnuts intrude themselves in the place of the old inhabitants.

Let us sometimes please ourselves with the idea of visiting together, before we go to Europe, some of the beautiful scenes in our own country which you have not seen, such as the Rumford Falls, Montmorency, Niagara, the Katahdin and Bigelow and Saddle Mountains, Moosehead Lake, etc., which in foreign travelling will become interesting objects of comparison. I hope you have your guitar with you, which I think might be a resource at evening; yet, as to proficiency as a performer, I do not think much of it, for an amateur will not by long practice learn to play as well as he may hear at almost any concert, and the study of the science of music easily enables him to enjoy reading and composing as he would a book.

If it is as cold in Concord as it is here, you must, I fear, sometimes be uncomfortable. How pleasant is the fancy of a bitter night, a bright fire, and a circle of fond companions, all cultivated, all generous, and united all the more closely for the inclemency of the season! But how seldom do we realize visions so delightful to the fancy! Is it not

singular to see all mankind longing for the Utopian delights of brotherly love, which it seems to require but an effort of the will to attain, yet is almost impossible to reach? How interesting an object is man at a safe and goodly distance, and how generally a bore in actual fellowship! But my paper gives out. I hope you can soon make us a visit. I have put a new and handsome iron bed in the chamber where you sleep, with a brisk spring, and very convenient, and so ingeniously made that, by pulling out a pin, the frame suddenly leaps forward like a trap, and snaps off the head of the person who lies asleep.

Yours truly,

J. W. RANDALL.

I hope you will find Mr. Thoreau a pleasant companion. I have met him at Mr. Hoar's, and was pleased with the accuracy of his botanical observations. He seemed to know what he knew—by no means, I think, the most common of characteristics.

DEAR FRANK,

BOSTON, Feb. 5th, 1857.

I write to you the earlier, supposing that you find things a little new in Concord, and probably like to hear from old friends. . . .

Belinda and I went to hear Thalberg a few nights ago, who plays with more taste and less labor than the other pianoforte players that I have heard. He has an interesting countenance, not wholly unlike that of Dr. Gay. We have also heard Mozart's Requiem performed by the Handel and Haydn Society, a composition in which we were much disappointed. It seems to me to

have less of character than what else I have heard of Mozart's; and it was refreshing to hear after it the "Grand Hallelujah Chorus" of Handel, although the effect is much less good in the Music Hall, where it is lost in space, than in the Melodeon or the old Boylston-market Hall. To my ear, solos of all kinds grow less and less interesting, when heard in great modern buildings; they, and above all the pianoforte, are adapted only to private rooms. In public, one desires to hear orchestral music.

It is pleasant to see a growing improvement among us in the selection and proportion of the instruments. Formerly two or three trombones were deemed essential in the smallest band, owing doubtless to a desire that people should get their money's worth in quantity, whatever might be the quality. To my ear, nothing is finer than a grand chorus, aided by a full orchestra and a fine organ, when a cloud of violins quivers in the foreground, enclosing within its folds the viols and violoncellos, behind which the horns, the bassoons, the orphœleides [*sic*] are heard, flanked by the flutes, the oboes, the clarinets, etc., while behind all these the shrill octave pierces the mass of trumpets, trombones, and clarions that enfold it all around. Meantime, on either side, are mingled the murmurs of hundreds of voices; I should place the female ones behind, as being the shrillest. When all these are harmonized and brought into a mighty current by the huge waves of the organ which overwhelms from behind, like the rushing waters of the ocean, then I think one grows soon to disdain for a time all lesser sounds, and would defer even the most pleasing melody to a future occasion and to social meetings in small rooms, when the sense of weight and volume in sounds had gone out of the ears. I should

like well that we could have heard together the great concert of three thousand performers that many years ago celebrated in London the birthday of Haydn, of which Bombet gives an account.

It is my wish that you should take care of your health, a thing easily lost and with difficulty regained. I hear that you have a bad cough, and think that cold affusions applied frequently to the throat would make you less sensitive in this respect.

I see your father now and then, and I do not remember to have seen him so well at any time as he now appears. I have no doubt that a diminution of care has been highly useful to him. Our conversations are not without interest, as we equally enjoy the sense of an accurate conception both of our ideas and impressions.

I find myself drawn more and more to books this winter, which afford me employment so quiet that the days seem to succeed one another without events, and with an ever increasing rapidity. From time to time I look forward, at I know not what distance, to that precipice at the end of life's journey which to the majority of men seems so terrible, but which, when it is reached, is seldom regarded with terror. For Nature at that time is apt kindly to throw a veil over our senses, and in a general dissolution of the vital force to diminish the keenness of all impressions. I scarcely know whether the conquest of hope or a submission to its delusions affords man the most pleasure; but I have never found in myself the faculty of realizing to my belief anything which was not demonstrated to my understanding. This gives me a less vivid notion of the geographical peculiarities of the unseen world than is enjoyed by many. But it perhaps increases my disposition to a reverential confidence in that all-

pervading Power whom I name without comprehending and trust without questioning; and it only strengthens my faith that evil is merely apparent, and hangs as a light cloud over the path which leads to good, as yet incomplete and by man imperfectly apprehended. Perhaps, therefore, I am less concerned about damnation than to many would seem prudent. A study of any of the natural sciences tends strongly to confirm us in fixed ideas of a universal order, and I cannot but think that you would find the pursuit of some of these a great resource in solitude and a great aid in giving vivacity to all the impressions of the senses.

I do not at present meddle greatly with the fine arts, which is in accordance with my habit of resting myself by a frequent change of pursuits. I find that a few minutes are sufficient to concentrate my mind on almost any subject. Poetry, of course, lags somewhat, the rather that you are not in the way. But, though much immersed in other studies, I am not wholly idle even in this. I talk about myself because I am but little out of my own society, and, in the present time of quiet, out-of-door matters offer but little to say. Let me hear also about your own self. I suppose we shall meet ere long, and am meantime.

Your friend,

J. W. RANDALL.

DEAR FRANK,

BOSTON, Friday, Feb. 26, 1857.

I answer you thus speedily because I suppose you would like to hear from me once more before you take final leave of Concord, which is, I suppose, before many days.

Having nothing important to relate, I open your last

letter and allow it to suggest somewhat. You speak of writing, and of a disposition in yourself thereto in excess of present ability — which, as I take it, is only in the usual order of things. Humboldt declares that his disposition to scientific discovery in South America was excited by the interesting voyages of George Forster, and that his desire for travel continually increased with thinking of it; nor did he regard the dangers of so many kinds which threaten under the equator, because the objects were so interesting to him. So, also, the results of his journeys were proportionally great, and he did not undertake them until he had become well grounded in various sciences and had made previous expeditions in parts not so far from home. I also perceive in him some results other than those which he had specially in view, one of which is the attainment of a style in writing far more agreeable than can ever be reached by unvaried brooding over mere literary pursuits, and which becomes picturesque from the multitude of ideas, the result of immense observation and experience. Indeed, his general narrative becomes at times almost too crowded to permit the single points to be enough isolated.

It is thus that a mind not poetical by nature becomes so through the nature of what it attains and the mode of attaining. I do not know that it is possible to express by the word poetical any idea which will command general assent, except as regards form, seeing that each person gives to himself a different interpretation. I am sure that what you and I would call poetry would hardly appear such to the majority, and what they would so call would seem to us as better deserving the title of folly. But, as I view it, no literary labors can seem highly poetical to persons of thought and experience, except their authors be also per-

sons of thought and experience. This is because in its nature everything is a subject of poetry, and gains its poetical adornment solely from the riches of the mind and the scientific skill of the artist who employs them. Hence, as I take it, comes the reason why young persons are never even the best poets, not because there is lack of imagination (indeed this faculty, one of the most cultivable of all, is in youth exceedingly active), but simply for want of material.

Can we wonder, then, that so great a number of persons favored by nature and fortune, and who for a time seem to promise somewhat, should soon wholly flatten away, when we see how few of such escape the domination of vanity and idleness? I have often observed that, where the mind acquires no wealth, the habits grow only proportionally worse as life advances. Thus all things advance or recede, and, of two bad men, the man of sixty can scarcely fail to be worse than the one of thirty.

So, too, if poetry is applied to no other objects than are the vernal songs of birds, and one should believe, with T. F. and Dr. M., that there is no such thing as poetry save a woman be in the case, we should not expect from such a source an "Ancient Mariner," a "Deserted Village," a "Comus," or a "Cymbeline." If we should be surprised, in looking at the long list of English poets, to find so little in them that is valuable, we shall be less so, I think, if we admit Johnson to have justly unfolded their lives.

Yet the old seems to me for the most part to be even better than the new. Poetry itself is, I am convinced, susceptible of improvement to a point far beyond what it has yet attained, but not in the hands of the persons who are at present chiefly occupied with it. But I am more and

more struck with the influence a few simple and sublime ideas have over us in controlling and giving form to a multitude of impressions. Thus a few laws whose discovery is due to science, such as that of gravitation, that which produces roundness and which has its sublimest example in planetary motion, that which unfolds the convertibility of certain organs into each other as in the metamorphoses of plants and of the crustacea, that of the principle of life and of the harmony and connection of all organized forms, that of universality as of morals, that of sounds and of colors, etc. etc.,—these transcend in their simple sublimity all the efforts of poetry; and their contemplation, while it inspires, perhaps, a contempt for the ceremonious religions of men, conducts us only to a higher altar where reverence reigns supreme, unmingled with superstition or even selfishness.

I aver it—I do not believe that poetry or any other art, if we except the simple pleasures derived from skill in applying the laws of perspective in drawing, of definition in language, etc. etc., is capable of occupying to its full satisfaction an enlightened mind, except under the dominion of these simple and sublime ideas which alike dignify the conceptions in all arts, all sciences. All the matters of rhythm, rhyme, and so forth, are like what people call finish in drawing; any fool can attain them. But to give character by a few free strokes and touches or expression by a learned arrangement of the lines, or to impress the understanding by the moral force of some prevailing idea,—this can be done only by the artist familiar both with his science and his practice. Does it seem, then, that I have confounded the art with the science, what affects the feelings with what occupies the reason? Very well. I am certain that you yourself will be no more willing to disconnect them than I; and I look at your present desire and

position to obtain knowledge, in proportion as the field is widened and extended, as precisely to your purpose in aiding whatever objects you may have as an artist. And I am pleased to see that you seem yourself to have much the same opinion concerning it.

What you say about self-approbation I entirely accord with. Perhaps I may not wholly agree with you about vanity. For, though the good opinion of others can in no manner repay to us the loss of our own, yet the desire of pleasing is, within certain limits, at least amiable. We shall doubtless not disagree about the respectability of that sentiment which leads men to wish that what they think to be true may also be extended, and acquire as far as possible a universal assent. In this view I cannot avoid some respect for the labors of many ignorant and superstitious persons who conscientiously strive to extend the dominion of darkness, sometimes, it would seem, not wholly without success. But my paper is coming short, and, as I began without having anything in particular to say, so I end without any special disposition to go on. If I have written without method, so I began without an object, further than that of sending you a letter, probably the last which you will expect from me at present. So, as I soon hope to see you more often, I shall not say goodby, nor is it necessary at any time that I should subscribe myself

Yours truly,

J. W. RANDALL.

DEAR FRANK,

BOSTON, March 1, 1858.

The weather seems altogether too bad to make a voyage to Beverly desirable. It is difficult here to take a daily walk without getting a severe cold, and I fear that in your

knee-deep mud and melting snow one must be confined altogether to the house. I think it will be best to visit Beverly when the weather is more settled, next Spring or Summer rather than in this comfortless season. As I learn that your vacation is about finished, I probably should see you but a day or so, after which you will not be far away. Meantime I am busy in certain Natural History studies which I ought scarcely to break in upon, as it is the chiefly industrious season of my year. But I shall try ere many weeks to make your mother a little visit.

I am glad to hear that Emily is better, and I suppose it is a satisfaction to you to have afforded some amusement. In a few weeks more the season for out-of-door exercise will commence, and I suppose she will then be able to re-establish her health. I shall bespeak your grandfather beforehand, that he may give us his company next May, at such time as when the conclave of the pious meets at Boston and sanctifies the city by its presence, when the good angels are buzzing about by day and the evil ones are asleep at night—all save those which, in the shape of tom and tabby cats, so bedin the woodsheds with their howling.

It may interest you to know that, it having been discovered that Dr. —— bears the closest resemblance to the painter Correggio, Mr. Tudor of Nahant has seen fit to employ an eminent English artist to copy the Dr.'s visage on canvas while he "yet lives," and thus in a manner kill two birds with one stone, *i.e.* the two birds Dr. —— and Correggio. The picture has been finished. I have not seen it, but it is said, either from deficient talent in the painter or from some other cause, not to be handsome. . . .

Yours truly,

J. W. R.

BOSTON, March 8, 1861.

DEAR FRANK,

Stanley tells me that you say you have received no letter from me, but have written me two or three times. I have, however, received only one letter from you, some two or three months since, and I wrote you several weeks ago a very long letter, accompanied by two long poems, thinking it a good opportunity to put into your hands from time to time copies of such poems as I prepared for the next book. I am sorry if they have miscarried, as they made tedious work.

I was at Beverly a few weeks ago, and found your grandfather better than I expected to see him, though feeble, of course. I should like to hear about your success in your new place, of which you said little in your letter. As for myself, I jog on in the old way, digging in cold weather and preparing journeys for the warm. I believe I told you in my last that I met Mr. Bryant, the poet, some time ago, and will say more about it when I see you. O. W. Holmes, Jr., also, has a few times called and spoken of many matters and things, and has written about others. Dr. ——— comes more seldom, but I do not think he has gone to Charleston, S.C., because, though he much approves of shelling that place, he thinks himself excused because a physician, as also because there will be a great rush of volunteers to go, nor less because he thinks Mr. Tudor will not permit it; yet any of these reasons I take to be sufficient. As he is still employed upon his etchings, and has sent, as I learn, some of his pictures to the Exhibition at Paris, I doubt not he is better employed.

Our friend Mr. ——— is, I hear, still in Dedham, devoted to painting, but I fear does not receive thereby such in-

come as he deserves. He gets something, however, for conducting the choir at church, and has such sincerity about his tastes that, for the exercise of them, he would at all times be contented with a bare living. Indeed, the Dr., as I think, grazes in fatter pasture than any of our other artists. James Reed is in his new house, which seems to fit him exactly. I spent an evening with him some time ago, and had a very pleasant talk. He does not seem to be in any way altered. I have lately made acquaintance with a bright young fellow, the grandson of Gedney King, a former well known citizen of this place. He has a great passion for pictures, especially etchings — takes out his note book and spends the whole evening in setting down the names of masters, their schools, countries, and styles. It is a pleasure to instruct a person who goes into the thing with so much gusto, and I enjoy his pleasure in what he examines. I suppose that you, also, have pupils that are a pleasure to teach; and, truly, it must be more pleasant to instruct the intelligent without a fee than to get a good salary from fools. Most of my acquaintances seem to be among the boys, who, partly because they take more cheerful views of life (so, consequently, of death), and partly because they have less to conceal or are less able to conceal, are more agreeable to me than the men. But I have not yet got down so low as to take to those very small children of whom the Bible so highly commends the imitation, and whom I prefer to leave in the domain of blubberings, diapers, and dirty noses. I partially agree with Montaigne that most of mankind become befogified so early that to oblige one to wait till twenty-five before receiving an office is to abandon affairs to the stupid; and here Swift's satire of the Struldbruggs is in point. Most people I have known are greedy

of knowledge up to twenty-five, more careless after that time, and by thirty impervious to thumps or any other mode of getting ideas into them, living on through the rest of their lives in a condition of crystallized prejudice. How beautiful, then, seem the few instances of people who retain their simplicity and power of metamorphosis to the end!

I send you only a letter of miscellanies, which will do as well to go to the dead letter office as something better; and before I send any more poems I will wait to see if you get this. There cannot be, I think, another Meadville in Pennsylvania, but, if the simple direction is not enough, let me know. Your father and I spend occasionally a pleasant and long evening together. Remember me to your wife, and make my respects to Miss Sarah, whom I have seen, though but once; and remember me

Yours as ever,

J. W. RANDALL.

BOSTON, Monday, Aug. 19, 1861.

DEAR FRANK,

I have had some thought of going westward and of stopping to see you; but Stanley, whom I proposed to myself to take with me, was obliged to go to Wilton, and, as we had both just taken a long tramp together, I have not felt greatly inclined to take another journey so soon. Stanley has now seen a large portion of the ground we went over together some years ago, together with other country which you have not seen.

In our recent jaunt we climbed Mt. Washington, and remained on its top all night; a wearisome journey for a hot day. I think there is not a descending step in the

whole route of eight miles up the mountain. I have now mounted it from both sides, and think it less interesting than most of its neighbors, whether for scenery or botany. We stopped two or three days in the Glen, and visited the two falls. The Peabody river fall, which you and I missed, you will be glad to learn is rather difficult of access and not greatly worth seeing, while the other, Glen Ellis, which you saw, seemed even more beautiful than formerly. We also made a several days' ramble down the Androscoggin and back, visiting the famous cataract at Rumford. The volume of water is immense and the fall great, overcoming 165 feet in two points, each of a few rods in length; but I am sorry to say that the grand central rock, which divided the fall, has been blasted away to admit the passage of logs. Its most beautiful feature, therefore, will be seen no more.

This brings to mind various of those little poems in which the bards are accustomed to contrast the variable-ness of human fate with the fixed aspects of Nature. Yet she herself is scarcely less changeable, and I rarely remember a scene which, revisited after some years, had not undergone great alterations, not only in vegetation, but in the shapes of the very rocks. Niagara itself does not appear to ourselves as to the generation which preceded us, nor even to some of our friends who saw it before we did. Far different still was it to the eyes which saw it plunge directly into Lake Ontario, and yet greater will be the change to those which shall regard it at a future day when every vestige of Goat Island shall be swept away—an event whose distance in time is susceptible of an approximate calculation.

At Bethel (not Big Bethel, but bigger) we spent two nights—saw in the distance the lofty pyramidal peak of

the Goose-eye, with the Flat-cap, the Speckled Mountain chain, and other tall mountains which environ the great chain of the Umbagog lakes, and were both well pleased to terminate a hot and dusty journey of eleven days and return safe and sound, without being taken by the privateer "Jeff Davis," of which there seemed to be some danger. . . . I met one object of interest in a scrofulous boy with a bloated thigh and a shortened and withered leg, keeping school for a living, if board and \$25. per annum may be deemed a living. He was extremely intelligent and manly, and very desirous of a college education. I advised him to go to Exeter, and promised to procure him some good advice about his leg. He seemed not discontented, however, and his case is a commentary on the majority of human ills, which are ill borne in proportion to their being imagined or invented. Very real is evil, as I believe; but selfishness duplicates it by tenfold, as I have opportunity day by day to observe.

I have recently made the acquaintance of Mr. Nichols, a young man studying medicine, a Swedenborgian, I heard him say — I did not ask him. He shows much taste and fondness both for books and engravings, sees the merit in good etchings, and is agreeable in his manners. He has a scholarly turn, and I think will easily master what he undertakes. Your friend Foote has occasionally dined with me, and has acquired my esteem. I suppose, however, that I shall now see him no more, as he goes to preach in Portsmouth.

Massachusetts at this time resembles a great military camp, not only in the cities, but even in towns like Stow. Marlborough has sent three hundred men to the war, Natick as many, Lowell and Lawrence whole regiments, and other towns in proportion. Five thousand men leave

Boston tomorrow for Washington (I fear it should be Baltimore, which I suppose would have been burned long since, if Louis Napoleon had commanded the Union troops). General Butler was quartered on my friend Donaldson at Elk Ridge. Business is nearly at a stand-still; all the mills of Lowell stop this week, to be followed by most others in the State. Railroad travel has fallen off one half, and a great part of our banking capital is loaned only to government. . . . It is much more easy to predict a general bankruptcy than a speedy end to the war. Massachusetts will soon have nearly 30,000 men in the field, yet so rapidly are they emptied from the workshops that I think it likely that even twice that number may be enlisted before winter is over. The principal drunkards of Stow have, I learn, become patriots and enlisted; those of Centre Harbor, N.H., as I learned in that place, have already gone to the war — truly a better business; and many thousands who are not drunkards have followed their example. The money part of the business will present the greatest difficulties, and, as repudiation is much to be dreaded in case the war continues for several years, I wish that the government might be rapid and vigorous enough to end it before next summer, though I think it unlikely. My friend Charles Simmons has gone as adjutant to Col. Wm. Greene's regiment, and Arthur Fuller fills the ornamental office of chaplain to the Mass. 16th. Mrs. Cumming is with us, her husband having left Utah and his governorship. We are all making ready to grow poor, and it is not easy to see how taxation can ever again be light or imported products cheap, unless our debts end in repudiation. But the country will not feel any serious effects from the war before next winter. . . . I am sorry to see politicians, stump orators, and militia men receiving

the most important military offices. But it belongs essentially to the spirit of our people, with whom natural geniuses without education are ever preferred to those persons who do things because they have learned how. A series of timely disasters will teach us a valuable lesson.

Your grandfather, as I learn, slowly fails, destined, as I suppose, ere long to leave behind him the memory of a life by its simple benevolence and worth more adorned than that of many who make noise in the world. As to the poems you spoke of to Belinda, I informed you, in a letter that missed you, that I was going to Europe last Spring (the war detained me), and I wished you to have copies of whatever the next book might contain; and I intended to provide funds for their publication in case I returned not, and to request you to superintend the doing of it. But, as I am as yet here, it becomes for the present less necessary. I told you also of my meeting Mr. Bryant, and said I would speak more of it when I saw you. My regards to your wife.

Your friend,

J. W. RANDALL.

N.B. The creepers at Stow veil the piazza more and more, and I now feed with my hands the birds that build nests among the leaves. Dr. —— has in magazine at his own charges several ounces of Dupont's Best, for defence of Nahant, and was elected Captain of the "—— Invincibles" of that place, but declined. He grows fat and hearty.

BOSTON, Feb. 4, 1862.

DEAR FRANK,

. . . You speak of the war, and first of the liberation of the slaves. I also think that the government will at last be compelled to declare their freedom as a war measure, though, to be sure, it overturns our Constitution and leaves us to mob law, and though its efficiency is uncertain because we can only free the slaves as fast as we reach them. I think the rebels can have very little dread of such slaves as do not become intermingled with our armies; these, of course, are ever subject and accustomed to obey their masters and even their masters' children. Field hands, I think, would be more difficult of control than house servants; yet rebellion is no easy thing against a watchful and domineering race. Even our own rebellion could only have succeeded amidst the freedom of a quasi-republic, foreign aid, and the distance of the rulers. Whether we succeed or not in the conquest of the rebel States (a conquest it must be, while the success of it is uncertain), one thing is certain: namely, unless we subdue them soon, bankruptcy stares us in the face. For, at the rate we go on, three or four years will create us a debt equal to that of England, for we fight at ten times the cost per annum of the wars of European nations. Yet, long before it reaches that point, it will be impossible to raise money because there is no means of compelling the people to pay the requisite taxes, unless the army are sent to collect them at the point of the bayonet, when the question might arise whether we were still a republic. No law making paper a legal tender can prevent it from depreciating.

As regards the Western States, I even doubt their ability to pay; they have not yet paid to the East their last year's shoe debts. In this case we may yet have

secessions among ourselves. But I will suppose that we conquer the Southern States: then the difficulty occurs which troubled the man who inherited the elephant, and who was ruined by his board bills. We must keep a great army among them, and pay the South for feeding it. Now all people who must be borne down to the dust by taxation are slaves, the natural escape from which state would be in our case repudiation. Perhaps some dictator will yet arise whose control of the army may render that escape impossible; nevertheless, I do not see any way of bringing the war to a close save by conquest on one side or the other, or at least an adjournment through total exhaustion, because no geographical line can be drawn between the combatants and no compromise can be made satisfactory for long to both parties. 'Tis the battle of the Kilkenny cats to determine the end of whose tail shall survive as a trophy of victory; thus far we devour each other pretty fast. 'Tis useless now to speculate, but I think that the number of Union men at the South is not great; many may bear this name, but not precisely in our Northern sense. After actual separation, they will take part with their own people. Neither do I see how a division can be made into free and slave States, except by expulsion or confirmation of slavery in the Border States. Which side will ever willingly consent to abandon the so-called Border States to the other?

We stand in need, truly, of much hope; for I doubt not that each side is perfectly united against the other. Were it not for the Border States, a separation would be probably at last agreed on. Meantime I wish that the bigger cats across the water may keep the peace, but fear they will not; yet I do not believe the British government can easily draw their people into war with us.

I have thus compressed into fewest words, at risk of obscurity, what in conversation would employ many ; but I would only condense our perspective as we look down into the bottomless pit. Let us, however, be glad that two vices are likely to be corrected in us by the war : namely, that of bragging, and the universal pride, wastefulness and extravagance of both sexes, which I think will ere long lack somewhat to feed on. Yet may we be saved from an aristocracy hereafter of horse-jockeys, shoddy-makers, and other swindlers, between whose jaws we are now crunched ! And may the army of 700,000 men who fight at \$15 per month and found (against sixpence per diem in the British army) find some way at last of peaceably subsiding, without demanding the continuance of their pay as the price of sparing our towns and cities from sack ! For, though the war is as natural and I think on our side as just a one as any that I remember, except such as have been undertaken to repel absolute invasion, it would be a great error to suppose that the price we pay in many ways is not an enormous one, whether we gain or lose.

But to other matters. Since Stanley's absence from college, I have scarcely seen any of your family until your father made us a visit a few weeks since, much to our pleasure, looking uncommonly well. Various picture-loving friends make the evenings pass pleasantly. Mr. Nichols, a medical student from Brookline and a Swedenborgian, enters into the matter with delight, so that we have been absorbed together the whole night, until the rising sun interrupted our employment by putting out our lamp-light. He is a person highly intelligent and agreeable. Young Mr. King, also, lately a lieutenant of Zouaves, but recently turned farmer, comes into town once a fortnight and spends Saturday and Sunday nights with

me, greedily devouring, not only the collection, but information of other kinds, with which he loads his note-books. He will, I think, educate himself to some advantage. Thus, you see, I continue to spin out enjoyment with persons younger than myself — the boys who, susceptible both of head and heart, form an agreeable counterpart to the fossil and foggyish state into which so many persons have fallen whom, as a boy or young man, I looked up to with respect. Yet who knows? Perhaps some of these younger ones are destined in a few years to fall into the same Struldbrugish condition.

I am sorry to learn that the Swedenborgians have dismissed from his little church my good old master, T. B. Hayward, a kind and a learned man, and a most excellent teacher. It could not be, I think, because he saw more ghosts than his congregation, though he had written a pamphlet lately, as I learn, concerning the war, in which he expressed the opinion that the Sprites would ere long put an end to it. I wish they may!

We have at last the Female Moral Reform — woman's rights — down with the men, up with the petticoat — clericolegomedicophilosophical associations in full blast once more, petitioning the legislature for the rights of voting and of superiority to men, etc. etc., refusing to be longer taxed without being represented, and all under the name of woman's rights, as if we had any of us any rights except those of duty, or as if all so-called rights in civil society were aught but policies. How strange that they should not see that the re-enslavement of women commences at the point of their competition with men, and that their real influence is only derived from beauty, grace, affection, gentleness, and sympathy, which when they wholly lose, they become monsters and are so regarded of

men — as if strength and courage in the male, and feebleness, modesty, even timidity in the female, were not the soul and substance of solid attachment between the sexes ! True, there are cases where the man looks up to the wife and is even the younger, and where the wife looks down on, perhaps pets, the husband — where the woman yields the support and the man lives on the woman's money. But the relation is ridiculous for both, and I should respect a man who inclined to avoid an engagement with a woman he loves, if richer than he, unless she consented to arrange that the full benefits of her own fortune should be first settled upon herself.

However, we have at last grown so effeminate that the men leave the farms to measure tape by the yard and to become fortune-hunters, and scarcely any one will marry save to acquire property thereby — an evil ever enhanced by the ever increasing extravagance of all classes. But the woman's rights societies will not mend the matter ; they only make it worse. If any of them have married sneaks, let them get divorced. If the trouble of others grows simply from being old maids — that they may scratch round till they claw up husbands, is the worst wish I wish them. But their present unamiable attitude is the very last that will obtain them such.

This reminds me of certain errors here prevalent concerning education. One of these is a disposition to make them learned. Women are incapable of great concentration of mind, and the attempt to produce it, if successful, is an injury to their constitutions. Such females are apt to be childless. Now a good education I take to be that which enables people to do the duties they are destined to perform. Hence a knowledge of housekeeping is the essential and the attractive part of a woman's education.

As to the so-called accomplishments, if she is good for anything, her first baby will drive them all out of her head. The better sort of men recognize this law everywhere, and we may perceive their taste in the kind of women they love, who are never learned nor disputative, but always domestic and of gentle dispositions, as well as neat in dress and person. Now I lay much of this woman's rights business to a disposition natural to Republics to over-educate or rather falsely educate the female sex, by which their heads become turned, their natural dispositions perverted; they become undomestic, unfeminine, ambitious, and repulsive, the competitors rather than the lovers of men. Many of them know Latin, but not how to make a loaf of bread. Some, inclined to fashionable vices, spend their lives at watering and such-like places, and resemble in time a sort of damaged goods which have for long been put up at auction without bidders. Others by their shoes, tight dresses, close stoves, air-tight rooms, balls, late suppers, endless sitting, and other indolence, ruin themselves in such numbers that the health of American women is a proverb for its badness. Can such persons either love or become mothers? I do not object to an education in languages and elements of sciences for women, but only for social purposes, and not that they may become learned.

Now this war and dire necessity are likely to prove the natural and the only possible cure for all these things, and perhaps in this will lie its chief advantages. The late Margaret Fuller was a good specimen of a woman crammed with book learning, which was of course ill enough digested. Naturally tough as a washerwoman, ill habits both of study and thought broke up her health and produced a real imbecility. She became contentious, sarcas-

tic, and of course disagreeable. I have never known a woman more truly unhappy, and, notwithstanding some generous traits, I should propose her as an example to be shunned rather than as a model to be imitated by her sex. Indeed, the ambition to become a writer seems always unfortunate for women, as being by no means suitable to their natural characters or aspirations. Were I to except any, it would be, not Madame de Staël, but perhaps Miss Austen the novelist, and above all Miss Edgeworth, to my mind the best of all female writers because the most womanly. . . .

On my return [from the White Mountains in October], I stopped at the house of the young artist girl where Stanley and I stopped in the summer ; and here I found myself so welcome that it was not easy to get away. The young woman expressed great longing to see an etching and learn what it looked like ; so I have since sent her a little collection, and have been pleased to notice that her natural taste has been good enough to distinguish what was best with perfect propriety of gradation. Yet she has before seen nothing but what the artists who board there in summer have done, few of whom are likely to set the world on fire. She designs to teach drawing, and would fain come to Boston to learn etching, a project from which I should like to dissuade her, if I had the right. For she will be disappointed, I think, when she leaves the beautiful farm, to which I suppose she is heir, to become an upper servant of the richer vulgar. Though it is delightful to acquire knowledge of all kinds, yet to teach the A B C of it forever, and mostly to the stupid, is another affair. Were she my relative, I should wish her to marry some intelligent and thrifty farmer of her neighborhood, and remain in the beautiful country where she lives.

However, 'twill do for a change. She will be tired of it in time, and value independence even more than experience.

I am sorry to say that my young friend Ellen Richardson, whose sister Emily will remember, is near death from phthisis, and, though blue-eyed (which gives hope — for black eyes give none), is, I fear, too far gone to be saved. Mr. Cumming, also, who has resigned his governorship, and has been deeply depressed on account of the destruction of the Union, has been lying at the Revere House so near death that we had till now no hopes of his recovery. His case is still critical. But I have no room to say more. Thank your wife and Emily for their remembrance of us all, and reciprocate it. As for you and me, our friendship was long in blossoming, and I suppose fruit may be expected to succeed blossom. We have associations with too many mutual enjoyments easily to forget them. When you write, tell me if you have received this letter; for I should be vexed to be obliged to replace it by another as long. We shall all look to see you among us next summer.

Your friend,

JOHN W. RANDALL.

DEAR FRANK,

BOSTON, Wednesday, Feb. 8, 1862.

I perceive by your last that you are a little out of spirits. Perhaps my last week's letter miscarried, but the present may reach you. I trust, however, to being so well known by you, as you by me, that we shall not be obliged to scrape acquaintance from time to time, like traders rarely met. You need not fear to be forgotten by

me, being little fickle or capricious, so that those who once have me find it as difficult to lose me as, once lost, to regain me.

It is true I thought ill of your going to the Divinity School, as I should still, not on account of my private opinions, which, being of a negative character, are not likely to create a passion for proselytizing like any positive enthusiasm. I knew you could not afford the luxury of the thing, and, if you should have doubts upon graduating, must either elect bankruptcy, hypocrisy, or stultification, all of which I knew would be as painful to you as ever to me. I knew, also, from experience, that we may become hypocrites without knowing it. I knew that, being nervous, reaction would be violent in you, and that what we call a morbid conscientiousness is generally the result of having done wrong rather than of fearing to do so, and that an obtuse person may escape the penalty of great errors better than one of sensibility can that of small ones. Furthermore, I never thought, more than the Greeks and Romans did, that boys were well adapted to instruct mature people in morals or politics, and still less so when either were made a business. I felt sure that the author of Christianity did not authorize salaried preachers, but only itinerant ones, because a religion for the poor requires preachers in the condition of the people to whom they preached, and that this habit was not greatly varied from, till the Bishops of Rome usurped the throne of the Emperors; also, that the declaration that "the laborer is worthy of his hire" applied only to food and raiment — in which opinion I am still more confirmed by the recent careful reperusal of the so-called four gospels. I knew, also, from many instances, that those persons who sought literary ease in the church necessarily fell between two

stools, and that, without the piety of fanatics, neither had they that noble and stoical independence necessary to the lofty tempers of the higher sort of literary men (though not to hack-writers or poetasters, who, like actors, having in themselves no substance, are not capable of superiority to popular opinion). I knew that the wise scholar must be as self-denying and devoted as the poor preachers. In short, according to the Bible phrase, we cannot serve God and Mammon. . . .

I had employed myself the same self-denial, though with a struggle, and I knew, therefore, that I could present the subject in a light so strong as not easily to be obscured. Others who seemed to stand on my ground objected only to the creed (or no creed) you had adopted, but would have been satisfied if you had adopted theirs. But, as I, like Bayle, was a universal protestant, I could present the subject, also, in a universal application. Still, had you disagreed with me, it would have made no change in my friendship for you, because that had been earned by the reciprocity of years and the affection you still entertained for me. Your present position, however, I regard with respect as a highly useful and therefore honorable one, and think it even less unpleasant than most other ways of getting a living. All modes of earning one's bread are but mere drudgery, for people pay others for doing that which is troublesome to themselves, but what is pleasant to do they are loth to commit to other hands, still less to pay them for it. You may, therefore, be sure that you at present have in all respects my sympathy and affection, and even the more as holding the honorable relation of husband and father, a condition which, while it takes nothing from friendship, at all times constitutes in both sexes a more important claim to the confidence of

society than that of celibacy. Have, therefore, no doubts nor fears about me; you were never more dear to me than at this moment, and, if my relations to you should ever materially change, you will be certain speedily to discover it.

But (to change the subject) I will suggest to you, as it is probable the Senate will pass the legal tender bill, a measure which must soon create the most enormous inflation of the currency, and enhance the prices of all the necessaries of life, no less than the expenses of the government itself, it would be well to supply at once such things as are wanted in a family and are susceptible of preservation. I have myself done so in some things. The law will affect different classes of the people in different ways. Those who live on fixed salaries and stated incomes will suffer most; also those who have debts not matured due them or rents on long leases. But the grocer, butcher, baker, who will also take the rag money at par, will demand a price for their goods in proportion to its deterioration. As to cotton goods, hope not to see those of a good quality low till the war is over; for there is little good cotton in the world but that of our Southern States, nor any means of making it better, since it everywhere deteriorates but in its native soil. Even the Peruvian plant ceases to be productive when transferred to another soil.

The recent Union victories must be quite gratifying to your Meadville people as well as to ours. It would be curious if the Union should ever be preserved by the middle or fence men who take no side, but go with the victors. As to large slaveholders, who were mostly conservative, like all holders of property, I take it the number of loyal ones is now fewer, in proportion to the sacrifices they have made and the poorer condition they have reached; but the real war I take to be with the poorer classes, *i. e.*

the crackers or "one slave and one bale of cotton men" and their educated though moneyless leaders.

By the by, our Bible-reading in schools question has come up again with us, and the Catholics press their pretension as a claim. I see no objection to dropping both Bibles, leaving the instruction in that matter or the omission of it to parental prejudice. Catholicism spreads a good deal amongst us, and I am not surprised. Most men do not like the responsibility of their own consciences, and like also to have their imaginations excited. It is only a few superior minds that repel the seductions of mystery. For my own part, I do not see how the common people could ever have got rid of their faith in that church, if the self-interest of their leaders had not forced them out of it. Indeed, the Episcopal church would not have existed except for the desire of Henry VIII. to commit adultery; and I am little surprised that, among Protestants themselves, Calvinism should drive out the Unitarian creed (a more refined, but indefinite one). The more appreciable and diffusive stimulant of fire and brimstone will probably for a long time be deemed necessary to make ignorant people obey the laws.

As for the Catholic system, it is evident that pure force alone could in any age have rooted it out. The ingenuity in its details of government is striking, and wholly delusive to the unreflecting,—the requiring that a priest should be in all respects a perfect man, for instance. A lusty priest perfect in all his organs and in excellent health must be naturally superstitious and with a small intellect, before he puts himself under discipline; he is, therefore, a safe man. This law, therefore, excludes those intellectual men who from over-study, bad habits, or misfortune, fly to the church in a state of temporary morbidity, but who would

relapse when well. So, too, the eating of fish and vegetables, and abstinence from meat for long periods, is an excellent way of keeping people effeminate and debilitated, and therefore easily managed ; while the obligation to fast, being broken and discovered at the confessional, not from the culprit, but from the females of his family, is an excellent mode of determining the incipient heretic, who is therefore suspected and watched. How could any nation ever have escaped from such a system save through outside force, and how easily, when that force is withdrawn, does it slide back again under priestly government !

The Jesuits, however, whose system of education deserves careful study for its efficiency in making scholars learned and exact through its simple habits, severe discipline, and the democratic equality of its pupils, were, I think, plainly the enemies of the Catholic church, except in as far as its doctrine and discipline might enable them to build up their society on its ruins. Their casuistry as exposed by Pascal would appear like an amusement of wit, if its profound schemes of mischief had not been plainly unveiled in the exposure of their doctrines of "probability," "next power," etc. One of the exposed sophistries is very amusing : namely, Molina, Escobar, Lessius [?], and other Jesuits, taught seriously that a judge has a right to take a bribe to render an unjust verdict, but never for giving a just one, because a judge owes justice to all men, he therefore has no right to sell it, but he does not owe injustice to any man, he may therefore with perfect propriety sell that.

Thursday, 9th. Today I receive your second letter, and perceive you have recovered your spirits and gotten my letter. I will, however, complete in some manner my sheet, and thus pay up, I think, whatever debts I may owe

of this sort. Perhaps the ugliness of the baby which you describe may disappoint you, but all babies newly born are more ugly than kittens and puppies of the same age, and the rather because they reach their climax only by a more elaborate development. The brick-dust and mud color will be replaced in a few days by a clearer complexion. As for resemblance, a baby has no right greatly to resemble under several months either its father or its mother, unless they be natural fools; but it will rapidly increase in comeliness and intelligence, and, as every child must resemble both its father and mother, you cannot fail to share with the mother after a time the resemblance.

Friday, 10th. Among other things you allude to the feminine intellect, and its relation to companionship as being altogether of a different kind from the masculine; and in your school you must have as good opportunities as your father had for observing it. I perceive he has in many points done so, as I think, with much accuracy. I think the word intellect may mislead, when we employ it to denote, not a simple, but a compound faculty. I remember that old metaphysicians have confounded, and old painters have allegorized, as three simple faculties, Intellect, Will, and Memory. But every faculty has its own intuition, each has its will, and memory is no faculty at all, but the result of the activity of, and limited or extended by, the variety of our associations. Now I doubt not that in the sense of causality women are deficient. They make in general bad reasoners, as Mrs. Craigie and many other sensible women have observed. With abstraction they have little business, for their want of concentrativeness does not admit of it. Indeed, even as regards the arts, I never remember to have read the finest verse or prose, "where more is meant than meets the eye," but that the

very best of them, in the passages deserving the closest attention, would frequently, sometimes constantly, digress to the crimping of a tucker, the color of a ribbon, the precise pitch of a petticoat, or the bobbing of a bonnet, as much to the annoyance of the reader as was to Peter Pindar the frivolity of the ladies who came to London to see St. Paul's, which is so well taken off in his little poem on the subject. Women possess fancy, but not imagination, and this is why they lack the constructive power which composition in all the fine arts requires. They are practical rather than romantic, and it is a remarkable delusion that the imagination of men always attributes romance to women, when in fact they are only invested with it by the imagination of the lover. An elderly gentleman of wide and various experience recently remarked that, while the lover under the stimulus of his passions invested his beloved with every imaginable perfection, she, on the contrary, was chiefly concerned with the style of the future baby's clothes: a very general but happy illustration of Nature.

There is one kind of intellect, however, more peculiar to women than men, and that is intuition through observation rather than reflection. The finest women, I have noticed, are intensely though imperceptibly observant — a faculty which their physical weakness and need of protection make indispensably necessary to them. Little patient in analysis and little adapted to generalization, they mostly make awkward work of such matters when they set about them. As Mr. Hammatt of Ipswich happily remarked, "They know *few things* for certain" (I merely substitute "few things" for "nothing").

However, it is certain that, if women and men had the same qualities, they would have but little desire for each

other. This is a sufficient answer to those who put forth the notion of human perfectibility. The human race must become soon extinct, if in all qualities each individual were perfect, for two equally perfect beings could only be a hindrance, and not a help, to each other. Each must bring to the partnership what the other has not got, which is precisely what each desires. I told you before that I was opposed to cramming a girl's head with learning, an easy way of producing that anomalous animal, a "blue-stocking." But I am certain that whatever things she does learn should be learned thoroughly. If I had daughters of my own, what I should most desire to see in them as children would be a passion for a doll, for on this hang all the virtues of the future woman. From this comes her gentleness of temper, from this her companionship to man, from this her efficiency as a housewife, and from the constant dressing and undressing of it comes that taste in attire without which the most beautiful woman has but small power of securing the attachment of men. Want of this and of the strictest cleanliness, or even a slovenly mode of dressing the ankles, is alone sufficient to render a woman repulsive. I know a very intelligent woman whose intelligence helps her not, because she looks in walking like a travelling coat and hat stand. In this way the best figure is spoiled, while, on the contrary, a poor one becomes passable by a dress cheap but well-fitted. Of course, no tricks of attire can deceive a physiological eye as to the real shape, because face, feet, and hands with certainty indicate it.

The next thing for my girls would be abundant exposure to the air. Even with a boy, take care of his constitution, and that will take care of his genius. There never was nor will be a perfect mind in an imperfect body, nor health in persons who live in the house.

Next should come the English language critically studied, the absolute essential to a refined woman; next, arithmetic enough to pay the butcher and the baker and keep ordinary accounts; then, the French language and music and drawing, only if there was a taste for it. I should add dancing by all means, not because it gives grace, for the mind and the character of the company she keeps has more to do with that, but because it is healthful. I add, also, in winter, skating, also the knowledge of driving and of riding a horse. Housekeeping at all times, with its accompaniments of sewing, embroidery, knitting, cookery, etc. etc. After this, I should wish them warmth enough to love and to marry, as the most certain means of happiness to them, notwithstanding the occasional misery of that relation. (I omitted reading and writing and speaking with propriety, accomplishments the rarest of all because they require intellect).

I should also, both with girls and boys, let them earn by useful industry their own pocket money, a thing I wonder is not more attended to; for it is one of the most important means of producing habits of industry and giving ideas of the business of life and the reason of that economy the want of which is the ruin of so many. Let the girls by sewing, picking berries, taking the place of cook and housemaid, etc. etc., as the boys by sawing and splitting wood, going on errands, working in the garden, tackling the horses and taking care of the team, or in the city by copying, earn their little funds for amusement, to be expended in their own way. In this way we render labor delightful, and the thought of it as the primal curse never enters the head. Indeed, I have often thought that, if I had naturally good children to bring up (I will not answer for bad), I could mitigate many of those discomforts

which make early life impotent and unhappy, and later years regretful.

This brings me to a point where, as paper begins to fail, I think I can condense what more I would say, and more agreeably, into verse, unless I should fail in making the whole composition as happy as the stanza which now occurs to me. Of course, I shall hardly expect in a rough draft the finish of which the idea is susceptible.

Planter of grief! why ceaseless tell
The woes that make thee weep?
Ourselves create our heaven and hell;
'Tis as we sow we reap.

Make not this world as sad as night,
In hope of future bliss;
Him best a better will delight
Who makes the best of this.

From yonder rose all blushing red,
From yonder sky so blue,
No real tints their radiance shed:
Our eyes create the hue.

So, as the hours fly on, they cast
Few joys, few griefs behind;
They but reflect, while fluttering past,
The colors of the mind.

Canst thou no sorrow, then, relieve,
No happiness enhance,
No mind from error undeceive,
No germs of truth advance?

Whose cares are *these* with calm delight
May ponder on the past,
And still escape the dreaded night
Of dotage at the last.

As Art by light and heat maintains
Its triumph o'er decay,
And Summer's fragrant bloom detains,
When she hath passed away :

So in old age may we our youth
Prolong with kindly skill,
Lend warmth to love and light to truth,
Shall keep Life blooming still.

Who doth not scent the new-mown hay,
Though on another's ground ?
What though we give our flowers away ?
They still shed sweetness round.

We, too, their bloom, their fragrance share,
Though for another strown,
And, while we soothe another's care,
We lull to sleep our own.*

Our winter has been very damp and open, and has produced much illness. I, too, have been unfit this winter for other work than reading, and after suffering for a long time with a violent cough have been obliged to wear flannels, as creating an irritation less dangerous. This has cured me. You would not know my old library room at present, it has grown so cosy. A change of place in sev-

* The subjective aspect of the truth presented in this lovely poem is, of course, typically modern; while the objective aspect is exhibited in Greek tragedy, with its harrowing delineation of the woes that proceed, not from "the colors of the mind," but from Fate, regnant above both men and gods. This momentary separation of aspects is necessitated by the nature of Art, which, in poetry scarcely less than in painting or sculpture, can exhibit only a single aspect at a time to the imagination; it is reserved for Philosophy to unite both aspects completely in the synthesis of reason. That Randall was fully alive to the charm of the classical spirit, and by no means blind to the objective aspect of the truth, appears plainly enough in the "Lament of Orpheus" and the "Dream of Orestes;" while both aspects receive, perhaps, their highest practicable combination in the "Spring Morning of a Bereaved Man." The above lyric is repeated among the "Miscellaneous Poems"; but I leave it here, also, imbedded in a private letter, as one might leave a spray of the *Epigaea repens* to live its little life unmolested among the dead leaves of its native woods.

eral of the book-cases has caused my windows to cast their light into alcoves, which also gives room for a sideboard, several what-nots, tables, and arm-chairs, etc. etc. I have put my rotary centre-table into the garret, and have a new one in its place. Most of the pieces are of old mahogany, got to correspond with the other old furniture of the house, some of it being in the fourth generation. Astral lamps at night light all parts of the room, so that I can read at any of my tables, shifting position as I please; while a nice lounge, covered with cool patent leather deeply stuffed with hair, and great pillows, and india rubber surplus seats, yield in summer a pleasant rest. In winter, my great stuffed arm-chairs, with stands on either side containing undershelves for reference books, with my sea-coal fire blazing through the night, allow the hours of one, two, three, and four to pass sometimes unheeded.

Give my love to Emily, and thank your wife for remembering us all, and be pleased to assure her of our reciprocity.

Your friend,

JOHN W. RANDALL.

DEAR FRANK,

BOSTON, 28th April to 3rd May, 1862.

It was in my mind for several days to write you in expression of my respect and affection for your grandfather, when another blow was struck of which I regret to inform you. Our sister Anna died on the 23rd instant.

She had gone to the afternoon concert at the Music Hall, having been for a year in constantly improving health and spirits. Finding no one desirous of going with her, she reluctantly went alone. A little before the close of

the concert (probably faint from close air), she left ; and two hours afterward, on opening the house door, I met a man who asked me if I had a sister of such age and aspect as he described. Not identifying her by the description, I directed him elsewhere, supposing some one of our name owed him a debt ; but, as about to close the door, I said, "And what of her, supposing you seek my sister?" "Nothing more," said he, "than to tell you that she just dropped dead in the street, and now lies in a coffin at the undertaker's, awaiting identification."

Just then Mrs. Cumming passed us to go out, who, hearing the last words, went with me, but in great excitement, to the place. Much to my alarm, the lid was upon the coffin, and upon its removal we saw Anna, pale with death, yet warm with life. She was at once brought home, and the whole night was spent by my surviving sisters in evidently useless efforts to restore her. Upon inquiring in Winter street, it was found that she had reached the front of the stone steps of the church [long since torn down], when she was seen to fall upon her face, having thrown out her hands to ward off the blow. Convulsions instantly came on, and she was borne to the opposite side of the street, and carried into a store where, with one or two ineffectual efforts to speak, in a few minutes she subsided into perfect repose. Dr. Storer had been at once called, who, after working half an hour, pronounced her dead, but did not recognize her ; and it so happened, my dear friend, that she died on the very spot where we were born, but where she was now a stranger to all, so that the evening papers announced the death of an "unknown lady."

We at first supposed the cause of death to be a valvular disease of the heart. But, upon an examination by Drs. Ellis and Storer, no disease was found either there or else-

where ; no apoplexy, the vessels were whole, but the top of the brain filled with congested blood ; so that the conclusion was that she had succeeded in sustaining herself just to the point where, for about ten feet width, the church steps are not covered with the baskets of a peddler. At this point, it had been seen that she was about to sit down, but instead thereof fell, striking the junction of the forehead with the root of the nose, into the hollow of which the edge of the stone fitted. Congestion was instantaneous, and I suppose one might fall a hundred thousand times without meeting with a blow in a part so well protected.

It is a little remarkable that not only did the death occur on soil once occupied by the mansion of her ancestors, but that your letter just received nearly corresponds with the date of it, and that your father should have come with Willie to spend the night with us, arriving within half an hour of the news of her death and arrival of her body. He sat up with me all night, which was a great comfort to me, and gave me time to collect myself and summon that concentration of oneself which people call absence of mind, as well as that stupidity, like dreaming, which accompanies great, and sudden shocks. The next day he spent in Roxbury, but on the night of it slept in the house with us.

Saturday night gave me time to put but one notice in the three evening papers, which, however, brought so great a number of friends that the two parlors could not well contain them ; and our cousin, Mrs. Adams, who received the Boston papers from cousin Henry Skinner after she had gone to bed and was asleep, arose at dawn, and, there being no railroad train (it being Sunday), rode twenty-five miles in her own carriage to attend the funeral. Most of

Anna's intimate friends were present, and especially those she had acquired while they were suffering afar from home from illnesses resembling her own. The last conversation we had together happened to be about you and Stanley, the night before. It will please you to know that, as it is unpleasant to have present even in the laying out of a body persons unfeeling and mechanical, the woman whom your father and I summoned, long after midnight, to come to the house when no hope of restoring life remained, remarked that she would go any distance to perform a service on Anna's account, though she would have preferred any other. For it so happened that this poor woman had been robbed by burglars of \$150, all she possessed; which, being published in the paper, was seen by Anna, who called, and, having expressed the pleasure she should have felt if some stranger, having learned such a fact about herself, should have called for the same object, put money in her hand, requesting that she might make up a little of the loss, and, finding that she had been used among other things to take in washing, procured her afterward all the business she could, which proved a great help; and this leads me to say, etc. etc.

Acton, April 29th. (Having engaged to return with Mrs. Adams, I continue from Acton.) This leads me to say that Anna's little charities, which generally took the most of her small income of five hundred dollars per annum (so that she would often, in her last quarter, be straightened for money), formed the chief pleasure of her life. Though often blamed by us for want of calculation and prudence, I do not know that one of us was in reality more economical of the means of pleasure. Where I bought prints, and others buy oyster suppers and fine clothes, she laid out her money in provisions and other

comforts for the poor persons whom her own ill health or other infirmity had led her to seek out and to associate with. As the disposition to benevolence is so certain a conductor to enjoyment that no one without it ever was or will be truly happy (indeed, all selfish persons are melancholy), I think she may have been wiser than any of us as to the mode of attaining the pleasures of life.

I notice in your letter that you speak of persons who, by meditating on morals, become naturally the teachers, etc. ; also, of preaching because of a regard for the character of Christ, whom on that account you would call master. I think one has a right to call any man master, whether he regards his character or not ; but I think something more is necessary to a disciple of any religion. When I graduated, I perhaps had a similar degree of respect, etc., but I could not conscientiously join the company of the preachers. I do not know that I much disagree with the doctrines of Theodore Parker, but I should have considered it an insult on that account to have called myself a Christian minister. A Christian, as I suppose, believes that Christ was inspired directly from God ; that he came on earth to save sinners, who, however, must believe in his capacity to do so ; that he performed many miracles, was crucified, buried, and rose again on the third day, becoming the first fruits of them that slept. "Whoso believeth in me shall be saved," said Mr. James Freeman Clarke, in his services over Anna ; but, if he had said, "Whosoever thinks approvingly of the personal character of Christ shall be saved," I should have been inclined to absent myself, as from an unfaithful Christian who did not half believe his religion, and was ill adapted to speak for her, provided she believed hers.

I think there might be found adherents enough of

Parker's views to form one congregation in Boston, and one in New York, and no others in the United States; and I think that his followers were those who mostly love the world, but become sentimentally pious during three weeks after affliction, and then fly back to the world again. I think that Parker might with propriety have called himself a lecturer, and have spoken at Lyceums as often as invited; but, had I been a preacher of Christian doctrine, I could not have conscientiously invited him to take my place at preaching. It seems to me that, as far as you state to me a faith, it would be perfectly right for you to gain first an independence by your school, which seems well adapted to give it, and then, as an amateur, to preach what you like. But I know that in our towns the preachers are all the time beset with those who seek explanations of texts and reasons for their faith, and who would never be satisfied with a minister who could give them no other hope than in the personal character whether of Christ or of Socrates. That you would consent to state more than you believed to them, I, of course, cannot for a moment suspect; but an unsubstantial consolation is no consolation at all.

As for lecturers on morals, I believe with Dr. Johnson that all or at least most men are moralists. Nevertheless, so entirely do I believe in the necessity of being governed by conscience, that I assure you that, whether you should believe it your duty to preach as a Unitarian, a Catholic, a Calvinist, or a Mussulman, it will in no way affect my friendship for you, as long as conscience, and not vanity or hypocrisy, is your motive, even if it calls you to some White Mountain town on one hundred dollars a year. But I should wish that, when duty so decided, interest should not call you away again, even to the "King's" own

“Chapel” (I intend a sarcasm on no one). So, as you have heretofore found me not forgetful because I did not often write, you may now deem me not unfriendly because I do not express coincidence of opinion. Nevertheless, I am certain of the force of what I say. But perhaps, doubtful of sympathy, you have omitted to intrust me with all you would confide in another. Yet I know not — perhaps the whole is a transient impulse. But, if you can modify my opinion, do so; for I am ever a learner, and I believe, from all the habits of my life, incapable of maintaining prejudice against proof.

And now, my dear friend, I advert to a former letter in which you speak of having received an unfriendly letter from a person whom you have loved. Both you and I, being irritable, seek the calm; and, though I confess that calmness seemed to reach coldness in that person, I hope that, if anything deserving the name of friendship exists between you, you will not throw it away. If it does not exist, that is another thing. The recent deaths in both our families remind me to say that we shall not always be together. Which of us goes first, we know not. In order of time, it should be I. But, as the majority of mankind die even while children, and as persons are still more likely to live between forty and sixty than between twenty and forty, not even a guess can be formed in regard to it. None of your family easily make new friends, and, if I should be the first to depart, I can easily see that you (unlike me, who have lost at an early age my best and dearest friends) may even lose in me the first person out of your own family whom you much loved. But, even if I survive to you, the time is near, and must soon come, when in the natural order of things you must lose others, and, as we do not easily replace friends, I consider their estrange-

ment hardly less disagreeable than their death. I truly think that a friend should be kept, unless wholly uncongenial or unless he estranges himself. I know well myself the sorrow of mourning. I know well how the nights and the days, as they succeed one another, enhance weariness and diminish hope, and how life wastes itself away without delight and without object ; and I have nothing in me which could ever desire such a state for another. All persons to whom the affections are anything must go through with it, and, though love becomes somewhat subdivided among a multitude of friends, yet their number helps greatly to endure the loss of each. The Christian is told not to mourn as those who have no hope. The Parakerites, I suppose, are also told not to mourn, though they have no hope but in the personal character of Christ — being, as I suppose, persons who sit between the two stools of philosophy and religion, but without the consolation of either. I do not see why the philosopher need mourn, at least, any more than the last, seeing that he would not dare change the lot of humanity if he could, and must perforce believe all is for the best, while depending on the personal character of no one.

As for myself, you will desire, perhaps, to know how I (after a week's interval, for I am now finishing my letter at Boston after an interruption of several days) — how I bear this loss ; and I will tell you. I bear it as one who cannot help himself, and has been even more severely afflicted several times before. It were unmanly to lament ; the event was impossible to be helped, inevitable in prospect ; and I am ashamed to murmur. There has not been a day, perhaps not an hour, since I was a child, that Death has not been present in my thought. In experience he has made himself even more severely felt. While I

am aware that there is no relationship we can assume, whether of the husband, the wife, the father, the neighbor, or even the citizen, which carries not a penalty for all the pleasure we enjoy in it,—in short, while pain is but the background on which pleasure is painted,—I perceive but one choice of alternatives: either to fly to the wilderness, there like an anchorite to rust until I rot, or to interchange the affections of life with the assumption of all the risks that attend them. When we, as you say, a dozen years ago began a relation which has yielded much enjoyment to both, we did not count the cost; and, when death has divided us, I do not believe that the survivor would willingly forfeit the past for the sake of avoiding the future. It is human fate. We must acquiesce. Even the Christian does not find in his Bible the promise of meeting his friends hereafter, and he believes it because Hope is of such a nature that it permits men to believe anything they are inclined to. But there is one consolation for all, which consists in doing our duty and in the consciousness of benevolence; we can at least treat our friends in such a manner as to escape remorse when we have lost them. Even when left friendless in the world, we can take an interest in mankind, and find some enjoyment in well wishing; for I truly believe that the love of the neighbor, so prated of and so disdained, is essential to happiness, let religions be what they will. Adding to another's enjoyment enhances our own, and he who limits his pleasures to himself has in the very act reduced them to the lowest degree, nor unintermingled with fear, like the cat which devours her bone in the corner, ever growling with alarm lest the selfishness of another shall rob her even of so transient a pleasure.

When I survey the past, the present, and the future,

and they are never absent from my thought, I feel as a child in some great manufactory filled with machinery. He sees with alarm an endless and complicated activity, universal motion; he dares not move, lest he should be caught up by some wheel or belt, but never doubts the wisdom of each contrivance, though he knows it to be the work of human hands. So in the vast workshop of the world stand I, astonished, admiring, not daring to lift a finger even to avert my own fate, lest I should be drawn in and realize my fear. As the poet represents the lamb as kissing the hand that sheds its blood, so would I reverently submit myself to that inscrutable Intelligence whose designs I cannot fathom, and whose will I have not even the heart to resist. I believe — I hope — I had almost said I fear — all is for the best. 'Tis all I can say. I know no more.

Congratulate your wife for me on the recovery of her health, and Emily on that of her foot. I hope your wife will enjoy her piano, yet more the tossing of her baby. Tell her that Nature invented this tossing that the baby might be sure of exercise, while in a state too feeble to use its own limbs; and doubt not that the child will also receive from me, though unseen, some faint reflection, at least, of that affection which I so long ago invested in its father. As for your desire to be with us, it is not greater than ours to meet you. Give my kind remembrance to your wife and sister. I bid you farewell for Anna, who also loved you, and am as ever,

Your friend,

J. W. RANDALL.

BOSTON, 17th June, 1862.

DEAR FRANK,

Thinking to take a little journey ere long, I write you while in the mood of it, and on this score shall not, I think, seem remiss, at least for the present. First, it occurs to me how favorable is your present situation for studying and teaching botany. Many plants grow in your region not found here, indeed almost a new flora, as an herbarium made in and about Meadville would testify, and must, I think, agreeably amuse you to prepare. How happy, if these peaceful pursuits might be now engaging the time of many whose restless dispositions find occupation only in spreading death and despair through the land, or who, in the fine language of Cuvier, spend their lives in the pursuit after vain combinations whose very traces a few years are destined utterly to sweep away! Yet among many evils perhaps this good may come, when a race that has waxed fat through too great prosperity will out of its self-created disasters learn more humility, more respect for other nations, more regard for social as the foundation of public happiness, and less concern for political combinations. But how can we help regretting the loss of so many thousands of lives, and that civil war which, while it devours the substance of society, is consuming also the whole generation of young men on whom depends its production? When the taxes commence to be laid, what new evils, what new dissolutions have we not to dread? If anarchy should arrive, what successful general is it who is to be created dictator over us all? But it is useless to anticipate evil. We may at least comfort ourselves that whatever we suffer is still but our destiny, or, if "young America" like it better, "manifest destiny"—a term which they may for some time to come be ashamed to abuse. Thus nations

which have inherited too much die of dissipation, like individuals.

But, to avoid declamation, I will say that I think it very possible that the South may be broken as a military power, though the conquest of Virginia will not do it. Neither must we look for Union men in our sense. The Southern people believe themselves in the right as much as we do ourselves. The doctrine of State rights in opposition to National is not now new with them. Neither can it be supposed that Davis and his comrades have power to coerce 400,000 unwilling men into their army; which is evidently better officered than ours, and does not permit itself, like ours, to be ever weakest at the point of attack.

Neither do I think that the proclamation of abolition will reduce the enemy; for the slaves are among them, and they will doubtless invite us to come and take them. Moreover, in whatever points we abandon the Constitution, on the plea that they deserve none, we also abandon it for ourselves, and shall find it difficult enough to create another. 'Tis like going out to sea in a boat with another, and there scuttling it to sink him. If we cannot put down this rebellion by constitutional means, we are plainly either dissolved or we hold the South by conquest. When the question comes what to do with it, we shall be deep enough in debt without keeping a garrison of 200,000 men to hold useless dependencies.

I think indeed that, if we can secure the Border States, we may colonize the rebel parts of them and induce the disaffected to leave. But I do not see what we can do with the Southern States proper, which will gain strength when their armies are kept within their own borders. Meantime many of our men will settle at the South, which will be a good thing. The West will also gain

population by the war, while our Eastern States seem likely to lose very many inhabitants. A great emigration is going on.

And we have little work for the people. All the factory districts are almost at a standstill, even in the populous and lately flourishing country about Worcester. Cotton begins to arrive from India to supply what little demand there is for it. Yet it is poor stuff, and will be abandoned when a supply shall be again obtained from the South. I notice that Beverly has lost not a few of its citizens by the war. Indeed, all Essex County, in which the people are mostly out of employ, has poured out its strength in thousands of men. Among other towns, Marblehead has, I think, sent away more than half its whole male population. The number who go must constantly increase till the war ends, since men will prefer fighting to starving. . . .

A simple question lately presented to me suggested an answer which twenty years ago would have seemed to carry little force. A near relative, brought up amidst all the comforts of life and among educated persons, but who married in New York a poor Irish physician of but middling morality, now lives reduced (he being dead after having spent her fortune) to extreme poverty, and in great measure dependent on her relatives for support. Being visited lately, she did not so much complain of poverty as of the shortness of the lessons which her boy was made to recite at the public school, and at this she shed tears, bewailing it as a great disaster, and thus illustrating the passion for education which ever exists in the descendants of educated families.

In thinking over what advice was best to be given, I asked myself whether my own happiness had been increased by an education which began I cannot remember

when, and which I still pursue in one or another form. I was obliged to confess that I am probably less happy with what I have acquired than if I had lived among boors, bating only the dissatisfaction which might have attended an ungratified aspiration. I certainly am less hopeful in growing more critical, and incline to regard ignorance as no disaster whatever, seeing that we begin life with it, and after many years of acquirement travel back to it again, but only to find the later darkness more profound than the earlier. So I concluded to advise that the boy should learn only reading, writing, and arithmetic, and then be put to what business he is destined to follow, and learn that well; for I esteem that to be a good education which fits us for the business we are to earn our livings by. Had it been a girl, I should have left out the arithmetic; indeed, I am of Mr. Samuel Adams's opinion that, if girls are but good housekeepers, they know enough. A superficial literary education makes them but blue-stockings, and a profound one unfits them for their natural duties. 'Twas long ago observed by physiologists that intellectual women seldom, if married, become mothers, and it is equally certain that men even less often will ever love them enough to wed them.

Now this boy is but twelve, so has not one chance in five of living till forty; though, if he were forty, it would be far better for his living to sixty-five. The subject of vital statistics, with which I have amused myself, naturally leads to such reflections, not much made by the mass of men. Truly, what are we but bubbles, so soon destined to break that we may almost doubt if life be a boon worth the trouble of accepting?

This leads me to say that, since "evils come not alone," as the proverb goes, I have no hope of ever seeing again

my esteemed friend, Charles F. Simmons. Geoffroy's exclamation, "Vale, vale, O amice, vale in aeternum!" rings in my ears and weighs upon my spirits. A victim of this dreadful war, after having practised the law just sufficiently to gain a support as a bachelor until there was little law to be practised, he joined the regiment of his friend Col. Greene, an educated West Point officer, and went as an adjutant to Virginia. Hard work, exposure and camp fever soon broke him down. Spitting of blood came on, and he left our coast for Cuba last February, and was doubtless lost in the Gulf Stream in the great tempest of that month. I have seen him devoting his small means to an edition of his brother's sermons, left to be published as a farewell token to his parishioners, anxiously attentive to every detail and regardless of expense in his labor of love. I have seen him unsparing of time and trouble in securing the comfort of his mother's last years. I have observed with pleasure his critical discernment in judging of a composition, whether of a picture or of a poem. He himself, also, had ability as a draughtsman, and has been for long my guest and companion, and has spent the nights with me in enjoying the collections with which I have surrounded myself.

Thus the procession of our friends passes away in series and disappears. First, your grandfather, who went not unexpectedly, and for whom I did not overestimate my regard, and who was still more to me because he was *not mine*, and in whose departure Beverly will seem to have lost no little of its attraction. Next went my sister, of whom I said enough in my last; and now Simmons; and in a few months, or even weeks, I fear, Mr. Cumming, who does not recover, but thus far declines steadily. Yet, as we begin to die from the moment we are born, and

cannot determine the precedence of exit, I am loth to look on death as an evil, though the omission to perform our work according to our talents may, perhaps, be one.

To Simmons, however, death has come prematurely. He had longed to go to Europe, fearing life might be short, but losses and a narrow income forbade. The means, however, would have been raised in a day, but he would accept of nothing. Yet, had he for once waived objection, there had now been no need of contemplating his form as being devoured by the monsters of the deep and his bones as tossing restless among the billows. But help is too late. 'Twas his fate, and must be so. Had he gone to Europe, he would have brought back very varied and accurate information, which would have made him better company than ever; for he was an observant man, refined and subtile in perception. One more circumstance here occurs. Two years ago, a factory case was offered him which would pay him two thousand dollars for three weeks' labor. But he positively refused it, saying that Mr. Curtis took such cases, and could give as good an opinion in three hours as himself in three weeks, and it would be to defraud them to take up unnecessary time. You may judge from this circumstance for what qualities I so highly esteemed him.

I can remember, when in college, the great pleasure which attended imaginary sorrows. But, since real ones commenced, I have ill been able to afford the others. Even the real may, I have found by long habit and effort, be so far modified as to affect but little the main ends of our lives. Thus selfish indulgence, which characterizes youth, becomes less; as we pass into middle life, our identity is less precious to us, and we become more and more blended with the great mass of humanity around us.

The individual becomes of less consequence, and the sorrows which he once deemed peculiar grow also of less value and become dissolved in the great tide of human suffering; so that the man no longer says, "What will my father leave me?" and, "How shall I enjoy myself when my own master?" nay, scarcely even, "What will be my fate?" His very disinthralment inthralls him, and he cannot even be his own master till he has enslaved his own sensibilities; and many perish in the process. I deem him a happy man, therefore, whose sensitiveness becomes limited to conscience alone, and has little to do with moods. His moral and physical health will fare best who, not too anxious about his own prosperity, finds his conscience, like his stomach, easily moved, that each may throw off readily whatever offends it. I think that one great cause of the miseries of so-called "genius" is that reason and conscience are too little active, while vanity, imagination, and the desires that are begotten of them, are too much so.

But I change the subject. You may remember that, when at last you were all outgrowing me as pets, and passing into that state when great changes in our social relations commence, so that, as is usual in families, I found some of you advancing still nearer and others receding farther from me, I attempted to fix by a little poem the landmarks of former relations, and preserve to memory a picture of a group not likely to be collected in the future into a mass so entire or so congenial as before. In this poem ["The Unbroken Lawn"], the little plot in the graveyard was referred to with the expression of the hope that it might yet for long remain unbroken. You expressed great pleasure in this poem. But at last the sod has been broken. I was finishing the second part of that poem in another, expressive of my esteem for your grand-

father, when the sudden death of my sister, under circumstances not a little shocking and calculated to scatter for a time, if not confuse, the train of ideas, caused me to suspend it. But, as my thoughts reassemble themselves and pursue their flight once more along their accustomed courses, I have prepared a rough draft without regard to final polish, thinking that the subject, at least, may please you, whatever you think of the treatment. If the tribute seems a warm one, it is also hearty, and I hereto append it for your perusal.

[Here follows "The Old Ship-Master," which is too long to be here repeated, but which, with its companion piece, "The Unbroken Lawn," is given in full among the "Miscellaneous Poems."]

In a sentence extracted by your mother from a letter of your brother Henry, the expression occurs — "more precious because our own." So will most people say. If universally true, then my eighteenth stanza —

"Thou wast not mine; no claim of kindred drew
 Applause from prejudice; the gift is free.
 I'm glad 'tis so! As by the summer rain
 The fields are freshened, so my heart by thee;
 And, if my mind hath aught in thee admired,
 'Twas thy benignant character inspired —"

will be in error, and your relationship to me, of course, will be inferior to a natural one. I am better satisfied, however, with my own sentiment.

I see Mary Wells frequently. She inquires kindly after you, and I take much pleasure in her society. She is a good illustration of a class of persons that never grow old. I can scarcely imagine why so fine a woman was never married,—a warm, genial, frank, faithful, affectionate

nature, capable of enlivening society and comforting her friend. What a contrast to those mute, pale-faced lymphophlegmatic women so common about us whose uncongenial silence is oft dignified with the name of reserve! 'Tis a pleasant thing to one whom nine-tenths of women repel, however pleased with the other tenth, to find living specimens of what they should be. How often the forceful expression of Milton, in his work on divorce, occurs to me, where he speaks of men little versed in the world who, when they hoped to find in marriage a cheerful and confiding relation, discover themselves to be wedded only to an unsympathizing mixture of earth and phlegm!

My friend Nichols, having taken his degree, has gone as surgeon to the war. King longs to go, but farming forbids. Dr. — looks well, and kindly invites me to Nahant, but the season is awfully cold, and until it is warmer he will pipe to one that will not dance. He says that he raises strawberries there, which I should hardly have thought.

I live nearly alone at present, and take most of my meals alone, for my mother has her meals sent up to her, as leaving her more quiet, and Belinda keeps her company. If not very good society to myself, I should be tempted to travel or marry. The former I hope to do in spite of war, if war lasts two or three years; as for the last, I hope never to herd with one that loves me not. Cousin Henry Skinner asks after you. He is erecting new buildings and surrounding himself with every comfort, and has a white cock he makes come at command.

The creepers at Stow have nearly veiled the house, and last year's birds build anew amid their leaves. The roses would cover the roof, if I let them, and promise thousands of blossoms. Our beds in Boston are full of Anna's

flowers, for they, like children, survive those who have educated them. You also, I suppose, have a garden, and perhaps raise your own peas and beans. I have put by a few of Anna's larger engravings, and so forth, as keepsakes for her friends, and for you Hoogland's portrait in folio of Rev. Dr. Channing, but a different one if you prefer. I have seen more of Stanley since you left. We like each other, as I think, not a little, of which I fear not you will be jealous. H—— has gone again to the wars, and, when he has grown lean again on husks among the swine of Virginia, he will be glad to sit down to a fatted calf in Massachusetts — perhaps may even return one. Stanley longs to go to the wars, but I hardly like he should do so, as his constitution is particularly liable to the low fevers of a camp. As to the loss of a year or so in college, that is something, but not so much. But I must end. My remembrances to your wife and sister. I am sorry you come not here this summer. I may yet be obliged to go to you.

Yours, dear friend,

J. W. RANDALL.

BOSTON, March 13, 1863.

DEAR FRANK,

In your last letter, now long unanswered, I observe you close with asking my mind on certain religious opinions which I am not competent to judge of. You know that I am of no sect, but am a universal protestant, very like what Bayle was. I quoted Mr. Clarke, not as agreeing with him, but with relation to the expression, "He who believeth in me shall be saved," with the implied commentary and fair inference that no others shall be. You ask if I think your theory foolish or unreasonable. I think

nothing foolish or unreasonable which is true; but, as for truth, nothing with me is true which is not proven.

As to the nature of Christ, I think it not important to discuss, nor indeed any other doctrinal point. The several hundred opinions of the several hundred religious sects present to me nothing of a scientific character, and each one must be left to explain as deduction and inclination lead him. I perceive, however, that the Bible claims Christ to be not a man, but God, in short, one of the three persons of the Trinity; and, if I were a Christian, I suppose I should so believe. I do not, however, see much in the conduct or conversation of Christians about me to give me much respect for their religion. Their priests were required to be poor, but the Catholics alone have kept their priests so, and these only the inferior ones. The Quakers, to be sure, come nearer the demands of their creed, speaking to one another as "the Spirit moves them"; so their phrase goes. But, as to leading sects, preaching is as much a trade among them as is any other, and I should think that, if their Master were to come again upon the earth, they would be the first to stone him. At least, I think no sane man would dare to drive money-changers out of our temples at this day.

The Catholic religion seems to me to be in several respects most in accordance with the Christian Bible one: in the stress laid on both faith and works as against Lutherans, excepting, however, works of supererogation; another in the close union between the priests and the people, whose poverty they are forced to imitate (the chief source of their influence), and it was for the poor, that is, for the people, the Book declares itself to have been made; third, the itinerant character of the clergy, as being in harmony with the whole spirit of the Christian religion,

which requires it. But I presume that religionists at the present day think it not more necessary to be bound by their written constitution than the government of the United States do by theirs. Perhaps both will fare alike.

As for what you say of man's moral and religious nature being a test of truth in fact, I think it no more so than that Hope and Imagination are tests of fact. Both indicate only faculties. So, as to abstract morals, I think with Mr. Walker that a morality is such but by its results. As to another point, regarding laborers in piety, it is evident that salaries are certain means of calling hypocrites into the church, and here again I commend the practice of the Quakers. As to the employment in a special profession for teaching men their duties, I agree with Dr. Johnson that all men are moralists and doubt but little what are their duties, and I am of the opinion that to practise our own is the best instruction we can give on that head. The office of the religious teacher is plainly not founded on morality, but on religion, and in this merely to inculcate special tenets ; for, as to the religious or reverential faculty, I take it all the priests on earth could not suppress it. Indeed, the masses have the most of it, and it is modified but by reflection and education.

Neither do the people owe their tenets to their preachers. They first congregate in accordance with their instincts, and next invite a preacher among them who agrees with them, and they dismiss him when he disagrees. Formerly, it is true, he was expected to possess the character of a pastor or shepherd, but no longer save among Catholics. Rhetorical qualities are now alone demanded, and ever most in a republic like ours, where the people add presumption to ignorance and are captivated by words rather than by wisdom. To gratify this appetite there are abundant

caterers. We are faithful copyists of the Greeks and Romans, whose wiser men disdained, but did not oppose, the creeds of the people. Such must be still more the condition of nations where all read, and few think.

This covers by reference all the special points to which you called my attention, which it would be, of course, idle to think to exhaust in a letter. I would hurry to somewhat more interesting, and say only, further, that I care not a penny for men's opinions except as they are made just and humane by them. A good disposition, even more than a good understanding, is my chief delight in a friend or companion.

I visited Beverly last December, I believe for but the second time since you left Massachusetts. 'Tis much changed from my old associations, a duller place. With neither you nor Stanley nor your grandfather, I missed my most frequent companions; no bedfellow at night, no welcome smile of the good old man by day, so that I woke up glum as at home for lack of chat. I viewed the coast and the clear shining bay with chattering teeth, but the back river with its jagged bosom of muddy ice was dreary enough. The weather was so cold that the popular image of Hell was to me, as to the Greenlanders, scarcely repulsive. The arrival of a Mr. Barrett, a preacher, had at first nearly driven me away, but I found him a jovial man, fond of his joke, ever good testimony to an innocent character, as sour (not grave) faces are of self-dissatisfaction. Your mother seems well, but works too hard for others; your father never better nor yet so cheerful—we had two or three long and pleasant night-chats. He, too, seems too hard worked at his school, and his salary ought to be raised in these times when paper is so depreciated; but I suppose the people there, as everywhere else, are poorer than before

the dissolution of the Union. Indeed, only contractors now grow rich. This class are likely to devour half the wealth of the nation. I hope your pupils no farther fall off; the fixed salary seems to me justly yours while a single pupil remains at the school. I shall be glad to see you among us once more, though not at the sacrifice of your interests.

I was about going to Europe just as this war broke out, and would fain miss the missing of it. But it becomes an American to be as yet at home, till either he again finds a country, or a universal war spreading into every district and family of the land induce him to become an unwilling exile. Our people seem depressed. Even food is getting dear, the factories are all idle, and soon heavy taxation must be submitted to. However, the night amusements do not slacken, for people in this as in all other revolutions delight to drown in pleasure the depression of the day.

I visited in Beverly your grandfather's grave. It contains a white stone resembling the two others already standing there, and inscribed thus: "His life was an epistle wherein it was plainly written and easily read that he truly loved God and his fellow men." The defects are apparent, and I drew another on the spot in my note book, which, altering not the sense, has more force, and is more economical of words, thus: "His life was a history wherein was plainly written, he revered God and loved his fellow men." I object not in poetry to the use of "love of God and man" as in the same breath, when mechanical difficulties make it necessary, but like it ill in prose, because confounding different sentiments, namely, Reverence and Benevolence.

I commenced repairs at Stow last fall, that the family

might at the worst find a refuge. But the cold of December cut me short, and all materials are now so dear that I know not when I shall recommence. The mason work, however, is done, and the house is handsomely stuccoed. The vines inclosed last summer a complete solitude within the piazza, but I have now laid them all down. I hope we may yet have pleasant times again there. But a funny conversation now occurs to me which will remind you of Mr. Ray, but he, poor man, died last fall. . . .

G.— Well, Mr. R., we hear there's pretty stirring times in Boston about the Draft. Massachusetts ought to send at least 2,000,000 of men to the war.

R.— She would do so, Mr. G., if her population were not limited to 1,200,000.

G.— I think not. There's more than 100,000 could be raised in the towns round Stow, and never be missed.

R.— We must not send so many that our own troops will bring back a dictator to govern us.

G.— Oh, the people will take care of that. They could raise a pretty big mob here to settle that business.

R.— But it is out of mob law, Mr. G., that the anarchy comes which makes such things necessary.

G.— Well, now, Mr. R., I've hearn 'em talk down town a good deal about this anichy, as they call it, but I don't see how any such thing can ever come about here. If them fellers was to choose a dictator, there's more than 50 would go from Stow with loaded rifles and shoot him down.

R.— Then they would elect another,

G.— Well, they'd shoot him, too.

R.— And another.

G.— Well, they'd keep a-shooting on 'em as fast as they was set up.

R.—That's the very thing they call anarchy, Mr. G.

G.—Oh, is that it? Well, then, I think it's a pretty good thing, for the people's a-going to rule this country anyhow, and they'll soon begin with hanging that traitor, McClellan, and then, by gosh, I hope they'll shoot all the rest on 'em, and let the common soldiers choose the smartest ones for leaders.

G.—senior (somewhat boozy)—Yes, by golly, the common people's waited long enough to get the power out o' the hands of the damned lawyers and speculators, and now we're goin' to rule—yes, we *be*! (Exit, unsteady.)

The above varies not greatly from the style of the conversation as I heard it, and so we may rejoice that liberty is at hand.

Your friend,

J. W. RANDALL.

DEAR FRANK,

BOSTON, July 23rd, 1863.

I have now waited several days in hopes of gaining sufficient composure to write to you. I have already written to your mother, and am glad that I now end for the present the duty of writing. I suppose that you (though not I) now realize, as Adam is fabled to have done, that Death has first entered into the world, at least into your world, which is also mine.

For your Abel and my Abel is dead. If by walking arm in arm round the circumference of the earth we could find him again at his hearthstone, how cheerfully should we undertake the journey! He has been the victim of a war which he deemed wholly unnecessary, as also do I; but, though he condemned the spirit of faction on both sides, which brought it about contrary to the wishes of the great

mass of the nation, he yet deemed the Union so important that he was willing to yield up his life for it. I urged him to finish his college studies, but he was resolved to go. When I calculated the risk, he said that most men were in search of an honorable death. When I could not restrain him, I gave him what encouragement I could, but I regret that I did not insist on his wearing a bullet-proof vest.

The Stanley now dead is not precisely the Stanley whom you remember when you went away, nor was he now what he promised to be ten years hence. You will remember when he was my dear little pet of nine years old, and when he used to sit astride on my knees, and gleefully he would enter upon the occupation of rubbing noses, and how amiably he would endure the playful whippings you gave him when we lay three in a bed in the upper front chamber; and you remember him later when, misliking the prospects of his life, he seemed for a time to have lost all happiness. He told me afterwards that he had lived miserably for two whole years. After this time a new life began. We strolled together almost a whole week before he went to Exeter, and he expressed delight at the prospect of going to college; and from this time my later intimacy with him began.

A boating affair at Stow, where he was near being drowned, yet would not alarm me, disclosed to *me* his generosity and to *him* the intensity of my anxiety for him. As we went home clasping each other mid thunder and lightning, drenched with rain and in the deepest darkness, delighting to perceive I loved him, he would try me yet further, wantonly exclaiming that I should not probably have him long, for he was apt to stumble into danger; and it vexed me not that he would make himself dear to me as possible. A little while before, thinking he meant to in-

sult me, I expressed great indignation, when he pleasantly said, I should have a right to be angry if he meant what I supposed, but that I was really mistaken ; and we instantly made it up together. 'Twas the only disagreement we ever had, and was but momentary. To know him better, I secured him for the next season to go with me to the Mountains. I there learned how excellent was his taste in scenery, how active and accurate were all his senses. He was so social and affectionate, and so good-tempered under fatigue, that (what is very rare upon foot journeys) we had not an ill-natured word together during the whole time.

I engaged him to go with me again in the following season, but he was prevented from doing so. Yet we frequently met, and he seemed ever to yearn for a deeper and deeper relation to me, and I, nothing loth, made the way into my heart open and easy as I could, and would have him dive there deep as he would go. I invited him to take your place with me during your absence, and, when you returned, I hoped to walk between you both through the roadway of life into the valley of death, and to sail together, if it might be permitted, through the ocean of eternity. But the little band is broken up. The dear companion who has joined both of us since we started upon the path of life has wandered from us, and whither I know not. The star that for a time brightened our way is veiled in clouds, and we must enter the shades of night with what comfort we can. Yet I am glad to find little cause of reproach to myself in the past, for I made him as happy as I could.

Our friend had acquired in a desultory way no small amount of historical knowledge. He had studied with some care Napoleon's apothegms, and applied them aptly

to the various events of the war. I doubt not he would rapidly have risen as a soldier, and, could he have survived this struggle, the clearness of his ideas and his correct and forcible expression of them would have well fitted him to write the military memoirs of the time.

So full of life — how can we imagine him dead? I once could have wished he might remain forever a child; but, when he began to feel himself a man, and, on the interruption of others, gently drew my arm from his waist and locked it in his own, or sat, as you and I were used to, with hand clasped in hand, though he was becoming another being, I did not wish him back again. And now it seems hard, when we heard he was not seriously wounded, and when I was planning to join in nursing him, and to supply him with comforts, and to read to him when he grew better, and when I hoped to have ere long a good carriage drive to the Mountains with him, and with you to go with us, and, when the journey had restored him to health and vigor, to bring him back to your mother in condition to enjoy life and his friends with more zest than ever, to hear after all that he is dead!

I stood by his coffin with Mr. Whipple, who had seen him but two or three times and took the strongest interest in him. After leaving a while, I came back again to stand once more by the coffin, and I laid my hand upon it, and imagined him there in communion with me once more. When they put it into the wagon, I stood by the wagon, and while there Mr. Webster came up to me, and asked if I was waiting for Edwin, who was in the church. I told him I was there because Stanley was there, and that I never had been so near to him before when he had not spoken. "But he is not there," said he, "and 'tis lucky enough that he is not nailed in there." Perhaps he

thought I was waiting for him to come out, but I knew better than he why I was waiting there.

I felt like King Lear, when he held the feather to the lips of Cordelia and exclaimed, "She lives!" and I thought, as he, "Were it but so, it were a chance that would redeem all sorrows that ever I have felt." "Oh, thou wilt come no more, never, never, never, never, never!" Enough—I shall lose my composure again. I loved him, I understood him. He knew that I loved him. He knew that I understood him. And I felt that he loved and understood me, and I wished that you were with me, for I said, "I might then weep with them that could weep." Your father was with us most of the week, and was a great comfort to me, and I hope and trust I was also a comfort to him.

And now, since our friend has left us to tread the wine-press alone, and exists for us only in the Kingdom of Love, we must do something to adorn his memory, and present to it some visible symbol of our forgetfulness. Suppose, then, that I dedicate to him my volume of "The Delights," which lies mostly written or in outline. I would include in it the poem to the memory of your grandfather, and prelude it with another to himself. There would then be left "The Seasons" for you. But I am so shattered by this event that I may likely not work for some months.

Still, a more peaceful time will come at last, when sorrow seen in perspective shall blend in the horizon of time with objects less mournful, colors less vivid, and an atmosphere made softer by distance. You and I are still left to each other, but let us share nothing that was Stanley's; let us commit to him in the grave the affections that were his, as anciently men buried their precious jewels with their deceased friends.

And now your letter just comes to hand, in which I am glad to see that you will soon mount above the drearier shadows of affliction, though not at once. The first moment of a bereavement stuns us, the next wakes us to only general impressions. It is not till the imagination has explored the past, and gathered up every circumstance of endearment, that we reach the keenest sense of our sorrows. If there has been one moment in the past of a quality more tender and invested with a pathos more touching than the rest, the mind reverts to it ever, over and over again, till, having been rendered familiar, it gradually ceases to torment us. My memory is in possession of such moments, and, if they add bitterness to the present, I should still be loth to strike them out of the past.

I know not whether you gain or lose most in not having seen Stanley for nearly three years. You miss something in further knowledge of him, and you gain some peace of mind by removal of your associations with him to a greater distance backward. It is of no use now to lament the war. I have lost whatever I had in it precious to me. Had I lost only Simmons, it could not be made up to me; but the worst thing about it is that it was unnecessary. If it could not have been compromised, it were better to have resolved the country into its original elements, and have allowed the States to form new associations. After the Sumter fight, there was no further hope. As to the future of this country, those who know the effects of universal suffrage in the past will have opinions of their own. Faction is necessary to us, and faction has for fifty years been engaged in ruining us. This whole war has displayed the dreadful effects of faction. The substitution of inefficient for efficient generals through the influence of faction has induced most of our catastrophes, and the generals them-

selves (chiefly politicians) have been equally employed in undermining each other. Could there have been such a thing as a really patriotic party, things would not have come to this pass. Nay, even had honest fanatics held sway, it would not have been so bad.

As to philanthropy, it has been a mere pretence to serve the purposes of those who have been amassing wealth by swindling the country. The late treatment of negroes in the North will, I think, cure the slaves of whatever confidence they may have had in their pretended friends. We have lost but few of the sneaks and drunkards who have gone to the war, and almost none of the fanatics who dragged us into it, and who, I wish, had been themselves forced to fight it out. The war has been fatal chiefly to the brave and the loyal, and the new generation will come upon the stage bereft of its chiefest ornaments. Tens of thousands who, like Stanley, fought to protect their country have been made a sacrifice to the selfishness of individuals. The laws disregarded in high places are now disregarded in low ones, and a new revolution in the North, which was easily to have been predicted, seems to threaten what little yet remains of Liberty and Union. It was once the boast of our country that a poor man could secure competency in it; but the enormous debt, if paid (and universal suffrage will not, I think, pay it), must keep back the poor and advance the rich. When a contest shall commence between the poor and the rich, the taxpayers and the debtholders, what else will capital do save unite itself to military power and secure stability by despotism? The end of things is as yet wholly shut from us. The relations of the West to the East are yet to be determined, and no man can foresee the result.

Let us turn from the picture to those social relations

whose combinations are yet within our power. Whatever may be the destiny of our political life, to the enlightened few a private one will still be left. I shall delight to see you again, but am willing to defer our meeting to your own convenience and interest. Were you still to remain long absent, I should travel to see you, and take lodgings for a time in your neighborhood. I am glad you have seen a prairie, and wish you would preserve a clear picture of it to describe to me, as also of the effects of the sycamore and the cottonwoods, if you saw them growing there. I hope you will keep your mind tranquil by contemplating in every detail the object and the event which now disturb us. I have never found that losing myself in an unnatural activity soothed such afflictions to me, but, by rendering the imagination familiar with every moving circumstance, we become calm through familiarity with our own associations, yet not cold; even as a tragedy by frequent reading fails to excite tears, yet never destroys in the mind the sense of its pathos.

Do you remember the rhyme where I dotted your little grass plot at Beverly with graves? I hope the event there foreshadowed will not yet prove true. But the two extremes of the group have now met there. I like not to dwell on it, and must drive out of mind the thought. How much of anticipated pleasure I have buried there!

James Reed called on me last night. He evidently loved Stanley, and through fondness for him displayed all the warmer affection for me. It was a meeting too kindly to be forgotten.

I regret that you should have resigned a portion of your salary, and think it not a good business movement. The seven hundred dollars was given as a retaining fee. The only pecuniary loss you should have incurred should have

been from the loss of pupils. Nobody else does in this way, and, had I been the Trustee, I should have been ashamed to have made the deduction. Why should he profit by a violation of his own agreement? "They also serve who only stand and wait." I am glad you are making journeys, and think you must be dry of funds; if so, draw on me for a hundred dollars, and more by and by. I saved last year money for printing books, and a sum to lay out in a long journey with Stanley. The war delays the one, and death denies the other. I can meet the heavy taxes of this year and have spare funds, and next year I anticipate the resurrection of one of my long buried investments, in which case I shall be better off in income than ever before. I find, also, little chance in these times to increase my collections, so that, except for the enhanced price of necessaries, a small sum would yield me a competency, and, when I have lost all my friends, a still smaller. I should like to hear, before you leave Detroit, if you get this letter; as I know not when you leave.

Your friend,

J. W. RANDALL.

My mother and Belinda send their love to you.

BOSTON, August 3rd, 1863.

DEAR FRANK,

I esteemed it a satisfaction that I need write but two letters on Stanley's death, one to your mother and another to yourself. But, as you say it would comfort you to hear more from me, I write you again, though scarcely understanding how a person so little under the "delusions of hope" as I am can well be a comfort to any one sharing

with him a bereavement for which he can give no consolation to himself.

You wished to know something of Stanley's views concerning the war. I can only say they were more sensible than romantic, and needed perhaps but five years of experience to have saved his life. I will not enlarge on these till I see you, but simply say that he defended the right of Revolution, as of the South against the North, and also the right of saving the Union, as of the North against the South. To my doubts of the result, he replied that he believed in mathematics, and that, after the loss of a whole generation of men, the North would subdue the South. Unhappily, he noticed not that the unknown quantities in the calculation were out of proportion to the known, and that there was no algebra applicable to them. At first he defended slavery on the ground that every nation should adopt the system most favorable to its own agriculture. But, upon my applying the idea to his uncle's farm at Wilton, and remarking that it would doubtless thrive better if he himself were impressed to work on it, he did not insist on the notion.

His views, therefore, in enlisting, were purely patriotic, not the most comprehensive among human motives, but certainly the most admired and necessarily unselfish. As he was too much given to argumentation, and had a very inquisitive mind, I do not doubt that he said many things with a purpose of posing me; but he was very ready to admit any new idea that seemed to him true. When I enlarged on the dangers of a great national debt in a country which had only universal suffrage to back the obligation, and on the impossibility of fixing the legal tender of paper at the par value of gold, oft tried in the past, he did not see the force of the suggestion, expressing his conviction of the

all-subduing power of the government. When I urged that this all-subduing power must necessarily, if successful, override the constitution, of which we have already observed symptoms, and be drawn without desiring it into despotism, to which end the capital of the country and the army might readily unite for the sake of order, he admitted the probability, but did not much object to it, as he was less interested in the nature of the government than the grandeur and stability of the country.

He was very desirous, however, of maintaining the war in accordance with law. He saw that, whatever might be thought of slavery, it was in accordance with the law, and that it would be impossible to employ the constitution in quelling the violators of it, if we violated it ourselves. He also saw that its persistent violation necessarily led to anarchy, and that this would as necessarily lead to despotism. He was also aware that faction was indissolubly united with republican government, that it had been the ruin of old republics and probably would be of this. In one of his last letters to his family during the invasion of Pennsylvania, he utters the heartfelt exclamation, "O that men would forget their parties, and unite in one brotherhood for the good of their country!"

Upon the appointment of General Meade, he says that he may perhaps be the wished-for man, but is simply unknown, and then exclaims, "O for McClellan! Why not appoint a commander at once in whom the whole army has confidence?"

So sensible views, I confess, greatly improved my opinion of his judgment. He could not be expected to have at his age mastered the whole principles of political science, known to so few and violated by so many. I saw in what he did know more knowledge and reflection than I

had expected of him three years ago, and more than most older heads than his do as yet know. I assure you that one needed to have his weapons well sharpened who would fence with him. He inclined to think for himself, and was naturally of an independent character. He had no small knowledge of history. In the military part of his acquirements, he had reduced the general principles he had attained to so much of system, that he was at no loss in criticising the movements of the armies and plans of attack, which he studied day by day in connection with the history and geography of the country. But all else of this sort I will defer speaking of till conversation favors, and will simply remark that he united in himself the tenacity of your brother Edwin's constitution with a sanguineous warmth which, so far as I know, exists in no other member of his family, unless your brother Henry should have it, and which begot that fine temperament in which calmness of demeanor was accompanied with energy in action, the most appropriate character of an officer; while the warmth and persistency of his affections, apparent in the little boy even as in the young man, rendered his real friendship something well worth possessing and not to be forgotten by any one who possessed a heart capable of reciprocity.

I liked it well that he did not deign to fling himself upon the unworthy. He knew well he owned something which rendered him valuable, and he wanted the worth of it in exchange; and he well knew that those who were worthy of his love would never be willing to share it save by making an equal exchange. It is natural to me to incline to well-defined traits of character rather than to the simple so-called good traits, and I believe that the hard intellectual pleases neither of us. I declare to you that, of all the images which the past gives me back, I find very

few that at this moment stand like his so isolated in my imagination as possessing the materials of character (I speak of combinations, not of special talents). The army will never know what it has lost; a few retired persons will know what they have lost, and I almost wish that I myself could not say that I know.

In such a death as this, I naturally recur to an old remark in which I justify no war except one of self-defence against invasions. Even a just war is the brutalizer of a nation, and the greatest of curses. I know 'twas hard to avoid it; but time will, as I think, show more and more the pity that it ever took place. For my own part, I would rather separate from my enemy than enter into partnership with him. This war will be but as that battle which came of an error, in the ballad of King Arthur's death, where —

“ An addere creppit from a bush,
Stung one of the King's men in the knee,” etc.

and went on with —

“ On one side there were left but three.”

The very means taken to end it seem like blowing a great conflagration with a bellows. Even when all the fighting is over, words must settle the question. If we are to hold the rebels in subjection, they will prove, as I think, the costliest of elephants. The cowards, the knaves, and the makers of shoddy will survive, and the whole ornament of this generation will have perished — nay, has mainly already perished. Finally, it renders indeterminate the relations between the West and the East, which may at some future day produce more secession. Who supposes that the Union or anything else in

the world is permanent? However, I have long ceased to regard the metamorphoses of nations. They are necessary, like all other metamorphoses, and, if mankind ever attain wisdom, they will not contend about them. The history of the United States presents to my mind a picture, not so much of greatness, as of very great thrift, at least, and probably of less real happiness than is enjoyed by any other civilized nation. In it the poor thrive only because labor is not over-abundant. This thrift might have continued, if Massachusetts and South Carolina could have been tied together neck and heels, and forced to fight the war out by themselves. But I hurry from this to say a few more words on the subject that haunts me.

Stanley was not difficult to understand. No one easier. But, though very social, he was reserved except with people with whom he sympathized. I have seldom seen so much sensibility and vigor united. His will and his affections were ever struggling together—a beautiful strife! Though in many other ways well endowed, I have never known any one more magnanimous, at one and the same time just, generous, and genial. He possessed an easy yet noble good-nature, was confiding yet cautious, impulsive yet calm. Courteous by nature, humor and good sense were mingled in him in so just a proportion that the country people, wherever I took him, were charmed with it, and, when I repeated alone my journey to the north, autumn before last, everybody at whose house we had stopped remembered him. Says Goodwin at the Glen, “Where is the little fellow? Why have you not brought him?” Says the old landlady at Bethel, “Pray why did not your young friend come with you?” And says Judge Ingalls at Shelburne, “Your son” (for so he thought him) “is now, I suppose, at Harvard

College, and could not come." He might have been my son, and now I would he had been, for he should not have died. Everybody missed him that had once seen him, and, having noticed us so closely nailed together, had regarded him as part of *me*. These country folks are quick to see fine traits, though they do not readily define them. When I next see them, what shall I say? Truly he was become a part of *me* — O my gentle, my generous, my brave, my honorable, my faithful, my loving and dearly loved companion, must I see you no more? Ah, how much of meanness, ever despised by you, will survive you! "Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life, and thou no breath at all? Thou wilt come no more."

O that he who slew him had but known him! How would he have cursed the hand that extinguished so sweet a life! And, had he known him, be he who he might, then might this loyal heart still have beat. Nay, perhaps the rebel who killed him was of all men made to love him. Such are the bitter results of war, where the hand of him who loves the virtues of a rare man is uplifted ignorantly to annihilate, perhaps, the rare man whom he has all his life been in search of.

I do not wish to replace him. 'Tis enough to have loved and lost. In general I ill make friends with middle-aged people, who for the most part become petrified, like Gulliver's Struldbruggs, at forty. But I delight in the young when they are innocent, sensible, and unaffected, and would fain detain them forever in that so interesting condition, or at least secure to them, when they change their childish state, that simplicity and sincerity which, when once lost, leaves the man a spoiled and valueless thing.

The freedom of our intercourse was perfect. I was so careful that we might be on equal terms that I sought his

judgment and advice in all sorts of little matters, and it was good. When he sought mine, I was careful not to assume, and it was truly pleasant to be able to say I "did not know;" for he a little looked up to me in some things, and I was fearful lest he should over-appraise me, and then he might grow less genial and confiding. When he saw he began to miss me when absent, I was glad that he wanted me, and was fain to become to him whatever he would. He outgrew after a time the child's habit of embracing, but, if he found his friend would caress him, he was not loth, if no stranger was near; for love he wanted, and was little disposed to quarrel with the manner of expressing it, if only real. He loved to yield, and he loved to resist, and was capable of both as the case might require. He read character quickly, and in little things; perceived the ridiculous instantly; was quick-witted in all manner of contrivance, merry and mirthful, sharp in jest, but careful not to wound; could endure fatigue, and grew not irritable under it; was alive in all his senses, and hence the most delightful of travelling companions.

His sense of honor was so nice that I studied myself in little matters with the more care, lest he find flaws in me, and the more because he would have been silent about them. This is another of the precious uses of young people, if they are what they should be: namely, that their sentiments of right and wrong are much truer than in most older persons, who, having endured the friction of the world, become corrupted by it, and at last grow not only not ashamed of doing what is mean, but not even of being seen to do it. Alas, his innocence was his death! Could he but have observed for a few weeks the movement of the springs which keep our base American political machine in motion, he would have disdained the war and the wire-pullers that kept it in action.

I will tell you a little anecdote which will show you how much I was influenced by him. On the Mount Washington road there is a toll. When we went up, the toll-house was shut, and the road not quite completed. When we came down, I proposed to turn off at a path which reached our hotel by the hypotenuse of a triangle, but he thought it wet and took the main road. I took the other. After a long and difficult walk, I put on glasses, and, looking back, thought I saw the toll-house open. After reflection, I turned about, for I said to myself, "Stanley will think I have avoided the toll." When I reached home, he was in bed. "Well," said he, "how was the path?" I told him why I had returned, and handed him his own toll, because, as he went by my invitation, the least expenses were properly mine. He saw at once the propriety of accepting it, but said he had never thought of accusing me to himself. "Well," said I, "I didn't think you would, but I mean, also, you shall have no chance." Then he said he should truly have thought poorly of any one's dodging the toll.

This little affair was well for both of us. But, if I had been alone, I should not have returned so far, but waited till, in going down the Glen, I should pass the toll-house again. Conceive for an instant how we observed and measured each other, how we sustained each other, and how fast by these things our love and trust in each other was growing, and you can measure my loss. I tell it all because otherwise you could only estimate your own.

Daily my eye searches each passer-by to discover him again in the outward world. I sought him in the throngs that passed on Sunday, but he was not there. In the crowds returning from a fire I looked everywhere for him. I saw the world in good clothes and in rags, but Stanley

nowhere. On one day, some one like him seemed to pass the house. I went out and overtook him, but the resemblance ceased. In a little boy whittling a fence I saw the broad back head and thick black hair and warm complexion of Stanley at twelve years old, but the front face dispelled the illusion, and the boy went away, thinking me a police officer. While he lived, he was enough for me and I never looked for his likeness, and, now that he is dead, I search the world for it in vain.

So, also, does he come in morning dreams. At one time, he is offered me, if I will go toward the poles for him, but, ere I commence the anxious journey, I discover it to be illusion. At another time, 'tis offered me to receive in my arm the shot that killed him, and I give my arm to gain my friend, and I think, "*He* will henceforth be an arm to me," and then this, also, passes away. Again, he comes and sends me word 'twas a false report, and that another had been mistaken for him — I learn no more, and Death straightway comes to claim him.

So, also, at times, does he come back embodied in ancient fable, and it would seem something only to change him into a laurel, one of those with which he would have delighted to be crowned. How pleasant seems even the vague idea of seeing him live to old age, the delight of all about him, to be changed at last into a tree! But, alas, no tree shall ever stand for us in the place of our Philemon, who died a sapling and withered in the greenness of Spring. Do I seem to you as one in love with a woman? It is rarely, my friend, that any woman is loved so well.

You need not fear I shall be cracked. Our love was as yet incomplete; five years more would have perfected it, and this thought seems hardest of all. In the last two years most of my plans for giving him enjoyment have

failed, on account of his illness at college and his leaving for the war. Last year I was to have gone with him to Niagara, and this year, as I hoped, to Canada, or *vice versa*. Mere trifle as it now is, I feel regret that, ere he died, he could not have stood with me in the tower between the two falls, and have witnessed in this world the most beautiful scene in Nature.

Think not I shall succumb to despair. I acquiesce as much as you in the great Law. I admit I would alter it, if permitted; but, if permitted, it would then be right. I acquiesce in necessity, and, after I have exercised my imagination about him in every possible way, I shall at last find my old self again, though never more shall I find *him*. I shall be as a man with one arm. The woman who lost her piece of silver had thirty-eight pieces left, but we have lost our pet lamb. It is true that, when the hard sense of this loss comes to me unadorned, there are times when my words, though mute, seem striving to strangle me, and my heart with its accumulated heaviness would seem kind if it could break; but this is not constant, and I am daily gaining self-control. A stranger would perceive little difference in me, and I am loth in this wandering state of mind to write you a second time. I do it at your request, and now I shall not write again, but wait till I see you, when I have some things to say less proper to be written.

I am sorry you are alone in Detroit, but trust it will not be long. Society, though at first undesired, is a great softener of grief. Meantime I hope you will not reject the well-meant sympathy of strangers, for it is far better than no sympathy at all. You will here perceive the *Ego* everywhere, but I doubt not you will discover the *Tu*, also. I give you purposely an unfashioned fragment of myself, because I know it will soothe you more than if you had me

in a mould. But I hope, when I see you, I shall be as you have known me, for no part of a man's life ought to be long incoherent or overcast with clouds.

As to your going to the war as a private, to mix with the nastiest rough scuff of all mankind, I regard it as wild. You are under excitement, and cannot in this way pay yourself for the loss of Stanley. He is a reality not to be dispelled by enthusiasm. The shallow can do thus, but not you or I. The day will come when you will hold dearer what you have lost than the rotten political combinations of the hour; and, when you would sacrifice to an abstraction all the generosity and genius of this age, I think you deceive yourself as to the nature and value of the exchange. I regard it as the loss of that selected seed from which alone a finer race of men is capable of springing up. I do not believe that all the goats live south of Mason & Dixon's line, nor all the sheep north of it. As for the many towns and cities you saw at the West, and for whose advantage you would lay down your life, I imagine they will continue to be there and to grow, whatever may become of you or me or the war. To enlist as a chaplain would be still more out of place, and I know not of what use a religion of love can be to people whose express business it is but to kill one another. Well—the war will fizzle out by and by, but there will be no fizzling back of the energetic and countless race that has perished in it. Should you join them, bequeathing your family to the country, I take it the tax-payers will little thank you, but would gladly spare your life to relieve themselves of the burden. I am glad to find no room to say more.

Your friend,

J. W. RANDALL.

This may not be readable, and is disjointed enough, but I cannot rewrite. — seems to suffer much on account of Stanley, and I like him the better for it. I know not that Swedenborg can cure his disciples of natural emotion any more than the rest of us can ourselves, whose withers must needs be wrung without recourse.

Until the missing package of Randall's letters is found, which may be available for a future edition, no further citations can be made here now except the following: —

DEAR FRANK, ROCKBOTTOM, MASS., June 3rd, 1879.

I doubt not the benefit of your voyage, and suppose it would be as easy to spare you for three months in that way as to live near without seeing you as now, except that, while near each other, we can meet on special occasions. . . . I wish you a pleasant voyage, and hope you will retain health and your wife recover hers. Remember me to her, and to the boys, and all. I hope to see more of you on your return.

I steadily go on with improvements at Stow, and find in Mr. Willard a capable and accomplished superintendent, and a sensible and companionable man. It will be very pleasant to see you with us again, and Mr. Willard, who possesses some knowledge of you, will also be glad to see you, and will help to make you, as he does others, happy — a disposition greatly marked in him, which daily increases my esteem for him.

Your friend,

J. W. R.

P.S. There is little that you will remember here, save the old house and me. Yet you will readily acquiesce in the loss of old associations, when you see how much we are improving the opportunity for newer and more interesting ones. Indeed, the future I ever look onward to, though it discloses so little. The past offers much to disgust, and I dwell but little on retrospection. But Imagination and Reason both join in the faith that the greatest powers cannot fail to be the best. They therefore dare ask for nothing, save that all may be what it is destined to be ; so that even to wish seems almost an impiety, and Right so foredoomed to reign that *one* man has a right to command the universe, if *that* go wrong and he be still in harmony with Right.

J. W. R.

With that noble conclusion, this series of extracts might well conclude. For it supplies the needed correction of his own words, as given above in his letter of March 13, 1863 : " As for what you say of man's moral and religious nature being a test of truth in fact, I think it no more so than that Hope and Imagination are tests of fact. Both indicate only faculties." If " Right " is known to be " so foredoomed to reign that *one* man has a right to command the universe, if *that* go wrong and he be still in harmony with Right," then it would follow necessarily that man's moral and religious nature, through which alone that foredoomed reign of Right can be made known to us, becomes itself the test of truth with respect to that supreme fact of facts. Solely through the *Moral Law in Man*, taken as the object of rational consideration, can we know the *Moral Law in Nature*, as its necessary condition, ground, or reason ; solely through the ethical organization of the individ-

ual and of society, as living facts, can we understand the ethical constitution of the universe itself, as the absolute condition of those living facts. This, at bottom, despite all semblance to the contrary, was Randall's substantial and abiding conviction, shining through all he ever said or wrote, shining brightly in the close of his letter above, and shining most brightly of all in the sublime prayer with which he ends "The Metamorphoses of Longing," and of which the close of this letter is but a paraphrase in prose. He was never, except in fleeting moods, an agnostic.

But I will give here the last letter I ever had from my friend, about five years before his death :—

BOSTON, Wednesday, [March] 23rd, 1887.

DEAR FRANK,

Your letter was received some time ago, and I arrived soon after [from Stow]. Indeed, I was staying only on necessary business, and for as brief a time as possible. Annie, having become sick, left me and my sister wholly alone about a week ago, and I could not well answer you sooner. I notice you say that you "think much," and must have made up your opinion on the apparently approaching revolution ; on which I had written four pages, when, remembering that you only asked about my health, I will say that there is no marked change, and I know not that there is likely to be. I will ask if the direction on my note is the right one, for I know not if you or the dead letter office will receive it.

In regard to the famous letter written many years ago by Lord Macaulay to Henry S. Randall, author of "Life of Jefferson," the "Transcript" says that the demand for it is so great that it publishes it periodically. This it did about a week ago, and I have had it put within reach. I have had frequent occasion for it for many years past.

I suppose you incline to a strict regularity in your meals. If, therefore, on some Saturday, you could engage me to be present, we could arrange an early tea at any hour convenient to you. You can arrange with relation to your dinner at home. My letter of four pages I will keep to give to you, as I desire all the credit which great labor deserves, for I scarcely know how I can have compelled myself to write four compact pages on any subject. When Annie returns, I hope to renew with you our former relations, always excepting correspondence, which has never been frequent between us. And meantime I remain,

Your friend as ever,

J. W. RANDALL.

VII.

WHEN, after a residence of thirteen years in other States, I returned to Massachusetts, in 1873, to make my home in Cambridge, so near to my old friend as to render correspondence more rare than ever, I found the Randall family sadly reduced in number. Anna had died in 1862, Mrs. Cumming in 1867, the venerable Mrs. Randall in 1868, and Governor Cumming in 1873. On May 1, 1869, a little more than a year after their mother's death, John and Belinda broke up the old home in Harrison Avenue (so utterly different once from what that quarter was then rapidly becoming), and removed to Mount Pleasant, in Roxbury. Here, in a retired and almost rural district, they selected one of the attractive old houses of the place on Dennis street, at the corner of the now extended Moreland street, and made it their home for twenty-three years. Even after John's death, notwithstanding the fact that this neighborhood, too, had been very disagreeably invaded, Miss Randall continued to live there two years longer, and then purchased, in 1894, the house on Moreland street numbered twenty-seven, where she died three years later.

In this quiet retreat the brother and sister, now all in all to each other, passed the long evening of their days in a very modest manner, indifferent to the fashionable world in which, if they had been so disposed, they had every right to shine. Education, culture, manners, taste, affluence, birth, they possessed what so many sigh for in vain; but they lacked wholly what makes the many sigh for it—social ambition, the enjoyment of display, the vanity which makes the peacock strut. John Randall was

too proud to be vain. To every man, however humble in worldly eyes, who refrained from aggression on his sensitive self-respect, he was all courtesy and kindness; to the impertinent and the boorish, to any man who purposely or even stupidly trod upon him, he blazed out in pitiless, biting, scorching sarcasm. But he never took revenge. To meanness of whatever kind, to inhumanity, duplicity, hypocrisy, treachery, or injustice, he was as implacable as death, and neither forgot nor forgave. But to weakness and suffering, to errors of feebleness rather than of deliberate intention, even to deliberate knavery that was born of misery or misfortune and victimized nobody but himself, he was tender and pitiful as a woman. He knew as few know how to protect his own individuality; and, what is even rarer, he knew how never to infringe upon the individuality of others. The factitious virtue of non-resistance he repudiated, as worthy only of slavish spirits; but he prized as of supreme beauty and worth the real virtue of non-aggression. He was "one of Plutarch's men," as nobody will doubt who appreciates his poem, "To the Shade of Samuel Adams."

Indeed, whoever can read the letters above printed without penetrating to the extraordinary combination of strength and sweetness in this man's nature would seem to be dull of mind and cold of heart. It is not necessary at all to agree with all of his opinions; he touches on too many subjects, treats them too rapidly and from too unconventional a standpoint, to permit that. But who can help seeing in those letters the unconscious self-portraiture, not only of a man of genius, but also of a man who was astonishingly manly, sincere, deep-hearted and deep-thoughted, in the midst of a highly superficial and not altogether admirable civilization? It may have made me

wince to share those letters with the world; I will not pretend to say it does not. But my friend is dead, and my debt to him and to his memory is great. Proudly disdainful as he was of fame, I do not seek that for him now. But the history of this human world of ours is not so bright with luminaries of the spiritual order that it can afford to lose the light of this candle, though so long hidden under a bushel. Much is due to the sacred privacy of a deep and rare friendship; but even more is due to the dumb, half-conscious, still more sacred needs of the human spirit, in an age when things of the greatest worth are least valued and human life tends to be smothered by trifles or worse. Powerful minds are not so very rare among men; tender hearts are even less rare among women; religious spirits may still be found here and there, even in an epoch when genuine religiousness for the most part shrinks out of sight. But the actual luminous union in one man of the powerful mind, the tender heart, and the deeply religious spirit, is a fact too preciously helpful, for many who need to know the possibility of such a fact in these modern days, to permit me now to bury those letters any longer in a private drawer. The time has come to let this light shine wherever it may be needed, without fear that it will not be gratefully welcomed and profoundly revered, at least by a noble few.

There is very little, almost nothing, in fact, to relate of that quiet life, for nearly a quarter of a century, in the Dennis street home. The distance between Roxbury and Cambridge was not great, but, practically increased by inconvenient transportation and my own close engagements, great enough to prevent very frequent visits, especially during the seventies. Later, as time went on and left deepening marks on these friends of my early days, I

seized every opportunity to dine and spend an evening with them, occasionally staying all night. They lived alone in unostentatious comfort, with only one servant; and it was touching to see how soon this one became deeply attached to the slowly aging couple. I do not think a change of servants was made more than two or three times in the whole period; and the last faithful soul, Annie Kelleher by name (I believe she will be only glad to be so remembered here), who had almost ruined her own health by her long devotion, was valued at her worth by both John and Belinda, and left with an ample life-annuity at the latter's death.

Nothing could better interpret the pervading spirit of the Dennis street home and its occupants than Wordsworth's protest against the conventionality and commercialism of the age, a protest which is set to the same key as what some took to be Randall's "pessimism." Pessimism his philosophy never was, but rather satirism of the present for not being the ideal future. His ideal too often took the form of a stinging satire of the actual, but by no means always or even prevailingly. These noble sonnets of Wordsworth are quite in Randall's vein: —

O Friend! I know not which way I must look
 For comfort, being as I am opprest,
 To think that now our Life is only drest
 For show, mean handiwork of craftsman, cook,
 Or groom! We must run glittering like a brook
 In the open sunshine, or we are unblest;
 The wealthiest man among us is the best;
 No grandeur now in nature or in book
 Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
 This is idolatry, and these we adore;
 Plain living and high thinking are no more;
 The homely beauty of the good old cause
 Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,
 And pure religion breathing household laws.

The world is too much with us ; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers ;
Little we see in Nature that is ours ;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are upgathered now like sleeping flowers,
For this, for everything we are out of tune :
It moves us not. Great God ! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn —
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn,
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

There was to me an inexpressible charm in the mode of life pursued so many years in that quiet retreat. It was soothing and restful to get out of the noisy Boston, with its rush of business and roar of wheels and hurrying crowds all intent on momentous nothings, and slip into an atmosphere of music, of books, of ideas and ideals that concerned the high permanent interests of human existence. The relation between the sister and the brother was beautiful in the extreme, not in the least disturbed by occasional nervous irritability on John's part, which never went beneath the surface or inflicted a sting. They knew each other too well for that. Each was devotedly fond of the other, she proud of his genius and noble personal aspect, he grateful for her untiring care, and humbly reverential of her instantaneous yet unerring moral intuitions. "Dear brother ! How handsome he is !" said poor Belinda, as we stood together beside him on the evening after he had died ; and she stooped to kiss the marble brow, stroking tenderly the long white hair. "Belinda has not a great intellect," John said to me again and again from my boyhood down,

“but in her a great conscience does all the best work of the intellect. She never left a duty undone.”

That is much to say, but I have heard no saying that seems to me more absolutely true. It has been declared that no woman ever understands a man's nice sense of honor. Yet I would have taken Belinda Randall's decision, on the nicest point of honor ever mooted, against the counter-decision of any man I have ever met. John's veneration for his sister's “moral sentiment” knew no limit, nor mine either. But there was nothing hard, censorious, or uncharitable in her; the quick flash of her conscience was accompanied by so sweet and gracious a glow of ever-present womanliness that every one who came to know her, gentle and shrinking and self-distrustful as she was, was charmed into an affection which had in it no particle of fear. All her life she lived for others. At the age of sixteen, she seriously impaired her health in nursing her sister Maria, who died in 1842, and still more in nursing her father, who died in the following year; a slight curvature of the spine was the result of her exertions. In devoted and unrelaxing attention to those who remained, she spent her whole energies, uncomplaining, untiring, loving, beautiful to behold, until she had seen her only brother and last survivor of her family, save herself alone, borne to Mt. Auburn. Then, with a fortune of nearly half a million of her own, and with another twice as large left to her by him, she devoted herself unweariedly to making arrangements for the final disposition of a vast wealth which to her was valueless. By a true instinct, she selected for her legal adviser the one man in Boston best fitted by nature and by education to help her without embarrassing her, the late Francis Vergnies Balch of Jamaica Plain. With glowing gratitude she expressed to

me her thankfulness for his delicate, considerate, tender care for her,—above all, in never opposing her desires, or seeking to influence them according to his own ideas, but only aiming from first to last to help her do effectively the things she wanted to do. I never heard her say so much, in praise of any other man, as she more than once said of him. When, after a couple of years, this great labor was done, all her brother's wishes most faithfully observed, and all her own benevolent intentions put in the way of sure accomplishment, the poor, over-taxed, over-wearied frame gave way, and she fell into a state of melancholy, aggravated by hallucinations mostly painful, but soothed by the care of faithful, tender, and deeply attached nurses, from which she was at last released by death. Never on this earth did a life so full of the divine beauty of unselfishness pass into an eclipse more pathetic. But whatever in the life invisible may come to the "good and faithful servant" in this life below will surely come to this humble, loyal, exquisitely lovely soul.

There is a charming glimpse of Miss Randall, in her singing days, at the age of twenty-eight, contained in a letter of George William Curtis which was written while he and his brother were living on Captain Nathan Barrett's farm at Concord. From this letter, published in "Harper's Monthly Magazine" for December, 1897, and dated "Concord, Friday Ev'g, May 10th, 1844," the following passage belongs here:—

"For the last three evenings I have been in the village hearing Belinda Randall play and sing. With the smallest voice, she sings so delicately, and understands her power so well, that I have been charmed. It was a beautiful crown to my day, not regal and majestic like Frances O.'s in the ripe Summer, but woven of Spring flowers and

buds. Last night I saw her at Mr. Hoar's, only herself and Miss E. Hoar, G. P. Bradford, Mr. and Mrs. Emerson, and myself and Mr. Hoar. She played Beethoven, sang the 'Adelaide' serenade, 'Fischer Mädchen,' 'Amid this Green Wood.' I walked home under the low, heavy gray clouds, but the echo lingered about me like starlight."

One more testimony to the peculiarly ethereal quality of Miss Randall's music, which I never heard equalled, much less surpassed, I venture to extract from a letter of my sister, sure of her forgiveness beforehand: "I see that dear Belinda is released, and rejoice for her. But how many thoughts of long past times it brings vividly before one, with her unfailling delicate kindness and thoughtfulness for us all! I can see her now at the piano, as she gently swayed with the feeling of her music, and can hear her sweet voice in 'Waft her, angels, through the skies!' — the song for which father always asked." That song from Handel's "Jephthah," which I had not happened to hear since Miss Randall used to sing it, forty years before, I heard at a Symphony Concert Rehearsal in Music Hall only a fortnight after her death, and the marvellous sweetness of its melody came as a fitting last farewell from a world unconscious of what it had lost to one of the sweetest lives it had ever held.

"Waft her, angels, through the skies,
Far above yon azure plain,
Glorious there, like you, to rise,
There, like you, forever reign —
Waft her, angels, through the skies!"

In truth, every member of the Randall family was exceptionally musical. John used to say that Maria, the beautiful sister who, to his passionate regret, died of con-

sumption at the age of twenty, possessed the greatest genius of them all, not only in music, but in everything else. Elizabeth, before her marriage to a Southerner (to which her father was never reconciled), was a famous belle and the most brilliant piano-player in the Boston society of that time. Belinda's voice was not powerful, but of exquisite quality; and, whether in playing or in singing, her musical expression was so deep, delicate, and true, that it fascinated and thrilled every listener who was capable of appreciating it. A song from her seemed, indeed, like a voice from the skies. In my boyish evenings, she was so kind as to play and sing to me for hours at a time in the dimly lighted front parlor, while John was showing engravings in the back parlor to his guests; much as Miss Cann used to play to John James Ridley in the "Newcomes," except that the music was so much finer and the listener's visions so much less gorgeous, though quite as — visionary.* Even Anna, the youngest and least trained of the family, played well on the piano, though I do not remember hearing her sing.

John himself had learned to play no instrument, but the whistling with which he sometimes accompanied Belinda's piano was more wonderful than any instrument, and for volume, depth, range, fire, and sweetness, surpassed any bird-music I ever heard. He knew not a little about musical composition, and once, at least, composed a piece for the piano, as an accompaniment for the "Coranach" in "The Lady of the Lake," which extorted admiration from

* Since writing the above, I have stumbled on an old letter of mine of Feb. 21, 1857, which is in place here: "Whenever I am listening to beautiful music, I want to hold my tongue, and hate to hear people exclaiming, 'How charming! How beautiful! How lovely!' and all the other commonplaces in everybody's mouth. That is one reason why I enjoy Belinda Randall's music so intensely; for she will play to me hour after hour, without telling me she has not her notes, is out of practice, etc., but lets me sit still and drink my fill of beauty."

others than partial friends. In a letter from Fort Independence, Boston Harbor, April 24, 1856, Mrs. Thesta Dana, wife of Lieutenant (afterwards General) James J. Dana, U.S.A., wrote to him: "Dr. Dana, of Lowell, my husband's father, who as a chemist may not be unknown to you, has also a good taste in literature. Once, when I was at his house, I was trying to render in my poor way the beautiful music you made to Scott's 'Coranach.' He stopped me and said, 'Who made that music?' I told him, and he said, 'I should like to know the man who could do that!'" A copy of this little composition, at my request, Miss Randall wrote out from memory for me after her brother's death, and, if it were known to musicians, could hardly fail to charm many by its pathos and perfect adaptation to Scott's perfect words.

One of Miss Randall's lifelong friends, whose devoted ministrations to the very last did all that human love could do to comfort and cheer the sadness inseparable from the lot of one who had lived to be "the last of her name,"—the venerated Mrs. Robert B. Storer, *née* Sarah Sherman Hoar, sister of United States Senator George Frisbie Hoar and the late Judge Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar,—contributed to the Boston "Transcript" a short memorial of her friend which I cannot persuade myself not to preserve in full, in her own words, in these pages. It was as follows:—

"The present generation of young people will probably never see a lady of the rare sweetness, delicate refinement and humility which characterized the old-fashioned gentlewoman, Miss Belinda Lull Randall, who died last Sunday. But the young generation, even with its advantages of the 'higher education,' must have respected the thoroughness of her knowledge and accomplishments. She was the daughter of Dr. John Randall, whom a few people still

remember as a skilful family physician. Her mother was the grand-daughter of Samuel Adams, and Miss Randall's childhood and youth were spent on the Adams estate in Winter street, where fifty years ago were a large garden as well as a stately house, and in summer she enjoyed the Randall farm in Stow, which has been in the family since 1640 [the town grant was on March 10, 1685, as cited above]. She was a lady who did no discredit to her distinguished ancestor. She inherited a large fortune, which she held as a trust, not as a means of her own aggrandizement. Simple in her tastes, never wasteful in her expenditure, she sought to benefit those less fortunate than herself. She gave a beautiful library to Stow, her father's native town, as a memorial of him and her brother. Her family of three sisters and one brother had great musical talent and thorough training. Miss Randall's own rendering of music, both vocal and instrumental, had an indescribable charm for all her friends and for any fortunate listener. Her brother, John Witt Randall, with whom she lived until his death, was a poet, a naturalist, a musician, and an art connoisseur. His collection of engravings, forming a continuous history of the art of engraving—one of the finest private collections in the country—was given to Harvard University with provision for its future care. The secluded life which both sister and brother preferred, fostered their originality and the depth of their learning. They shared each other's interests and pursuits, and their house seemed like a home of the Muses. It has been said that there were 'enough knowledge and accomplishments in the Randall family to stock a whole town.' It is sad to think that there are no descendants of this remarkable family."

In a little pocket diary started just before sailing for the Azores, these words were jotted down by my mother on March 21, 1865: "Spent the day with the Randalls — enjoyed it. J. says he never will attach himself to any young life again as he did to dear Stanley."

This resolve held to the end. Stanley had no successor in John Randall's heart. The shock of his death at Gettysburg (the story of which is told in the "Harvard Memorial Biographies") in no way weakened Randall's earlier friendships, but did prevent the formation of new ones of equal strength. Intensity and tenacity, whether of thought or purpose or affection, were the sovereign traits of his character; and, when they encountered the inevitable, the result was a volcanic eruption which wrought a desolation like that of the "Mysterio," the lava beds at Fayal, where no green thing has grown in two hundred years. How few there are who can comprehend such a nature as this aright! It is the fate of such to be misunderstood to the end, because so few human souls are capable of a great love or a great grief.

In reality, this second great bereavement of Randall's life goes far to explain what was to me its most puzzling phenomenon — the apparent diversion of a most serious, lofty, and unworldly spirit to the accumulation of worldly wealth. By his own ability and indomitable energy, he multiplied the comfortable family inheritance into a great fortune, ten times as large as he found it. From the period of the civil war, he almost wholly ceased to increase his invaluable art collections or to take much interest in the writing of poetry. In the summers I found him plunged in extensive and expensive alterations in the house at Stow, which he himself regretted in his last years — "but it was an amusement," he added, "even if it did cost

thirty thousand dollars." In the winters, I found him, when I entered his study, bending grimly over a vast mass of maps, railroad reports, statistical tables, and business documents of all sorts. He was studying out for himself, at first hand, the foundations and elements and necessary conditions of all that vast activity in railroad development which in a generation created a new America. He was doing this precisely in the spirit in which he had once studied botany, entomology, conchology, natural history, with all the thoroughness and indefatigable energy of the original investigator in science. But his aim now was no longer that of the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake; it was intensely practical; it was occupied with investments. The immense force of the man had taken a new direction. What did it all mean?

It was seemingly a vast change, full of significance of some sort. It filled me with wonder, and not a little anxiety and regret. But, when I saw with what indifference he flung aside all these Gradgrind pursuits on my entrance, and with what avidity he took up once more our old themes of friendly communion, my anxiety turned into a pity I never ventured to express. Gradually I came to understand, as I believed, the causes of this strange metamorphosis in my great-souled friend.

I noticed, in the first place, that he was never gambling or speculating at any time or in any degree; he was busied exclusively with legitimate business enterprises for the development of this wonderful country of ours; he was never seeking sudden profits at somebody else's expense out of the swift fluctuations of the stock market, but sagaciously scrutinizing the actual state of things to find out what enterprises would bring fair, honest, and well-earned returns to all the stockholders in common; he was the

same proud devotee of integrity, the same grand lover of equal justice, the same eagle-eyed hater of shams and frauds and meannesses and cruelties of every kind, that he had always been.

Next, I remembered how he had always shown a certain terror in the consciousness of his own economic helplessness ; how he had again and again lamented that his medical profession was to him practically worthless, and that his father had never taught him any occupation by which, in case of reverses, he could earn his own bread by the sweat of his brow ; how nervously and even morbidly anxious he had been at the thought of losing his mother's and sisters' property by some mismanagement of his, as their guardian. I remembered how the fear of bringing them to poverty and of losing what he most prized for himself, *independence*, had evidently contributed not a little to those political views of the civil war which sometimes took on a pessimistic hue, and had evidently been darkened by the political and financial bungling of the "reconstruction" period. I could well understand how deep distrust of himself as a bread-winner and deep distrust of the political, financial, and economical condition of the country, should create in a highly imaginative nature like his a thoroughly morbid dread of coming to beggary, and turn into quite new channels the restless and victorious energies of his powerful mind.

But most of all, perhaps, I saw in Randall's almost feverish throwing of himself into the pursuit of wealth an unconscious drawing of the veil that hid a corrosive pain in the heart. Such a volcanic nature as his always goes to extremes. From deep distress of feeling he was driven to seek relief in that which is the farthest removed from feeling — in a reckless plunge into the world of dry facts

and figures, dollars and cents, machinery and traffic and railroad management and business details of every kind. Natures less intense and tenacious than his will not easily understand this, and natures less imaginative will not understand it at all. But so it was with him. The whole world of sentiment and imagination and romance, in which this true poet-soul naturally lived and moved and had its being, had become so terribly darkened for a love which sought its object in vain, that he fled from it in despair. Nothing but its exact opposite could for a time yield him a refuge or restore to him the "composure" he prized. It was Lear's flight from the agony of his daughter's ingratitude into the more congenial terrors of the storm: "Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks!" It was not madness, unless it be that madness to which all genius is akin; but it was a profound sensitiveness which is a sealed book to the prosaic temperament. If I could not have understood it, Randall would never have made me his friend. It took all these causes combined,—distrust of himself as a breadwinner, distrust of the inflation-prosperity which followed the civil war, a deep sense of responsibility for those dependent on him, a morbid fear of losing his independence through poverty, and above all the vehemence of a sorrow which had turned the bright world of romance into a torture-chamber,—it took all these causes to explain the sudden plunge of such a soul into that maelstrom of money-getting which was alien to his every instinct.

VIII.

BE all this as it may, that was my own belief, and it allayed what would otherwise have been a deep regret. No man in this world ever felt a profounder repugnance than Randall for the money-loving spirit, or a more superb disdain for greed of that which has no value but in its uses. The habits of his whole life were totally unchanged to the last, simple, economical, almost parsimonious, utterly averse to pride or love of power or luxury or ostentation of any sort. Neither had he in his constitution the slightest taint of miserliness; he cared nothing for acquisition except as a bulwark against actual want, and was very generous wherever want was brought to his knowledge. The inherited fortune of his family, of which he was sole guardian and administrator, was some hundred and fifty thousand dollars; he left it, in all, nearly a million and a half, and probably had lost quite as much more through the army of railroad-wreckers that preyed on honest investors so remorselessly after the war. He told of his losses so freely that, until after his death, I constantly feared he might indeed lose all that he had before he died, and lose with it the independence which to him was priceless.

I doubt greatly if he really knew himself, in the later years of his life, how sagaciously he had made his investments in spite of the railroad-wreckers, for more than once he casually remarked to me (never in answer to an inquiry): "I shall make no will. The law makes the best will. Belinda will have everything, and she will need it all — *all!*" Absurd as this was, he believed it so evidently that I supposed he had lost all but a small competency.

It was with amazement that others as well as myself learned of the great fortune he had in fact acquired. I fancy he himself would have been quite as much amazed as we. After his first stroke of paralysis in May, 1885, he was disabled from attending to his business interests any further than to deposit his dividends in the bank; and, as Belinda told me, they simply accumulated there in seven years to the amount of a quarter-million. If he had only been able then to make a will, she said it would have spared her a very heavy and distressing responsibility, for she had more than enough of her own and needed nothing of his. Justice to the memory of this uncanonized saint requires some mention here of the way in which her humble yet heroic conscientiousness enabled her, in spite of physical infirmity and constitutional self-distrust and poignant sorrow for the loss of her brother, to discharge what to her was the last great duty of her life—a life in which the monitions of blended duty and love had been “a still, small voice,” ever heard and ever heeded.

Knowing always that her brother intended to make no will, but to leave to her the final disposition of his estate, Miss Randall had for many years treasured up in her memory every slightest indication of his wishes, whether dropped in casual remarks from time to time or jotted carelessly or even enigmatically on scraps of paper. I remember her telling me she had found what she took to be a memorandum of some wish or intention of his, a bit of torn paper with “\$1,000” pencilled on it in one place, and in quite another place two or three names without further entry: to each of the persons named she sent a cheque of that amount! Was there ever a fidelity more scrupulous? When after a month or two of silent and anxious deliberation she had selected Mr. Balch as her

confidential legal adviser, she found in him the wisest of advisers and much more than that—a friend who could understand her sensitive and timid nature, respect her very clearly defined wishes, avoid disturbing her by suggestions inconsistent with them, and with delicate consideration and sympathy help her to carry them out in effective legal form. It took just such a counsellor to meet the needs of such a client, and her vivid gratitude was his prized reward. What they said of each other in spontaneous expression to one who knew them both, it was a delight to hear.

In conformity with Mr. Balch's advice, Miss Randall created a trust fund of about \$500,000, on April 27, 1892, for certain specified uses. The two trustees whom she appointed, Mr. Balch himself and Mr. William Minot, Jr., were to devote part of this sum to "such charitable purposes as shall be determined by a Board to be called the Board of the J. W. Randall Fund," to consist of seven or more members. She nominated as the original members of this Board Professor Francis G. Peabody, Professor Robert H. Richards, Mr. Charles W. Birtwell, Mr. Edward W. Hooper, Major Henry L. Higginson, Mr. George S. Hale, and Miss Annette P. Rogers. In the trust deed itself, she thus expressed her general intentions:—

"My wish is that they shall either apply the fund, in whole or part, to some charitable object such as a trade or industrial school, or other charitable purpose they may think preferable, or shall apply the income from time to time for charity or in aid of charitable institutions in such way as they deem best. If they think best, the fund in whole or part may be transferred to any corporation or body organized for like charitable purposes to those they wish to carry out, and in such case the Board may dissolve

or continue itself as a Board of Visitors. I hope that in any case my brother's name may be connected with the use that may be determined on.

“Should it be deemed best to apply the fund or its income to various objects, I would mention as objects which have interested me, but without meaning at all to hamper the Board, the North End Mission; the Watch and Ward Society; the Avon Street Home, Cambridge; Home for Aged Colored Women, Boston; Roxbury Home for Aged Women and for Children; Mr. Angell's Society for Humane Education and Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; South Congregational Society for their Industrial School and Vacation School, and for Vacation Schools in Roxbury; education at the South, as at Hampton and Tuskegee; the effort in Boston to save children here from degrading conditions; the Ramabai Association.

“Should such a destination of the whole fund be thought advisable, a Trade or Industrial School, either under the auspices of the Institute of Technology or other body, or independent of any other body, would seem to me to be very useful. I desire, however, to leave the matter wholly to the Board.”

Acting under the general provisions of this trust deed, the “Board of the J. W. Randall Fund” became finally constituted as “The John W. and Belinda L. Randall Charities Corporation,” comprising Francis G. Peabody, Francis V. Balch, Charles W. Birtwell, Annette P. Rogers, George S. Hale, Robert H. Richards, and Henry L. Higginson, for whom Mr. Balch acted as Treasurer. This corporation has applied a portion of the fund, on condition in each case of connecting the names of the brother and sister with whatever use may be made of the money, as follows:—

New England Watch and Ward Society	\$10,000
Home for Aged Colored Women	1,000
Roxbury Home for Children and Aged Women	500
Avon Home of Cambridge, Mass.	1,000
South End Industrial School	1,000
Boston North End Mission	500
Ramabai Association	500
Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute	25,000
Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute	20,000
Calhoun Colored School	5,000
Prospect Union Association, Cambridge	20,000
Boston Children's Aid Society	50,000
Harvard College, for new and cheap Commons Hall	70,000
Harvard College, for encouragement of philanthropic work by the students, \$10,000 to go towards the Phillips Brooks House	15,000
Massachusetts Institute of Technology	50,000
Radcliffe College	10,000
Phillips Exeter Academy	5,000

At the Commencement dinner of the alumni of Harvard, in 1897, President Eliot thus referred to Miss Randall's gift to the University:—

“Another gift we anticipate is from a woman who, through a body of trustees, has chosen to give \$70,000 to Harvard for the purpose of building a new dining hall for the benefit of those students who desire to and must economize during their college life. Miss Randall said she wanted her money devoted to charities, and her trustees have decided that that is a charity. It is the best kind of a charity, for it is a charity which is a preventive rather than a palliative of evil.”

Besides the above varied and great benefactions made through her trustees after her death, Miss Randall made many others during her lifetime, in conformity to what she knew to be her brother's wishes as well as her own. To the Boston Society of Natural History, in which he

had always been interested, she gave \$5,000 for library purposes. To Harvard College she gave many of his books, his magnificent collection of etchings and engravings, and a special fund of \$30,000 to provide for their careful preservation and custody. To the Children's Aid Society and to the Avon Home, she gave an additional \$2,000 each. To the Art Museum she gave a portrait of Mrs. Samuel Adams, and a great china punch bowl, holding a gallon and covered with Chinese decorations in pink and blue, together with a salver of different ware, both of which had been presented to Samuel Adams by the Marquis de la Fayette. To the Boston Public Latin School, at which her brother had been taught, she gave \$200 through the Public School Art League, to decorate a room with Revolutionary pictures and portrait busts, a fac-simile of the Declaration of Independence, a small reproduction of French's Minute Man, and so forth, on condition that the room be called in her brother's memory the "Randall Room." To the town of Stow she sent, almost immediately after his death, a cheque for \$55,000, of which she wished \$25,000 to be applied to building and maintaining a public library, \$10,000 to aid of the worthy poor, and \$20,000 to general town purposes. To the officers of the bank with which her brother had chiefly dealt, from the president down to the colored porter who opened the door for him, she sent cheques in fit but very generous proportions. And to numerous private persons, relatives and non-relatives, needy or not needy, to whom she remembered or imagined he would wish to do a kindness, she did the same. To do kindnesses in ways that would have pleased him seemed now to be her sole aim in life. It was marvellous — it was beautiful to behold.

On February 22, 1894, a little more than two years after her brother's death, Miss Randall attended the dedi-

cation of the town library she had caused to be erected. To preserve here some incidents of the occasion which I think gave pleasure even to her shrinking and modest spirit, I must cite my private record of it: "At Belinda's invitation, I met her at the Fitchburg Station at 11:03 A.M., to go to the dedication of the Randall Library at Stow, which is built with \$25,000 from John's estate by her act. Met Mrs. R. B. Storer and Miss Fanny Storer, also John's friend Mr. Harris, cashier of the Bank of Commerce, who were going to Stow for the same purpose. Belinda was accompanied by Miss O'Reilly, Mrs. Aymar, and Annie Kelleher. B. was very glad to see me. We were met at South Acton and driven in two carriages to Stow Centre. The chairman of the committee, Mr. F. W. Warren, of Stow, gave us all eight a very nice lunch at his house at one; and at half past one we all went to the Town Hall packed with the inhabitants of the little village. All the speaking was by local worthies, chiefly ministers. Rev. G. F. Clark, once Unitarian minister there, best expressed the town's gratitude to John—'God bless his name! God bless his memory!' Deacon Goodale, after all had spoken, said that one thing had been left unsaid—no mention had been made of the *sister* who had joined in the great benefaction. Then Rev. W. W. Colburn, the chief speaker, came forward and said: 'Our lips have all been padlocked. We have all had her in our hearts—we all think more of her than you do!' This was well said, for Belinda has striven to keep her name unmentioned. The occasion was crude, awkward, inelegant, but it was very sincere and grateful—which gave it grace and made it a success. At 3:40, we all went to the pretty building itself hard by; all is in excellent taste, and a beautiful monument to John and Belinda in the blessing of the old town. Portraits of John and Belinda, of old

Dr. Randall and his brother Eli, and of Maria, are on the walls. At 4:15, we were driven again to South Acton, and came back to Boston."

Beside all these public and private benefactions, Miss Randall took the utmost pains, in her will of June 10, 1892, to provide generously for each and every relative, however distant. With no brother, no sister, no nephew, no niece, and, I believe, with only one first cousin surviving, she gave or bequeathed some \$300,000 to over a score of remoter connections, besides remembering many personal friends and leaving a handsome remainder to her residuary legatee.

Patiently and indefatigably she had given herself for more than two years to the most tiresome details of all this weary business, so utterly alien to her tastes and habits of life and so painful to her sad heart, under the sagacious direction and with the sympathetic help of Mr. Balch. How she dreaded and shrank from a duty which she yet felt to be a most sacred one, and how heroically she did it,—how, her duty done and her strength exhausted, she broke down completely in August, 1894, living nearly three years longer in secluded suffering, yet tended by two faithful nurses who soon came to feel for her the attachment of devoted daughters,—none knew this at the time except Mr. Balch and the little knot of friends who did for her the little that could be done by reverence and love. But countless lives for many generations to come, unconscious what they owe to this wonder of gentle and saintly womanhood, will be made brighter, happier, and more fruitful because Belinda Lull Randall, conceiving herself in all humility to be merely her brother's agent, so well read his heart and obeyed his benevolent spirit and did his unfinished work in deeds of light.

IX.

FROM May, 1885, when Randall suffered a slight stroke of paralysis on the railway train going to Stow, and yet succeeded in reaching home without much assistance, he experienced considerable difficulty in conversing, not from any apparent failure in intelligence, but from some inability to command as readily as before his unusually large and rich vocabulary, and still more from a lack of command over the muscles involved in speech. These difficulties gradually wore away to a large extent, but he never again indulged himself in those long and varied monologues which had always possessed a singular fascination for others as well as myself. A beautiful gentleness came over him. His fiery sarcasms on men and things that stirred his moral indignation, his flashes of wit on general topics, his flights of exuberant imagination, sometimes humorous, sometimes grotesque, sometimes lofty, but always original and unlike anybody else's, were softened to a mild reflectiveness that let the benevolence of his nature shine out more purely than ever. What never lost its native energy in the least was the moral sentiment; his moral perceptions, his astonishing penetration into the core of every character that came under his observation, his insight into private and public conduct, were keen as in his palmiest days. Shams were as transparent to him as they ever were, but the old fierceness of wrath at all falsehood or meanness was toned down into a calm pity, a quiet irony, or a tolerant charity that had ceased to expect too much of the "heedless world." The spirit of his old age took on the beauty of the Indian sum-

mer, throwing a merciful haziness over the too sharp outlines of the mean, the false, and the inhumane in human life.

But I saw it tired him too much to converse very long, and I soon learned to suggest the reading aloud of his old poetical manuscripts to me, which to my surprise did not seem to tire him in the least. Most of these manuscripts, however, had become a puzzle to him; more than once he complained that, in the removal from Boston, the servants must have "shuffled the leaves together — he could make neither head nor tail to them." The confusion, indeed, exists, as I have since found to my cost. But some of them he could make out, and I listened to these again and again, not only without satiety, but with a deeper enjoyment at every reading. Perhaps sometimes the past mingled with the present, as I sat watching the white, venerable, noble head, and listening to the wonderful voice which had lost nothing of its depth, richness, or sweetness, — nothing, even, of the perfect articulation or feeling emphasis that had once thrilled me in the olden days. To me it was perfect music, and I listened to it just as I had listened to Belinda's playing in the dimly lighted parlor of the old Boston home.

It gave the aged poet no little pleasure to be thus listened to. Something of the long unheeded charm of poetry asserted itself afresh in his heart, and he welcomed my unobtrusive coming. I was his solitary auditor, for Belinda seldom, if ever, remained to hear. Feeble as he was, he took pains to copy out for me a complete copy of "The Metamorphoses of Longing" in ink, though he preferred a pencil, and gave it to me on the first of March, 1890, as a memento of our long companionship. This stirred many thoughts. I have brief memoranda of my last two visits while he yet lived.

“*Saturday, Nov. 7, 1891.* Made a visit on the Randalls this afternoon, and stayed to dinner. John is very feeble, but shows very little signs now of his paralytic stroke. His mind is as clear as ever. He read aloud to me some of his poetry. Both he and Belinda welcome me as if I were a brother born. I asked him if he was willing to put his MSS. in my hand by and by to prepare for the press, as a labor of love for him,—said I knew that he was careless of fame, but that I thought such works of beauty as his poems ought not to be allowed to die. He answered emphatically, *yes*, and mentioned particularly a review of Bryant, intended to be printed before Bryant’s death, but never published.”

“*Monday, Dec. 28, 1891.* . . . I then went on alone to visit the Randalls. It was after five when I got there, and very dark. No light was at any window, and I was struck with a nameless fear of disaster. After twice ringing, however, Belinda came to the door. She said she and John have both been very sick, with only the servant Annie to tend them. I urged employing a special attendant who should be on hand in case of necessity. She objected that they had no room they could warm [for an attendant], and did not want a stranger around. I was distressed at the lonely and helpless situation of this dear old couple, the danger of the *grippe*, their insensibility to this danger. I begged them to send for me instantly if anything happened — I would come without fail, like a son, for I was unspeakably grateful to them for all they did for me in my boyhood and loved them with unquenchable affection. John looked at me with his great blue eyes, softened and luminous; Belinda saw my emotion, her eyes filled with tears, and she said — ‘Your father once said to me [so and so]’ — she repeated this saying again ‘[so and so].’ I was

startled and confused. But she promised to send for me, and said several times she felt better for my coming. After a dinner of special little dainties (she insists on that), John read Part III. of the 'Metamorphoses of Longing.' I came home at ten. Dear, dear old friends!"

The next I heard from either — I was kept by inexorable duties from going again meanwhile to Roxbury — was this note from Miss Randall:—

MONDAY MORNING, 5 O'CLOCK,

Jan'y 25, 1892.

DEAR FRANK,

My poor brother passed away at about 4:15 this morning ($\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour ago). Two or three days ago he said he should undoubtedly be out in a few days. His disease was bronchial pneumonia. At first, two or three days ago, he lost the use of his limbs, but came down stairs, and was lifted about, and then helped up to bed. To-day came pneumonia, and he has said no word to-day, and died without pain, it is supposed.

I can say no more now. Come and see us.

Yours sincerely,

B. L. RANDALL.

"Should undoubtedly be out in a few days"—how true that was! Truer than speaker or hearer dreamed! What mortal man can gauge the depth of that truth?

On Thursday, January 28, a small company gathered at the house. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, and all that could die of John Witt Randall was laid to rest at Mount Auburn. Three of us, Miss Randall with Miss O'Reilly and myself, followed him together in one carriage, at her own request, to the family tomb.

X.

BUT in this volume, I believe, there is something of John Witt Randall which the world will not willingly let die. Out of the chaos of his manuscripts, what is here preserved is all that seems to be available. In about a dozen copies of the "Consolations of Solitude," used indiscriminately, it was his habit from time to time to write corrections, interlineations, and notes. These have been carefully collated, and, where there were many varying readings, those which seemed the best (there are no indications of date to guide to the latest) have been selected. Still more difficult has it been to deal with the previously unpublished poems. All I can say is that I have done the best I could with minute and faint pencillings, incredibly close writing, half-erasures, unnumbered pages, interminable variations of lines and stanzas, unfinished work begun over and over again, and a general state of confusion out of which Randall himself despaired of ever educing order. Under such conditions, there are masses of manuscript that I must surrender as defying my best efforts. All that is here published has had to be freshly copied for the printer, a labor impossible to delegate to another hand. I must crave indulgence for probable failures of judgment, but believe I need ask none for failure of faithful effort to discharge a very perplexing duty.

For the poems themselves, as such, it would be rash for a personal friend to make exaggerated claims. Their superlative value lies, I conceive, in the man they reveal — in the self-reporting quality of his nature and his character. Like the Bryant whom he admired, there is more of the

Doric than of the Corinthian in his mind and in his works. Many graces and beauties and elegances which are supposed to be essential in modern poetry are very sparingly, if at all, presented here. But that highest beauty of all which consists in transparent truth to the highest ethical ideal, and by which all works of art must be at last measured, notwithstanding the frantic efforts made by some to emancipate art from the trammels of ethics, is not here lacking. Randall believed, as every fine spirit must, that the ethical ideal is itself the marriage of beauty and truth—that the unethical can never be other than the inartistic, intrinsically as ugly as it is false. To those who can appreciate a mind of this order, and sympathize with its free self-expression, it will be easy to overlook an excess of didacticism and pardon many real defects.

There is nothing, however, in Randall's poetry that could at any time dazzle a novelty-loving public or make him widely popular. It is far too severe and high, too exigent of loftiness in the minds of his readers, to permit even a hope that the name of these readers will prove to be legion. But I believe, nay, I know, that his message will reach some, if not many, whose need of it is great. Simplicity, sincerity, supreme truthfulness, proud directness as of a bullet speeding to its mark,—these are not qualities so common, in a modern literature which with some reason suspects itself of "decadence," that they should be consigned to oblivion when they appear. Whoever is thoughtful, serious, earnest, hungry for light in an age when the torches of ancient religions are waxing smoky and dim, will be wise to make a friend of John Witt Randall—if not altogether as a poet (for I disguise not from myself that certain "decadent" schools will challenge his right to that title in a supreme sense), yet as a prophet of the

“eternal verities” — as “a friend of those who would live in the spirit.”

For, say what the critics may, Randall belonged to the high society of Emerson and Carlyle, little as they or he became aware of it in their lives. The nineteenth century stands pre-eminently for a widely prevalent emphasis on the Mechanical; these three seers, living and dying in the very heart of it, stand pre-eminently for an almost passionate individual emphasis on the Moral. This is not the place to enlarge on that topic, but the sagacious reader of the three will not fail to perceive, in the midst of their deep differences, their deeper identities, too. Others may more effectively interpret the spirit of the age, but these three, for such as have ears to hear, utter the profounder spirit of the ages. To quote almost at random, take short extracts for examples.

From Emerson, on July 15, 1838:—

“A more secret, sweet, and overpowering beauty appears to man when his heart and mind open to the sentiment of virtue. Then he is instructed in what is above him. He learns that his being is without bound; that to the good, to the perfect, he is born, low as he now lies in evil and weakness. That which he venerates is still his own, though he has not realized it yet. *He ought*. He knows the sense of that grand word, though his analysis fails to render account of it. When in innocency or when by intellectual perception he attains to say: ‘I love the Right; Truth is beautiful within and without forevermore. Virtue, I am thine; save me; use me; thee will I serve, day and night, in great, in small, that I be not virtuous, but virtue,’ — then is the end of the creation answered, and God is well pleased. . . . If a man is at heart just, then in so far is he God; the safety of God, the immortality of God, the majesty of God do enter into that man with justice.”

From Carlyle, on May 8, 1840:—

“‘*Allah akbar*, God is great,’—and then also ‘*Islam*,’ That we must *submit* to God. That our whole strength lies in resigned submission to Him, whatsoever He do to us. For this world, and for the other! The thing he sends to us, were it death and worse than death, shall be good, shall be best; we resign ourselves to God.—‘If this be *Islam*,’ says Goethe, ‘do we not all live in *Islam*?’ Yes, all of us that have any moral life; we all live so. It has ever been held the highest wisdom for a man not merely to submit to Necessity,—Necessity will make him submit,—but to know and believe well that the stern thing which Necessity had ordered was the wisest, the best, the thing wanted there. To cease his frantic pretension of scanning this great God’s-World in his small fraction of a brain; to know that it *had* verily, though deep beyond his soundings, a Just Law, that the soul of it was Good;—that his part in it was to conform to the Law of the Whole, and in devout silence follow that; not questioning it, obeying it as unquestionable.

“I say, this is yet the only true morality known, . . . We are to take no counsel with flesh and blood; give ear to no vain cavils, vain sorrows and wishes: to know that we know nothing; that the worst and the cruelest to our eyes is not what it seems; that we have to receive whatsoever befalls us as sent from God above, and say, It is good and wise, God is great! ‘Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.’ *Islam* means in its way Denial of Self, Annihilation of Self. This is yet the highest Wisdom that Heaven has revealed to our Earth.”

From Randall, probably about 1856, at the close of “The Metamorphoses of Longing”:—

"PRAYER.

"Father of All, within thy hand
 How blest submissively to stand!
 Here or hereafter, let all be
 Even as thou wilt! 'Tis not for me
 To meddle with one wheel or key
 In thy vast world's machinery.
 Be lastly this my only prayer:
 Grant me I know not what nor care!
 The fate thou wilt is what I would—
 I dare not change it if I could.
 Henceforth be all life's longings still,
 And let my wishes be THY WILL."

And again, in 1879:—

"Imagination and Reason join in the faith that the greatest powers cannot fail to be the best. They therefore dare ask for nothing, save that all may be what it is destined to be; so that even to wish seems almost an impiety, and Right so foredoomed to reign that *one* man has a right to command the universe, if *that* go wrong and he be in harmony with Right."

I cannot imagine how any thoughtful mind could fail to perceive the substantial identity of message in these diverse forms of utterance, their essential coincidence of content, their equal intensity, veracity, elevation of spirit and tone. Yet Randall was as little conversant with the writings of Carlyle and Emerson as they were with his. His reading, wide as it was, never extended far in their direction; I never heard him speak of Emerson, except as a gentleman of exceptionally fine personality, nor of Carlyle at all, though he quotes him once above. I believe the identical message sprang out of equally original and deeply ethical natures, which reacted vigorously and with equal force

against an age grown sceptical of moral values, yet which all three yielded more or less to the influence of its reasoned or unreasoned agnosticism in things intellectual. "Analysis fails to render account of it [the Ought]," says Emerson, above. "Frantic pretension of scanning this great God's-World," says Carlyle, above. "I believe — I hope — I had almost said I fear — all is for the best. 'Tis all I can say. I know no more," says Randall, above, writing at Acton, April 29, 1862.

If the coming twentieth century shall aim to better this wholly untraditional yet intellectually blind Faith-Message from the nineteenth, with its passionately ethical yet rationally ungrounded affirmation that the "Law of the Whole" is a "Just Law," — that Man "knows the sense," but not the foundation, "of that grand word *Ought*," — that his highest wisdom is to "let my wishes be Thy Will," without knowing the necessary rectitude of that Will, — how is its success to be so much as hoped for, if it dare not put *knowledge* in the place of *faith*? I conceive that the crying need of this modern world, as the prime condition of all social betterment, is *intellectual courage*, and that the next century must either acquire this courage and press forward to a victorious philosophical grounding of the Moral Law, or else share the fate of all cowards. If the "Law of the Whole" is indeed a "Just Law," it can only be just for reasons; and, if reasons exist, they can be found. To despair of itself is the one unpardonable sin of the human intellect, and its penalty is social catastrophe. On the heels of intellectual agnosticism treads ethical agnosticism; the force of every law is at bottom the force of its reasons, and, if these cannot be found, the law itself loses all force. How long will human society consent to be bound by a Moral Law

which is by open confession without a reason? Hitherto men's reverence and obedience to that law have rested on tradition, authority, convention, self-interest, unquestioning habit, as its sufficient reason; but, these reasons once invalidated, how will it be with no reason at all?

What in this case will, nay, must happen appears to be not in the least doubtful. An example will show. There is in this country a so-called "ethical culture movement" which, repudiating all claims of tradition and authority and curiously supposing itself to be leader of the world's highest advance, aims to create a religion out of ethics pure and simple on the general foundation of the Kantian agnosticism, — that is, the assumed *impossibility* of assigning an intellectual or conceptual reason, an intelligible and valid ground in human knowledge as such, for the Moral Law. It thus gives us an ethics founded on irrationalism. To the founder and leader of this movement, an able, eloquent, and generally high-minded man, an appeal for "justice" was made in a case in which he was personally interested, and in which he had some power of decision. The appeal was refused, and the appellant was dismissed on the ground that he was "a fanatic for justice"! Such a decision in practice, made on such a ground in theory, would seem to be the *reductio ad absurdum* of the attempt to create a religion out of agnostic or irrational ethics; for the very conception of "a fanatic for justice" shows that, in the mind of the founder himself, there is something more important than justice, something more valuable than ethics, some concept or notion of a utility higher than Right, out of which, and not out of ethics, it would seem that his new religion should be created.

Now, if the very highest that can be said of the "Law of the Whole" is that it is a "Just Law," — if justice

itself is the highest possible law, and in all places and all times the absolutely sovereign interest of every moral being, — then it is clear enough that, when we complain of “fanatics for justice,” we are complaining of ethics itself. What else can an ethical religion aim at than just to make “a fanatic for justice” out of every man, woman, and child on the face of the earth? The cynical contempt for the essence of all ethics which is conveyed in that strange expression, “fanatic for justice,” simply betrays in the utterer’s mind that melancholy *breakdown of the ethical idea itself* which must inevitably, both in the individual and in society, follow denial or disregard of all *intellectual reasons for it*. What, on the whole, must happen, whenever men at large begin to ask for some rational ground for the Moral Law, and yet ask in vain? Can it be anything else than a general falling-back on self-interest, on convention, on passion, on pleasure, on anything rather than a reasonless and forceless law? Nevertheless, the welfare of the world hangs on knowledge of and obedience to that “Law of the Whole” which is at bottom a “Just Law;” and, when a so-called “ethical culture movement” slights the “fanatic for justice,” it writes itself down a sham, because in him it disregards that very “Sovereignty of Ethics” on which it professes to build. Randall is worth to the world a hundred “ethical culture movements,” just because he was a “fanatic for justice” — just because he put justice on the throne of the universe. If any man doubts this, let him read the “Ode to Conscience.”

In truth, despite all semblance to the contrary, Randall himself anticipates the demand of the next century for a rational foundation of the Moral Law, a knowable and known reason for it, as the necessary condition of its

validity in thought and its abiding supremacy in conduct. When he writes, April 29, 1862, "I believe—I hope—I had almost said I fear—all is for the best," we must remember that he had already written, February 5, 1857, "I have never found in myself the faculty of realizing to my belief anything which was not demonstrated to my understanding;" again, March 13, 1863: "As for truth, nothing with me is true which is not proven;" and again, June 3, 1879, "Imagination *and Reason* join in the faith that the greatest powers cannot fail to be the best." These are stronger, bolder, and truer statements than I can recall in Emerson or in Carlyle, neither of whom, I fancy, would have made them. In Carlyle, there was a mystical background of "faith;" in Emerson, there was a transcendental background of "intuition;" but in Randall there was a scientific background of "the understanding." If, taken as a general principle, Randall's statement means that, *for the intelligent, strength of belief is inevitably and necessarily proportioned to strength of evidence*, it shows clearly to what test belief in the Moral Law must be submitted when the world becomes on a wide scale intelligent: namely, the test of human reason.

Is not that principle fundamental to all science and all philosophy? If so, and if the world continues to become more scientific as it becomes older, then Randall is in this age prophetic of the age that is at hand. No observant student of the times can doubt that men's hitherto traditional or instinctive or conventional acceptance of the Moral Law is destined to undergo in the immediate future a severer trial than it has ever yet undergone. The call now is for courage—for undaunted and resolute reliance on the power of human reason to meet the profoundest intellectual needs of human life, and

to fight its way, despite the shrieks of the frightened or the scoffs of the incredulous, to the deep rational yet cosmical foundations of the ethical ideal. If that ideal is not founded objectively in the permanent real constitution of this universe, wholly independent of man, his works and his ways and his opinions, it must vanish like every other superstition; but, if it is, then the discovery of its objective foundation is the very highest work for which human reason exists.

Randall thus stands equally for the Sovereignty of Ethics and the Sovereignty of Reason: it needs but to apply Reason to Ethics, and to discern the rational foundation of the ethical ideal in the constitution of the real universe, in order to make these two sovereignties melt into one in the Cosmical-Rational Ethics of the future. This task is that of Scientific Theism; it ought to be done; it can be done and it will be done, all imbecile agnosticisms and illogical idealisms and unscientific materialisms to the contrary notwithstanding. But this is not the place to dwell on the subject further. Enough to say now that, though not in the least a systematic thinker, Randall's essential aim is that of all science and all genuinely scientific ethics, and makes him, in my own opinion at least, the ethical pioneer of his generation, its Poet of the Moral Life. What Matthew Arnold says in the preface to his Wordsworth is profoundly true: "A poetry of revolt against moral ideas is a poetry of revolt against *life*; a poetry of indifference towards moral ideas is a poetry of indifference towards *life*." Only he who knows that conduct is not three-fourths merely, but the whole of life, will fully appreciate Randall. As a "fanatic for justice," as a prophet who declares the seat of justice to be the throne of the universe, as a seer who proclaims

with Emerson — “If a man is at heart just, then in so far is he God; the safety of God, the immortality of God, the majesty of God do enter into that man with justice,” — Randall completely identifies the moral and the religious sentiments on the warrant of “the understanding.” He thereby makes himself the loftiest and truest exponent of ethical religion in our time. Nay, more: unless from the literature of the past there can be produced a poem which in terrible truthfulness to experience and in ethical grandeur of conception and in poetic fire shall be at least an equal to the “Ode to Conscience,” I see not how to withhold from Randall the laurel which is due to the most inspired bard of the Moral Law. Two whole centuries of New England Puritanism, filtered through the soul of Samuel Adams, transmitted to the soul of his descendant, and there etherealized in the fierce heat and light of modern thought, are needed to account for the unsurpassed sublimity of moral imagination in this closing apostrophe to CONSCIENCE: —

“Thou reignest in heaven, the archangels worship thee,
 Twin child with Love, first-born of Deity!
 No seraph from thy face so far can fly
 But thou dost fix and hold him with thine eye,
 Wilt find him out in the most secret place —
 Where'er he turns, he must behold thy face.
 Thou art o'er all, in all, throughout all Time and Space;
 And, if this earth and the sweet light of day
 E'er in chaotic darkness melt away,
 Thy deep low voice, 'mongst the celestial spheres,
 Will still sound on throughout the unending years.
 There wilt thou dwell the immortal hosts among,
 Uttering thy runes severe in deathless song,
 Falsehood from truth unravelling, right from wrong.”

F. E. A.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., June 1, 1898.



[FACSIMILE OF ORIGINAL TITLE-PAGE.]

CONSOLATIONS

OF

S O L I T U D E .

Os tenerum pueri balbumque poeta figurat;
Torquet ab obscenis jam nunc sermonibus aurem
Mox etiam pectus præceptis format amicis;
Asperitatis et invidiæ corrector et iræ;
Rectè facta refert, orientia tempora notis
Instruit exemplis; inopem solatur et ægrum.

Q. Horatii Epist. prim. ad Augustum.

B O S T O N :

JOHN P. JEWETT & COMPANY.

1856.

Dedicated
TO THE MEMORY OF
N. B. I.
BY HIS SCHOOLMATE, CLASSMATE, AND FRIEND.
THE AUTHOR



INTRODUCTION.

AUTHOR TO HIS BOOK IN EARLY SPRING.

Fly with the winds, frail leaves! The wintry hours
Need ye no more; let green ones take your place,
Since Nature opes once more her book of flowers,
And muffled February, with slow pace
Hobbling in storms away, lifts his white sock
From the moist field, and now from all the hills
Trickles the new-thawed ice, and down the rock
In every glen some crystal cataract spills.
The earth from its long sleep once more is free;
I, too, would break the spell of poesy.

Go, wanderers! I ask none to take ye in,
But welcome all to harbor ye who will;
And who cares least your fellowship to win
Is welcome most to leave ye fluttering still.
Farewell! On none intrude! The world is wide;
Go uncommended, dressed in plain attire,
That none may save ye for a fair outside
Who, if mean clad, had cast ye to the fire.
If ye be worthless, ye shall die, no doubt;
If ye be worthy, worth shall find ye out.

TO THE READER.

If aught here painted to thy soul or sight
Of moral truth or natural scenes delight,
Welcome! for thou art straight a comrade grown,
Who oft before hath walked with me unknown.
Yet, if thy taste reject a thoughtful book,
Forbear upon these pictures even to look;
Seek not to know me, lest, thy labor o'er,
We grow more perfect strangers than before.

CONSOLATIONS OF SOLITUDE.

DEDICATION.

Tell me, thou cold and senseless clay,—
If speech can rend those realms of night
Where Fate, that snatched thy breath away,
Hides thee so darkly from my sight,—

Where has the cheerful spirit fled
Which made that mouldering form so dear?
Is it even like thine ashes dead?
Lends it to love no listening ear?

Yet, since those moveless lips decline
To answer from the earth's cold womb,
Speak, soul, thyself, and give some sign
Shall pierce the mists that veil the tomb—

Some whisper through the gloom profound!
Say, dost thou value friendship yet?
Or, when thy temple fell to ground,
Didst thou all love with life forget?

'Tis vain ; no sound, no symbol speaks
From those dull shades at mortal bid ;
Well, then, till time the silence breaks,
Still keep thy secret, wiselier hid.

If, purified from earthly stain,
Thou hast no care for mortal lot,—

Lifted above all sense of pain,
Sorrow and sin alike forgot,—

Then to the sacred past I'll fly,
And to long-buried years go back,
In fancied youth will deem thee nigh,
And meet thee in each wonted track.

If, mingled with the viewless wind,
Both soul and sense have ceased to be,
Why, then, farewell — the Muse must find
Some moral prototype of thee,

And, since were thine both truth and love,
To truth and love shall she appeal;
Alas! though truth the sense approve,
Love can no more be near to feel.

Howe'er, where'er, whate'er thou art,
This tribute take — 'twas thine of old,
And to thine image in my heart
I yield it now, since thou art cold.

Although the flame less bright may burn
Than when, by youthful impulse fired,
Fancy to friendship's torch could turn,
And with new light become inspired,—

Still claim such gifts as Care permits,
Since thou art fled, while day by day,
Fixed at my side she mutely sits,
And with the dark hair twines the gray.

Speak, comrade — is there not, in truth,
For faithful hearts some hallowed shore

Where, with the warmth of life's first youth,
 Old friends may yet shake hands once more?

None? Then farewell! Yet let my speech
 Seem not presumptuous nor profane;
 Nor deem that selfishness can teach
 My heart to wish thee back again.

Yet, as the sailor's faithful hand
 Drags a few stones, with tears besprent,
 And builds, upon some barren strand,
 To friendship a rude monument:

So I, who mourned thy loss full long,
 Lone wandering where the sea of time
 Sweeps drearier shores, now build in song
 This humble monument of rhyme.

ODE TO GOD,

AS HE APPEARS TO THE CHILD, AS HE RECEDES FROM THE
 YOUTH, AND AS HE RETURNS TO THE MAN.

Where shall I look for thee, since now no more
 I see thee in man's likeness, Great Unknown?
 Each day I'm floating farther from the shore
 Of my fair land of dreams; life's Spring is o'er,
 And thou art gone.

Ah, once from the blue waves how glowing bright
 Thy face uprose in yon fair orb of day!
 And on the hill-top, with approaching night,
 I saw thy parting smile in reddening light
 Melt slow away.

Fast by the holy font wouldst thou appear ;
 Up the long aisle I saw thee as a dove ;
 In the grand organ I thy voice could hear,
 Through painted windows saw thee shining clear ;
 Thou wast all love.

In the dark night full oft — I scarce knew how —
 Thou cam'st in dreams, and, all unheard of men,
 Named me thy child ; thy bright wings fanned my brow ;
 Thou com'st at last no more — a Ruler now —
 A Father then.

Wast thou not wont each year, on first of May,
 To dress my flower plat, where the ice first thaws,
 And drench my vines ? Now, since thou'rt fled away,
 Love does the work no more, but clouds of gray,
 And natural laws.

Then I knew nought ; the sky, the grove, the stream,
 Were peopled all by phantasms ; then I saw,
 But sought no cause ; things were but what they seem,
 Yet few unlovely. Fancy's wayward dream
 Explained each law.

No longer wilt thou smile nor stoop to bless,
 But from afar each day dost set my task ;
 Each day thou growest greater, and I less ;
 Thou dost command, and if I acquiesce
 Thou dost not ask.

Yet still I feel thee in the freshening breeze,
 Still hear thee in each wave that sweeps the shore ;
 Still in thy works mine eye thy finger sees ;
 But now thou art the Master of all these —
 Father no more.

Resounding on all sides thy praise I hear ;
I see pale Terror kneel to kiss thy rod ;
Yet, sanctified far less by faith than fear,
Man's worship dreads, but doth not deem thee dear,
Unlike that God

Whom love names " Father ; " sages, " the All-wise ; "
The afflicted, " Comforter ; " while I've forgot
All titles for thee. With admiring eyes,
I view thine earth, thy seas, thy stars, thy skies,
And name thee not.

I feel thy wings upon the wintry blast ;
I hear thy chariot in the rattling thunder —
Think on thine infinite worlds, so bright, so vast,
Thine endless future and thy boundless past,
And mutely wonder.

Why should I dread thee, all-pervading Mind ?
Or whither go? Bereft of thee, how lone !
All dark without thy light, yet with it blind,
I cannot fly thee, and I cannot find,
Thou Infinite One.

Forever round and round thy planets sail —
Thou'rt far away, yet ever near dost dwell.
Strange Mystery ! To solve thee I must fail ;
I see thee, but can neither bid thee hail,
Nor yet farewell.

But now, methinks, once more the mists profound
Are scattering, and I see thy smile returning.
O, wonderful ! Mine eyes behold no bound ;
Millions of stars encompass thee around,
All brightly burning,

Each star a world, and all within thy sight
In reverence mute from age to age revolving —
Spheres twinkling numberless, from night to night
Reflecting thine unfathomable light,
Nor e'er dissolving.

All hail to thee once more! I see thy face
Benignant still; but now thou dost appear
No longer shut within a narrow place,
But in each atom, through all boundless space,
Again art near,

Parent once more! since, though beyond my sight,
On unknown worlds thou shinest, yet even there
A Parent still; they, too, in thee delight;
'Twas but thy brightness that begat my night;
Thou'rt everywhere.

Henceforth thus would I know thee, Sire of all,
Nor question make of thee; so speaks my heart.
All is in thee, and in thee nought can fall,
And thou in every thing, or great or small,
Wast, wilt be, art.

Yes, I again behold thee, night and day,
One and the same in wisdom as in will,
Watering my flowers once more in morning gray,
Melting at eve in mellow light away,
A Father still!

THE PHILOSOPHER IN SEARCH OF A RELIGION.

Forbear, O Faith, lest falsely thou direct
The unschooled reverence of a mind which sees
Thy votaries through the world, with blind respect,
Bending the knee but to false deities,
And veneration made a senseless tool
In the misguiding hands of knave and fool.

If to the east I turn, the turbaned sage
Meets me with sword in hand, and bids me place
My trust in selfish doctrines, and with rage
Unbrotherly wage war 'gainst half my race,
To gain a heaven, when from this earth I flee,
Whose bliss is brutish sensuality.

The timorous Brahmin, shocked at deeds like these,
Points to Surat, where fruit-fed Banians wait
And waste on vermin all life's charities,
Their hope's sole aim with these to change their state,
And claim requital when the rats and mice
Bequeath their holes to be man's paradise.

Another drives me from this patient task
To worship Mumbo Jumbo, or fall down
'Neath car of Juggernaut, or prostrate ask
The favor of rude idols, and to crown
The head of bull, or ass, or grinning ape,
Whose hideousness transcends all beastly shape.

Another with remorseless hands would stain
With human blood my altar, with raised knife
Red homage yield, and pay, like hated Cain,
Death-offering to the glorious Source of Life.
Another calls me to a different scene,
Where lewd Priapus holds his court unclean.

If from rude hordes to Christian lands I look,
The bigot, though more polished, is the same ;
A hundred clamorous sects, with cross and book,
Shout each a different doctrine, but one name.
Each bids me God in his own idol see,
Or in his demon seek my Deity.

If the dark page of history I explore,
What horrid tale it tells ! With what fierce speed,
Strife, Treachery, Hatred haste from shore to shore,
Life in the doctrine, death in every deed !
Such mischiefs in each moment brought to birth,
The wonder is, man still should cumber earth.

Here, chained 'midst flaming fagots to the stake,
The mangled martyr sinks in smothering fires ;
There, locked in dungeons for Christ's mercy's sake,
With shrieks and groans some tortured wretch expires,
Doomed with but this consoling thought to sink,
That 'midst a senseless race he dared to think.

Here Sorcery and Witchcraft spread their toils ;
There Heresy would blast the good man's name ;
While 'neath religion's cloak, grown fat on spoils,
The priestly robber pilfers without shame,
And, with earth's potentates joined hand in hand,
Drives truth and virtue out from every land.

Here cunning Avarice feigns to balance power,
And steals from either side to make all even ;
There Craft monopolizes earthly dower,
And pays the plundered with a pass to heaven,
And, on the spoils of others bloated grown,
Deeds lands in realms it ne'er shall see nor own.

How worthless an Elysium to the wise,
Peopled by such! Sure 'twere small joy to meet
Tyrants and hypocrites with upturned eyes,
Puffing with pride on each celestial seat ;
'Twere a far happier destiny to dwell,
With wise and good, in a more virtuous hell.

Lo, where, by all despised, the homeless Jew
Views wistfully the lost land of his birth ;
Faithful to old things rather than to new,
Oppressed by all, he wanders o'er the earth,
Shunned e'en by him whose doctrine is but love !
Surely, the serpent hath devoured the dove.

Slaves 'neath the cross, Ham's sons, by Heaven's command,
Water a stranger soil with sweat and tears ;
Slaves 'neath the crescent, Japhet's children stand ;
For truth in Spain grows falsehood in Algiers.
In each, to piety fraud makes profession ;
Power never yet lacked reasons for oppression.

Still Avarice in extortion must grow gray,
And Virtue fly to solitude from wrong ;
For Innocence is Cunning's natural prey,
The weak find ever bloodhounds in the strong ;
While Self, the hunter, with the whip of creed,
Lashes his dogs to ravage at full speed.

See, through the world, what endless train of ills
Mankind to a blind fate ascribe — the wise
To Ignorance, whom his own letter kills ;
Doomed slave of craft, and with hoodwinkèd eyes
Led on by armed Religion to defend
Fraud, force, and hate, in guilt that hath no end.

Yet, when the book I open, and begin,
 Through cloud of comment, the commands to read :
 "Let him who would cast stones be free from sin,"
 "Clothe ye the naked and the hungry feed,"
 Or, "As ye love yourselves your neighbors love,"
 Or, "Be ye perfect even as God above ;"

Still farther when I read : "Do to another
 As thou wouldst have another do to thee,"
 And find that man is named of man the brother,
 And all mere outcasts who lack charity ;
 While the great Father, imaged as a dove,
 Proclaims the peaceful government of love,—

Then do I learn that every man his creed
 Less from its doctrine than his heart derives ;
 'Tis still the wish is father to the deed ;
 Our gods are but the portraits of our lives ;
 And different natures from the self-same law
 Their different acts and different motives draw.

Yet, if from precepts to great Nature's face
 I turn my gaze, what glorious scene appears !
 What beautiful diversity of race
 Through the wide world the boundless prospect cheers !
 Herb, mineral, animal, in infinite kind,
 Ranged orderly by one creative Mind !

If I look farther, I perceive I stand
 Upon a frail, unpropped, revolving ball,
 Where sea is ever battling with the land,
 Earth a mere crust, like an o'erarching wall
 That spans a vault so thin, almost a breath
 The shell could shatter, flaming fire beneath.

And if I look beyond this narrow bound,
Which seems to men so vast, through endless space,
I see, revolving ever round and round,
Spheres following spheres, which whirl in endless race —
All, all afloat, yet all upheld, like me,
By the same law of central gravity.

And if, unwearied, still I strain my flight
Beyond those marvellous milky drifts where float
Bright worlds that swarm like snowflakes, day and night
Each urging through blank space its little boat,
Oarless and rudderless, yet each in fine
Destined to reach its port by love divine, —

Great Father, have I found thee? There's no shore,
Interminable space, yet light to light
Answering beyond for aye. I can no more;
Fancy can find no wings for such a flight;
Thy beacon fires, more far than thought can flee,
Flash on and onward to infinity.

Now to that spark would I look back once more,
By men called Earth, pale glimmering as a star,
One moment bright, the next all clouded o'er,
Scarce a mere speck, so infinitely far;
And now, my poor paternal acres, where,
Where are ye, that once cost me so much care?

Where what earth's fools name wealth? How passing small
Man's works! How weak his passions, vain his troubles!
Earth, sun, moon, stars, the heavens, mere nothings all;
The world itself, one of ten million bubbles,
Lit up by God's own beam, one moment bright;
'Tis all I know — the rest is dark as night.

Forbear! Man's temples must be mine no more!
 My fane I'll seek in yon blue vault immense,
 Hymns in the chiming spheres; my search is o'er;
 I've found Him, but in such magnificence
 That sight grows dark. His veil I cannot rend;
 He lives, but without origin or end.

THE DYING VISION OF BENEDICT ARNOLD.

Come, pierce this bosom, welcome Death!
 No enemy thou art;
 Thou stiflest but the hated breath
 Of one whose broken heart
 No refuge finds but in despair —
 Abhorred, detested everywhere.

Where'er I go, men frown on me;
 I walk like Cain on earth;
 All shudder when my face they see;
 Even in the halls of mirth,
 At sight of me, the voices gay
 In secret whispers die away.

When on some gala day I hear
 Men cry, "God save the king!"
 The very mob, if I come near,
 Point at the hated thing,
 Shrink at my vile name's very sound,
 And empty space straight girds me round.

O that, in hot pursuit close pressed,
 I might but make my stand,
 Bare to the stroke a warrior's breast,
 And lift a warrior's hand,
 And, bravely fighting with my foes,
 Hail the swift shot that brought repose!

But no! I must not feel man's wrath ;
My fate is more forlorn ;
Each hastes in horror from my path,
Or stares in silent scorn ;
And, if a soldier meets my glance,
He turns his back as I advance.

If to my thoughts for peace I fly,
Still peace and I must part ;
A hungry worm that will not die
Is gnawing at my heart ;
And conscience' self proclaims my ban,
Forever whispering, " Thou'rt the man ! "

When quiet night outspreads her wings,
I blush beneath the moon ;
Refreshing morn no solace brings,
Nor the bright blaze of noon.
The very sun, as if in wrath,
Frowns like a shadow on my path.

Scarce do I deem, when I am dead,
I shall escape despair ;
If in the grave I make my bed,
Can there be peace even there
For one with whom the good, the just,
Deign not to mingle even in dust ?

Were there but hope to die unknown —
That, when the sexton's hand
Placed o'er my grave a nameless stone,
I, in the stranger's land,
Might thus, even though by stealth, be sure
To moulder 'mongst the good and pure !

But no! man's hate will grudge me stones;
My fate hath long been sealed;
Scarce will the ploughman let my bones
Lie scattered on his field,
Lest they should breed his harvest's bane,
Wither his grass, and blight his grain.

Poor André, whose untimely fate
Was blest compared with mine!
In brooding on my lonely state,
How do I envy thine!
For thou wast loved and mourned, at least,
Not shunned like some wild, treacherous beast.

O, native land, forever lost!
For thee I heave no sigh,
Yet still must think at what dear cost
I'm forced from thee to fly;
Doomed to a traitor's deathless fame,
Millions unborn shall curse my name.

My sword is rusty with the gore
Of countrymen and brothers;
I've made full many a sire deplore,
And many weeping mothers;
But this I long have ceased to prize;
In my revenge none sympathize.

Curst day, when to the foe I fled!
Scarce had I left the boat,
When each that knew me turned more red
Than his own scarlet coat.
The men drawn up before my tent
Blushed at the order, "Arms present!"

And when, the foremost in the fight,
I bade all bravely stand,
Each officer looked black as night ;
All shrank from my command,
And would have served, I well could see,
Under a dog more soon than me.

The ungrateful knaves for whom I bled
Scowled at me when I passed ;
They grudged that swords my blood should shed,
Still longing to the last
To see me by the halter strung,
And to the hounds like carrion flung.

I hate them all ; I hate mankind,
Hate every living thing ;
Yet, though to infamy consigned,
Still to my pride I cling.
O soul ! be stubborn, nor deplore
The loss of honor, thine no more.

The thirst of gold hath been my bane ;
Yet 'twas not wealth I prized,
But rank and power I sought to gain —
Vain things, long since despised.
There's not a man so poor, so mean,
That would as Arnold's guest be seen.

No ! should I meet the very groom
Did once my stables tend,
He, too, would give me elbow room,
But scorn to be my friend.
Would that in earth I might but rot,
Alike by God and man forgot !

My life is like a darksome night,
 A cave without a vent ;
 No glimmering streak of cheerful light
 Across my track is sent,
 To dash the gloom through which I stray
 With a few drops of transient day.

I will not shed unmanly tears ;
 Yet, like the Wandering Jew,
 Might I but roam ten thousand years,
 And then my life renew,
 A happy, careless child once more —
 But no! The days of hope are o'er.

Peace, soldier, peace! these transports cool ;
 Let men deride thy name ;
 Thou conquered'st armies — wherefore, fool,
 Canst thou not conquer shame ?
 Fall at thy post, nor feel regret ;
 Be thy soul's heaven but to forget.

And, though thine enemies thy head
 To carrion crows may give,
 They do to thee but that, when dead,
 They dared not when alive.
 So the mind sleep, let crows refresh
 Their hungry stomachs with my flesh.

My senses reel ; a flickering mist
 Like dusk o'erspreads mine eyes ;
 But hark! what steps approach? Hist, hist!
 Armed files around me rise.
 Comrades, forgive, and grasp my hand!
 What, none? All mute and shuddering stand!

Then, since none other deigns me touch,
Despatch me, Death, at last!
Once I'd have done for thee as much;
Thy firelock load — stand fast!
Now give me all my soul's desire:
Captain, make ready — aim — and fire!

THE LAST MOMENTS OF NATHAN HALE.¹

One short half hour — 'tis all is left
Of my brief soldier life;
Then must I fall, of sense bereft,
While o'er my grave the strife
Shall rage as fiercely as before,
But me the trump shall wake no more.

No friend will follow in the host
That bears me forth to death;
'Midst jeering foes I yield my ghost;
Rough hands will choke my breath.
There's none 'mongst all that see me die
Will drop a tear or heave a sigh.

Yet were I firm, save but for one
Who loves me far away!
O mother! thou wilt mourn thy son,
Lamenting night and day;
Yet thou shalt learn, with sorrowing pride,
Thy soldier triumphed as he died.

'Tis true, the gallows' highway seems
An ill road to the grave;
'Tis true, my manhood's morning dreams
A fairer promise gave,
And bade me leap, at Freedom's call,
In her first ranks to fight and fall.

Yet to the wise it matters nought
What way he goes to dust ;
The sole thing worthy of his thought
Is, if his cause be just ;
And, if he's right, he'll act, nor think
Whether he's doomed to swim or sink.

Dear country, nought in death I dread,
Save that but once I fall,
And slumber idly with the dead,
When thou hast need of all ;
Thy living sons shall all defend,
While I with senseless earth must blend.

Thy cause requires a million hands
To battle with thy foes,
Lives numerous as the ocean sands ;
I have but one to lose.
Yet, though the sacrifice be small,
Disdain not, since I give thee all.

O that my blood from out the ground,
'Neath God's inspiring breath,
Might at thy trumpet's piercing sound
One instant leap from death,
Each drop a man, each man a spy,
Foredoomed in thy great cause to die.

How blest even so to serve thee still,
Slain o'er, and o'er, and o'er !
From field to field, from hill to hill,
I'd chase thy cannon's roar,
And shed my blood like showers of rain,
And fall, and rise, and fall again.

And when from all thy foes once more
Thy blood-stained soil was free,
And hill and dale, from shore to shore,
In peace dwelt tranquilly,
Gladly I'd die with war's last thunder,
And soundly sleep thy green earth under.

But hark! I hear the muffled drum
Roll like a smothered wave ;
And there the columns marching come
That bear me to my grave.
Farewell, dear native land! This heart
Feels but one pang as now we part.

I only grieve because my eyes
Thy glory may not see —
That I can serve thee but with sighs,
Nor more lift sword for thee!
I mourn because life's fleeting breath
Permits me but a single death.

Farewell, dear friends! sweet light, farewell!
Earth, take once more thy child ;
Brief is the tale my life can tell :
Thou hast me undefiled.
Death, I forgive thine early spoil ;
Thanks that I sleep on mine own soil.

Sergeant, I come ; all dread is o'er ;
Once, once again, farewell,
Land of my birth! I love thee more,
O, more than tongue can tell!
Now love's last dying gift receive ;
Alas! I've nought but love to leave.

RETROSPECT.

The gulf's far shore my straining sight
Scarce reaches through the deepening shades,
And, mingling with the growing night,
The gorgeous glow of sunset fades.
The lowing kine have ceased their moan ;
The furnace fires have lit the brine ;
And the quick chimes, with cheerful tone,
Ring out the evening hour of nine.

The marshy tribes renew their tune,
And spring with fragrance fills the breeze ;
And in full sail the ascending moon
Glides on her course through airy seas.
And now the sister Pleiads sink ;
The lighthouse beacons flash and fade ;
And, bending o'er the water's brink,
The cedars frown in darker shade.

Ah, once again through streaming tears
My thoughts retrace their ancient track,
And through the mists of by-gone years
To well-remembered scenes go back.
This is the spot — I marked it well ;
Thy face was sad, thine eyes were wet,
When thy voice, mingling with the bell,
Breathed its " Good-by ! " and " Don't forget ! "

Dim on the wave the barge receded
That bore thee swiftly from the shore,
And the light breeze brought back unheeded
The sullen plashing of the oar ;
But, when once more I stood alone,
Where both so oft of old had met,

Silence recalled thy look and tone ;
 "Fear not," I said, "I'll not forget."

Long years between our lives have swept ;
 I've looked for thee and found thee not —
 Lost thee in dreams, and waking wept,
 Till I half wished thou wert forgot.
 Oft, while the bird of night sings clear,
 And the pale mists sweep o'er the wave,
 Thy voice comes sighing on mine ear,
 Like a sad whisper from the grave.

How oft I've stood and scanned the bay,
 And fancied thou wert ferrying o'er —
 Seen the tides swell and sink away ;
 And, when I knew thou wast no more,
 Still faithful to unfriendly time,
 I'd haunt the beach that skirts the main,
 And hear the hope-deceiving chime
 Sing, "He will yet come back again."

"Forget me not!" Ah, not alone
 The yearning heart or plaintive bells
 Echo those words! With solemn tone
 All Nature's voice the chorus swells,
 Thy mournful warning fain to mock
 With myriad tongues of subtle skill,
 Which, restless as the ticking clock,
 Keep the tired mind remembering still.

The fading flower, the withering leaf,
 Yon crumbling arch, those grassy graves,
 Comrades resigned with tears and grief,
 Some laid in earth, some whelmed in waves,

Old friends whom now estranged I see,
 The time-worn clock that tells the hour,
 The moss-grown wall, the mouldering tree,
 The roofless cot, the ruined tower,—

The murmuring wave, the autumn breeze,
 Those wedgèd ranks which high o'erhead
 In screaming armies cross the seas,
 Each tolling bell that wails the dead,
 Old faces once so fresh and bright,
 Now sallow, wrinkled, lean, and wan,
 Each parting day, each passing night,
 All works of nature and of man,—

Sorrows and cares that will not slumber,
 Sweet life that like yon sun must set,
 And faults and follies without number,
 All ceaseless clamoring, "Don't forget!"
 Ah, friend, if wearied memory clings
 With its first fondness thus to thee,
 'Midst hosts of so distracting things,
 That memory must immortal be!

Yet, as the primrose scents the air
 More sweetly when the sun is fled,
 Remembrance thus to my despair
 Makes thee more dear that thou art dead.
 Thine image flits amongst these trees;
 Yon chimes each evening ring thy knell;
 And o'er the dusky bay the breeze
 Comes laden with thy last farewell.

Hark! The deep bells once more are pealing;
 The winds are hushed, the waves are bright;
 And, o'er the dreamy waters stealing,
 That voice, upon the wings of night,

Names me once more. Old friend, I'm near ;
Speak once again ; O, fly not yet !
'Tis hushed ; no other sound I hear
Save that faint whisper, " Don't forget ! "

But now no lingering beam betrays
The footsteps of the sunken sun ;
And, through the soft and silvery haze,
The stars come twinkling one by one.
Farewell ! Yet, if I might behold
Through the long past, without regret,
All fair as thou — but eve grows old ;
I must remember to forget.

THE LAMENT OF ORPHEUS.

What now avails it me,
To have been born of thee,
Calliope ? O, why so well
Learned I to touch the tuneful shell,
By thee and by thy sister Muses taught ?
Ah, woful day, when first these fingers caught
From great Apollo's hand the lyre so richly wrought !

And what avails it now
To have smoothed the rugged brow
Of the fierce dragon, that in sleep
Forgot what he was set to keep,
While 'neath the cliffs, above our heads that hung,
The hard-bound ship upon the waves I swung,
And the rocks ceased to move, and listened while I sung ?

Or that in Thracian cave,
Immured in living grave,

I tamed the rude, ferocious race
 That roamed like beasts about the place,
 Softening their rage to sympathetic mood,
 Till to unwonted tears they were subdued,
 Leaving their bloody rites for mutual brotherhood?

Ye gods! Why thus unjust
 To them that in you trust?
 Did not I first from tinklings vain
 Turn Music's voice to heavenly strain,
 And teach the sacred hymn on earth to sound?
 Sorrow is all the recompense I've found,
 Ever the fate of those whose brows with bays are crowned.

Not soon shall I forget
 The horrors of that pit!
 The demons, round me gathering fast,
 Winked at each other when I passed,
 And sneering said, "Here comes one more to dwell
 With the delightful brotherhood of hell."
 But all the din grew hushed, when thee I woke, sweet shell!

Now must I mourn for thee,
 Poor lost Eurydice!
 Serpent shall never sting thee more,
 Roving that dark and joyless shore.
 Ah, how each listening ghost, 'midst twilight pale,
 Wailed, gazing from his melancholy jail!
 While Charon, resting on his oar, forgot to sail.

The torturers, at the tone,
 Seemed as if changed to stone,
 And backward turned to hear the strain,
 And dropped their instruments of pain.
 Those sooty depths ne'er heard such sounds before;
 The very damned dared dream of bliss once more,
 And, in amazement hushed, some time forgot to roar.

The blood-born sisters listening,
 Their eyes with pity glistening,
 Looked upward from their iron bench,
 And ceased the mangled wretch to wrench ;
 Their dark cheeks were bestained with crimson tears ;
 The clustering snakes uncoil ; each, as he hears,
 Hangs nodding to the time, prone o'er his mistress' ears ;

Until all, soothed to rest,
 Droop down each Fury's breast.
 Then, through the vast, unechoing deep,
 Pain and despair were hushed to sleep ;
 And the charmed dog, on his three chins asprawl,
 Crouched to the ground, and toward the sounds 'gan crawl,
 Low whining to the chords in many a lengthening drawl.

Sweet lyre, thou even didst move .
 The pitying Fates above,
 Till Atropos attentive hears,
 Looks up, and on inverted shears
 Rests her lean hand, and with a long-drawn sigh
 Says, " Let the poor thing go ; she shall not die ;
 Go both, be free, but look not backward while ye fly."

I heard those words of peace,
 Solace ere long to cease ;
 Full soon, alas ! upon my tongue
 The glad Eureka died unsung.
 Yet now, ere from these glooms we 'gan to creep,
 What fearful silence filled the murky deep,
 Those wastes so still that even the Furies feil asleep !

But while, in silent pleasure,
 I clasped my long-lost treasure,
 Those dreadful women woke, full fain
 To be at their old task again ;

The tear, half started, in their eyes shrunk back ;
 The writhing snakes grew to a deeper black,
 And, at full length outstretched, loud hissed along our track.

Again the mournful cries
 All round about us rise ;
 Loud Charon chides his lingering train ;
 Awakened pity sleeps again ;
 And, as we hasten through the gates of hell,
 Far off the red-eyed dog begins to yell,
 And with his bark, sweet bride, is blent thy last farewell.

Swift as a flash of light,
 Snatched to the realms of night,
 With anguished looks and outstretched hands,
 She mingled 'mongst the infernal bands ;
 And, on their screaming hinges turning round,
 Loud crashed the ponderous gates with awful sound,
 And echo with ten thousand thunders shook the ground.

O, why remember more,
 Since time will ne'er restore
 Life's lost delights? Let men from this
 Learn not to trifle with their bliss.
 I deemed her mine ; my toil was almost crowned ;
 Forgetful but one instant, I looked round,
 And lost my all for aye, even at woe's farthest bound.

Learn from my doom to obey ;
 In fortune's brightest day,
 Let no one count on certain joy ;
 Fate in an instant can destroy ;
 And, though with tuneful art thy master skill
 All hell entrance, and make the heavens grow still,
 All shall be nought to him who once forgets Jove's will.

TO THE SHADE OF SAMUEL ADAMS.²

Patriot and sage! Forgive ungrateful time,
Whose wing so darkly o'er thy memory broods;
Nor be thy ghost disturbed because this rhyme
Upon thy sacred privacy intrudes,
From mists of years thus dragging forth the name
Of one who from the insulting breath of Fame
Had shrunk, as if good deeds, when trumpeted, were shame.

Yet would I men might more revere that band,
Whose heroes, self forgetting, seek for good
But in great principles, since Nature's hand
Forms such so sparingly, least understood,
Rarest of all her works that earth adorn.
How few are in whole generations born
Who can like heroes live, while yet the name they scorn!

Which one of all thine acts shall I first mention,
Which of thy sayings first, since to relate
Great things of thee doth not demand invention?
Self didst thou sacrifice to save the state;
Yet this men know, and now I would recall
Forgotten things, if so it may befall,
By lesser stars eclipsed, thou shalt not perish all.

But scarcely for thy sake, since thou wert last
'Mongst men to wish in mouths of men to be.
Yet would I that the virtue of the past
Live to inspire a late posterity,
Till, grown in love with justice, men may deem
Still best to be whate'er 'tis best to seem,
Lest truth be deemed a name, and virtue but a dream.

Shall I relate how, while e'en yet a youth,
 The rights of man by thee were understood,
 Arguing that much-vexed question, if, forsooth,
 Men may resist the laws?³ "If public good
 Demand it, then they may, and, to be free,
 O'erthrow the rulers." Thus, though young, by thee
 Foreshadowed was the march of human liberty.

Or shall I tell how trifling in thine eyes
 Seemed worldly wealth?⁴ Yet that thou didst not fall
 A slave to mammon will no man surprise,
 In one who for the nation's good gave all,
 Preferring to live poor, so it might be,
 When he was gone, his country might live free;
 The wise would surely smile, should I tell this of thee.

Or that with bribes they tempted thee in vain
 The sacred cause of freedom to betray⁵—
 In vain with threats would bend thee? That the stain
 Of traitor lay not on thee, shall I say?
 This were to place thee at the bankrupt's side,
 Whom men reward when debts are satisfied.
 O, no! To praise thee thus were only to deride.

For how shall rank or riches him seduce
 Whom his own safety tempts not? Yet I joy
 In those proud words thou spakest, when abuse
 They heaped on thee, even threatening to destroy.
 When in thine ear "Expect no pardon!" rings,
 Thou say'st, "Think not that I shall fear such things;
 My peace has long been made with the great King of kings."⁶

Was not thy soul delighted on that day,
 When the alarm bells rang from every steeple,
 And thou to the scared governor didst say,
 "I wait thine answer to the impatient people?"⁷

While he, abashed, quailed thy stern glance beneath,
 And men scarce dared break silence by a breath,
 Thou, fixed as fate, resolv'dst on liberty or death.

No less 'tis true that, throughout all the land,
 Thou soughtest in one will all men to bind,⁸
 That each by each in brotherhood might stand,
 And that, the struggle o'er, thou wast resigned
 To live obscure; men needed thee no more.
 So live the unselfish when, all danger o'er,
 The world, grown safe, goes back to follies loved before.

Nor less devoted wast thou on that day
 When, through the plains of Lexington, thy foes
 In many a troop did circumvent thy way.
 Bright o'er the hills the beauteous sun uprose;
 Freedom's first gun was fired, and thou didst say
 To thy companion, "'Tis a glorious day!"⁹
 He answered, "Yes, 'tis beautiful," but thou saidst, "Nay!

"I meant not that, though every work of God,
 'Tis true, is beautiful; but for this land,
 I meant, a glorious day. Henceforth the rod
 Of tyranny is broke, and we shall stand,
 As God means man shall stand, self-ruling, free;
 Henceforth our country shall a refuge be
 For all the oppressed on earth whose hearts love liberty."

Perchance the hope of freedom for mankind
 Is but a dream, and nations still must be
 Forever led in blindness by the blind.
 If so, still all the more I honor thee,
 And men like thee, who, though they cannot know
 Whether our race shall to perfection grow,
 Ne'er lose their trust in good, but hope it shall be so.

Prosperity ne'er found thee too elate ;
 Adversity still met thee undepressed ;
 Pure was thy life above all fear of fate ;
 Thy heart was true, thy soul so self-possessed,
 That, if the earth but one man owned like thee,
 And all beside should slaves and tyrants be,
 He had loved virtue still ; such through all time are free.

Didst thou not say : " If, of a thousand, all¹⁰
 Must sink in freedom's struggle save but one,
 Best still to fight, best the whole race should fall
 Save one free household ; liberty alone,
 Grafted on such a stock, would give creation
 To happiness more great than a whole nation
 Of cowering slaves could feel through a long generation " ?

Such was thy thought. Freedom thou hadst defended,
 Till to the polar seas thou hadst been pressed ;
 And, when her reign upon the land was ended,
 Thou wouldst have climbed the glassy iceberg's breast,
 And on thy crystal raft have sought repose
 In frozen regions where no herbage grows,
 And the white bear roams wild midst everlasting snows.

Such once men knew thee, though thy name, o'ergrown
 With weeds of time, hath rusted in this age ;
 Yet would I speak of some few things less known,
 Nor e'er yet written upon history's page, —
 Alas, how few ! because thou gav'st to flame¹¹
 Each record, howe'er precious to thy fame,
 Which on another's cheek could raise the blush of **shame**.

Yet some wise words, by filial reverence shrined
 In memory's casket, would the muse unfold,
 Though trifling. Sure thy shade no fault will find,
 But rather smile that such things should be told,

Unless, with Hampden and with Sidney met,
Rejoicing 'neath a sun that shall not set,
Thou dost at freedom's fount all things of earth forget.

I would relate thy words upon that day,

When some were mourning for that fragrant weed
Which now in Neptune's cauldron boiling lay.

They deemed it hard to flout the people's need,
And waste their wealth on ocean's deity,
Who scarce would thank them while he quaffed their tea
Why full-fed comfort yield for a starved liberty?

Then 'mongst the citizens didst thou arise,

And say: "To selfish counsels give no heed;
Lust not for Egypt's flesh pots, but be wise;
Be free alike in thought, and word, and deed.

Let us abandon bread if needs must be,
And, like our ancestors, by yon blue sea
Feast on her cast-up clams, ere we pay tax on tea!"¹²

Wise also were the words which thou one day

Didst to thy daughter utter. "Father," said she,
"Answer this question: Do they rightly say,
Who bid us shun all singularity?"

"In trifles to be strange," thou saidst, "were rude
Then, smiling, thou didst add, "be't understood,"¹³
'Tis right, my child, that we be singularly good."

Such was thy thought, when men once strove to unloose¹⁴

Thy horses, and through reverence in their place
Harnessed themselves; amazed, thou didst refuse

Farther to go, and, at the deep disgrace
Indignant blushing, didst exclaim: "Give o'er
If we are beasts, not men, let us restore
To our lost lords their mules, and bondage claim once more."

Not spoken vauntingly! Thou wast impelled
 By love of thine own kind; the rights of men
 By thee were in such estimation held,
 That life without them but as death had been.
 Still lenient in all trifling things, from thee
 Well-meaning weakness needed ne'er to flee;
 Guilt only feared thy frown, and soulless tyranny.¹⁵

Yet why should I such things of thee relate?
 They scarce can add new lustre to thy name;
 I would not that a life so truly great
 Seem blown to greatness by the breath of Fame,
 Which cannot more ennoble men like thee:
 Such scarce are honored by celebrity.
 O, no! true virtue still its own reward must be.

I'm glad thou didst die poor, that flattery's voice
 Deigns scarcely to applaud; for, if the upright
 Might always in prosperity rejoice,
 Life would no moral point, would shed no light;
 Selfish and wise would be as one, and then
 The good would seem but what the bad have been —
 Well-doers, not for good's sake, but to be seen of men.

Here will I leave thee, then, without a sigh
 For what is lost, but what lives of thee cherish;
 Since with thy words thine influence shall not die,
 I am content; thou shalt not wholly perish.
 Each good life doth lost faith in good restore,
 And that good men have lived, though now no more,
 Impels to greater worth than earth hath known before.

Sleep on — no monument of marble pride
 To mark thy grave, no flattering tongues nor pens
 To praise thee! Thus thou wouldst have lived — thus died —
 One amongst undistinguished citizens.

Thy memory sacred in their hearts shall be
 Who through all time most reverence liberty;
 And who best love mankind will ever best love thee.

No idle statue apes thine air — no bust ¹⁶

Mocks thy calm smile. Thou died'st with good outworn,
 And o'er the uncolumbed tomb that holds thy dust ¹⁷

Thousands of freemen pass each night and morn,
 Trampling the pavement with unceasing tread
 In never-ending armies o'er thy head,
 To whom thy very name is, like thine ashes, dead.

What matters it? Thy wishes are fulfilled!

A living tide sweeps o'er thee like a wave;
 And Freedom, for whom so much blood was spilled,
 Seems chanting thus the requiem o'er thy grave:
 "These streams of life were first inspired by thee;
 Thou taughtest first the fathers to be free.
 Be this thy monument — the children's liberty."

THE NUPTIALS:

OR, MARRIAGE OF THE TRUE AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

I saw, as in a waking dream,
 When mingles morn with night,
 The sun and moon, with mutual beam,
 Burst on my dazzled sight;
 And, wide unrolling in the blaze,
 The heavens seemed open to my gaze.

And a fair maid, of graceful mien,
 Stood with a youth in white;
 And all around heaven's hosts were seen,
 Clothed in celestial light.

The skies with sphery music rang,
And all the stars together sang.

But soon the strains more softly flow,
And in rich cadence close.
When Heaven's high priest, in robes of snow,
Upon his feet uprose ;
The hosts closed round him like a cloud,
While thus he raised his voice aloud : —

“Wilt thou, O Truth, this maiden take
To be thy wedded wife,
And, all renouncing for her sake,
Make glad with her thy life ?”
He spoke, and all the heavens grew still :
Truth answered solemnly, “I will !”

“Beauty, wilt thou,” the archangel cried,
“Accept this willing youth ?
Wilt thou renounce all loves beside,
And cling for aye to Truth,
Content his days to adorn and bless ?”
And Beauty, blushing, answered, “Yes !”

Then, with a shout that shook the skies,
Rejoiced the seraph bands ;
The two stood mute, with downcast eyes ;
The archangel joined their hands,
And blessed them both, and said, “’Tis done ;
Beauty and Truth, henceforth be one !”

As for what more I saw, if aught,
My senses have forgot ;
And oft I ponder in my thought,
If ’twere a dream or not.
Yet, when the Beautiful I view,
She still seems wedded to the True.

TO A SNOW-COVERED APPLE TREE.

Poor trunk, half hid in snowy wreath,
So late my favorite tree,
When your red-fruited boughs beneath
I rested carelessly —

How mournfully the howling blast,
This desolated scene,
And that cold, icy cowl, contrast
With days when you were green!

Here plucked I the first flowers of spring,
Here took my summer's nap,
Whilst you in playfulness would fling
Your apples in my lap,

Or with a sudden whisper break
The sleep that bound too long,
When cuckoos through the groves would wake
Their rain-foretelling song.

And here, through autumn's golden hours,
You've cast your ripened store,
And, ere half gathered, with new showers
Would still give more and more.

And oft, to make dull days rejoice,
With tales the time you'd cheer;
And still more lively grew your voice,
As winter grew more near.

And when October, clear and cold,
Had chilled my grassy seat,

How oft you've plucked your locks of gold,
And cast them at my feet!

Whene'er with friends, in pleasant speech,
I 'neath your shade reclined,
Your outstretched arms o'er all would reach,
In benediction kind.

And, if the fate of loved ones dead
At eve we would recall,
In dews, upon each downcast head,
How fast your tears would fall!

And, while we've talked of days gone by,
Or spoke in freedom's cause,
How oft you've answered with a sigh,
Or murmured your applause!

Here was I wont to quaff my wine,
So luscious to the taste —
A present from the graceful vine
That clung around your waist —

And still that clings, and seems to love,
Though faded all your charms,
Still reaching these deep snows above,
To clasp you in her arms.

Yet why should I bewail you here,
Or mourn o'er your decay,
Since the fond friends that made you dear
Have also passed away?

An equal fate we're doomed to know,
The self-same lot we share :

You stand forlorn in wastes of snow,
And I in wastes of care.

Time's frosts must bleach my locks of black,
As snows your every bough ;
To vanished joys we both look back,
And ask, "Where are they now?"

THE ASSABET BROOK AND RIVER.¹⁸

Born on hills and nursed by springs,
Its little waves, like outstretched wings
Feathered with foam, all snowy white,
Waft it adown, how swift! how light!
From uplands brown, where browsing flocks
Crop a scant meal amongst the rocks,
To meadows green and fertile fields,
Where earth her richest harvest yields,
Until its waters, clear and cool,
Enter my favorite bathing pool.
Here in content so still they lie,
Reflecting a scarce ruffled sky,
That in calm days the place might pass
For fair Narcissus' looking-glass —
All mute, save where a tinkling fall
Spills amongst hemlocks dark and tall,
And round the roots of each old tree
Curls with a whispering melody.
Where the trunk of blasted pine,
Wreathed around with many a vine,
All of boughs and bark bereft,
Weak and trembling, spans the cleft,
While yet another mounted higher,
Propped by green banks of sweetbrier,

Quakes beneath the trembling hands
Of him that on the frail bridge stands,
There, the tottering rail below,
The limpid waters wreathing flow,
Now hid from sight in piny shroud,
Now 'neath the light and quivering cloud
Of bending aspens glimmering pale ;
There swift the fleecy foam-balls sail,
Till, with the current clear and thin,
They plunge my little basin in,
And on the pool so smooth and deep
Lie settled in a tranquil sleep.
That pool, so pleasant to the sight,
At last shall stranger eyes delight,
Since now the artist's skilful hand ¹⁹
Hath made its placid breast expand
In mimic floods, on painted vales,
Where winds the rill through sepia dales ;
And now its little cataracts rush
O'er barriers built with pen and brush.
'Midst pencilled woods and inky grass,
Unheard, though seen, its waters pass,
And oft recall, in wintry hours,
Its merry route 'twixt banks of flowers.

But endless peace on earth below
Were bliss nor thou nor I must know ;
Fate such boon hath granted not
Or to man's or nature's lot.
Thou, too, bright and beauteous brook,
Oft dost lose thy tranquil look,
Destined in a sterner course
Force to overcome with force.
When, beneath a three days' shower,
Driven before the freshet's power,

Who shall dare thy waves restrain,
Lashed along by wind and rain?
Then the whirlpool, boiling round,
Swells above the basin's bound;
Bursting through its prison doors,
Down the rocky gulf it roars,
And the waves so wildly toss,
Human footsteps dare not cross.

Thus in spring-time's earliest green
Assabet's fair brook is seen,
Ere its greater namesake hides
In her breast its tiny tides.
But, when both, their floods combined,
In a river's strength are joined,
Then its voice more silent grows;
In a deeper bed it flows,
Sweeping on through glen and glade,
Now in light, and now in shade,
Plunging here 'neath buzzing mill,
There in broad pool resting still,
Till at last, in Acton's grove,
Scarce the current seems to move,
And its azure breast expands
To a placid lake, and stands
So still, that scarce a tiny wave
Ripples above the river's grave.
There from the east, with solemn frown,
Sudbury's pine-clad hills look down;
While to the west, in shadows deep,
The fields long after sunrise sleep.

Sweet, in the morn of sultry day,
To that o'erarching shade to stray,
Where the causeway spans the tide,

Flanked with elms on either side.
There, circling slow round islands green,
Fixed their foamy tracks between,
Poured through channels three, the torrent
Rushes in a triple current :
One checked when, shut across at night,
The sluicgate bars the water's flight ;
One almost dead, save when it drains
The vernal snows and autumn rains ;
While through the third the full stream gushes,
And to its steep plunge boldly rushes.
Here, as the torrent wildly tears
Down its rocky flight of stairs,
Low on either margin bending,
Drooping elms, their dark boughs blending,
Lock their long arms the gorge across,
And, as the breeze-fanned branches toss,
The green leaves fluttering to and fro
But half conceal the surge below,
Whiter than the drifted snow ;
While the pale mists, all silvery gray,
Brood o'er the gulf of boiling spray.

Sweeter, on some still night in June,
When full-grown leaves half hide the moon,
And every star his watch doth keep,
And all the house is wrapped in sleep,
To view without the cheerful light,
And see the ripples glancing bright,
When the dripping wheel hangs still
In the crazy old gristmill,
Where, trickling 'mongst the mouldering beams,
The flood sinks in a hundred streams ;
While far away the screech-owl shrill
Cries from the orchard 'neath the hill,

And the near cataract all night long
Lulls the ear with murmuring song.

Most beauteous, when the uprisen sun
Begins at morn his race to run,
And, levelling his arrowy beam,
Pierces the pines with fitful gleam,
Where, towering up the steep ascent,
Their tall tops sweep the firmament.
But soon the rays spill softly o'er,
And stream along the opposing shore,
Scattering in air the misty wreath
That broods upon the lake beneath,
On whose fair bosom night and day
Both at once their charms display,
Gleaming half like molten gold,
Shrouded half in shadows cold ;
While the broad hill, so darkly brown,
Dips in the wave its pine-capped crown,
And dives full many a fathom down.

Such, at least in days of yore,
Was the look the landscape wore ;
Such a look it wears no more.
Long ago the hands of men
Lopped the elms, laid waste the glen,
Swept the forest from the hill,
Closed the sluiceway, shut the mill.
All its beauties are defaced ;
Now the scene 's a naked waste.
Sweet Acton vales and woods, farewell !
No more the autumn breeze shall swell
Through your green boughs ; no sign appears
Of all I loved in earlier years,
Save where even yet the maples sigh

To the swift river sweeping by,
Or where the flume, with its dull moan,
Lends to the winds a deeper tone.
No more, through boughs the walks that lined,
I see the millwheel far behind,
In its white halo whirling round,
While the swift clapper's lively sound
Blent with the roar of the bright fall
That glittered through its leafy wall.

Still on the river's banks below,
Where, near the verge, the ball-flowers blow,²⁰
The little gravel walk that winds
Close on the brink even yet reminds
Of those blest days when, far from home,
I, as a school boy, loved to roam
Through the green pathway wet with foam,
While o'er the wave the grapevines hung,
Far out of reach. How tempting swung
The purple clusters, fain to sweep
The frothy flakes from out the deep,
So low they dangled! But at last,
A hundred lovely arbors past,
The flowery footpath devious wound
To a lone meadow, where no sound
Broke on the ear; where, broad and high,
Dense-wooded hills cut off the sky.
Here the deep stream flowed mute as death;
The very storm-winds held their breath,
And human feet drew seldom near;
The autumn breeze scarce whispered here;
And the deep waters, darkly blue,
With funeral pace went marching through,
Opening two vistas. Upward far,
The flume fell twinkling like a star;

Downward, one long bright streak was seen,
Flashing 'twixt walls of living green.
Farewell, brave woods the walks that shaded !
Since the rude axe your peace invaded ;
Farewell, sweet vale ! No more to brood
Recluse shall seek thy solitude.
The noisy highway ploughs thy breast ;
The lumbering cart-wheel breaks thy rest ;
And, in the solemn shades below
Where May beheld the unmelted snow,
Ten times a day, through hill and dale,
With fiery breath and clattering tail,
A dragon black glides yelling through,
Soiling with dust the morning dew,
And, from a throat that reeks with steam,
At thy green gate sends forth his scream,
Hideous to hear. O, never more
Shall time thy loveliness restore !

Yet why should I such fate lament,
Who, ere youth's dreamy days were spent,
Learned to foresee in each to-morrow
An equal chance for joy and sorrow.
'Tis sure small reason now for tears
That thou art changed in twenty years,
When I have known one single night
Snatch from my arms life's best delight.
I, too, am changed, nor more despair
Because things are not what they were,
Since with each change, howe'er bereft,
I count unnumbered blessings left ;
And, prone to hope, I live at last
More in the future than the past.
Yet 'twould some pleasure yield, I deem,
Were I but master of life's stream,

As thou of thine, blue smiling river,
That flowest gayly still as ever.
In vain shall man his hands employ
All thy beauty to destroy ;
Still in the groves thy steps are free ;
He hath not locked thee there ; I see
Thine untamed strength, delighting still
To sweep the vale and cleave the hill,
Where, laughing loud in joyous song,
Thou flashest the green fields along,
Till, in old Concord's battle plain,
Thy gladsome face grows grave again.
There, joined with Sudbury's sluggish tides,
In statelier march thy current glides.
Near that gray column, rude and low,²¹
Where Freedom struck her earliest blow,
Thy reverential waters pass
Smooth as a lake of molten glass.
But here, fair stream, I heed thee not ;
Flow on thy course, henceforth forgot.
Soon shalt thou hear amongst the hills
The clattering of a hundred mills,
There fated for some while to be
Tamed to a transient industry,
Trained to the trench to feed the flume,
Twirl the spindle, work the loom.
But tyrants cannot rein thee long ;
Thou dost remember thine old song,
Which first was taught thee by the fountain
That fed thee on her native mountain ;
Not long contented thus to be
Bound to a toilsome slavery,
Sudden thou leapest on the back
Of the mighty Merrimack,
Who bears thee on in laughing glee,
Glad of his new-found company.

Soon shalt thou hear the surges roar
Where the great billows lash the shore ;
There Neptune waits, and with delight
Sees his descendants heave in sight ;
Alas, thou dost not know his face,
The kingly grandsire of thy race !
He was the father of the fountain
That first begat thee on the mountain.
'Tis done ; old Newbury's sandbars crossed,
Soon shall the ship-lined shore be lost.
Farewell ! The old sea king claims thy charms ;
Thou'rt clasped in thy great grandsire's arms.

Lost for a while, thou shalt not perish ;
Ocean's care thy life shall cherish ;
And, though thou seem like one entombed,
Not to dissolution doomed,
But exhaled, and soaring high,
Thou shalt mount the azure sky,
And, to life eternal fated,
O'er and o'er shalt be created.
Sometimes in fierce torrents pouring,
When the winds and waves are roaring,
Thou, 'midst thunders bellowing loud,
Shalt leap in lightnings from the cloud,
Then in gentle showers of rain,
Softly shalt descend again,
To refresh the thirsty earth,
And bring the buried flowers to birth.

Happy river ! Well in thee
May imagination see,
Mirrored, mortal destiny.
In alternate peace and strife,
Floweth thus the stream of life ;

And what erring men call death
 Is renewal of our breath.
 Just as vapors from the main
 Soar in mist that sank in rain,
 So in death life shall not rust,
 But, exhaled from worthless dust,
 From earth's bosom it shall rise
 O'er again to greet the skies,
 And its Almighty Author bless,
 Father of life and happiness.
 Farewell, sweet Assabet! I see
 Pictured in ocean, and in thee,
 An emblem of eternity.

TO AN ALCHEMIST,

SEEKING THE ELIXIR OF LIFE.

And wouldst thou seek, misguided man
 To immortalize this earthly life —
 A life, even now, whose little span
 Suffices for unending strife?
 O, spare thy labor, lest I see
 Man's direst enemy in thee.

Full soon, even now, our years grow old;
 Life's joys are spent before its breath;
 And, long before the blood grows cold,
 The heart is oft consigned to death.
 Should fate forget life's thread to sever,
 Then guilt and grief would last forever.

Teach how to kill both time and care;
 Then will I hail thee as a friend!

But life will drive us to despair,
 If Time himself must know no end.
 O, curse not thou the race of men
 With more than threescore years and ten !

If from the throats of one another
 Thou couldst awhile the fangs restrain
 With which each wolf devours his brother,
 To make men happy still were vain ;
 For, all the fiercer passions past,
 The beast turns miser at the last.

O, transient life of man ! How vain
 Thy miserable days appear —
 Record of guilt, despair and pain,
 Still lengthening on from year to year !
 Ah, who would stay the hand of fate,
 And give to woe an endless date ?

I see the infant doomed to weep,
 Scared by a thousand causeless fears ;
 Life's happier half benumbed with sleep,
 The rest consumed in useless tears ;
 Wanting it knows not what, nor why,
 Oft doubting if to laugh or cry.

The child his time in wishing wastes,
 Still building castles in the air ;
 The youth is restless till he tastes
 The cup whose waters breed despair ;
 Both weaklings, doomed full oft to stand
 Misguided by another's hand.

I see the man but as a child
 More shameless grown ; he wastes life's hour
 In aimless schemes or actions wild,
 Tormenting through abuse of power,

Tormented by his lusts, and torn
By passions of the Furies born.

I see the old man but wise in name,
Crabbed and sour and disappointed,
Cowardly, covetous ; his frame
Crazy and cracked and all disjointed,
His wits unsound, his love unprized,
Despising youth, by youth despised ;

And, if extended to fourscore
Upon life's rack, a lengthening train
Of bodily ills ! What wouldst thou more ?
Chill rheumatism's dull chronic pain,
Gravel, and cramps, and twinging gout,
Rack the dry bag of bones about.

Then life goes back to its first tears ;
The dotard starves himself, in dread
Lest starve he may, forsooth, and fears
There's none will bury him when dead,
Nor dreams his heirs may well be tasked
With work they'll gladly do unasked.

Good God ! Beyond this living death
Wouldst thou have more ? Thy search forbear ;
Even let me earlier yield my breath,
Following the gentle and the fair.
Since such is life, 'twas wisely sung,
"He in whom Jove delights dies young."

Good alchemist, even hold thy hand ;
Yield death his due ; hard lot 'twould be,
If life's vast lazar-house should stand
Uncleansed to all eternity ;
And, if thou wouldst control man's fate,
O shorten, not extend his date !

TO LUDOVICO CORNARO.

O thou that for an hundred years
Didst lightly tread the ancestral hall,
Yet sawest thy brethren bathed in tears,
Cut down ere ripe, and round thee fall,—

Well didst thou deem long life the measure
Of long enjoyment to the wise,
To fools alone devoid of pleasure ;
Thou wouldst not die as the fool dies.

Robbed of thy titles, lands, and health,
With man and fortune in disgrace,
In wisdom didst thou seek thy wealth,
Thy peace in friendship to thy race.

With thine eleven grandchildren met,
Thou couldst at will become the boy ;
And, thine own sorrows to forget,
Couldst lose thyself in others' joy,—

Couldst mount thy horse when past fourscore,
And climb steep hills, and on dull days
Cheer the long hours with learned lore,
Or spend thy wit on tales and plays.

In summer, thou wast friend of flowers,
And, when the winter nights grew long,
And music cheered the evening hours,
Still clearest was the old man's song.

Thus, while thy calm and thoughtful mind
The ravages of time survived,
Three generations of mankind
Dropped round thee, joyless and short-lived.

Thou sawest the flowers of youth decay,
Half dried and withered through excess,
Till, nursed by virtue's milder ray,
Thy green age grew to fruitfulness.

Thou sawest life's barque on troubled seas
Long tossed; care's clouds thy skies o'ercast;
But calm content, with moderate breeze,
Brought thee to wisdom's port at last.

Life's evening, wherein most behold
Their season of regrets and fears,
Became for thee an age of gold,
And gave thee all thy happiest years.

As gentle airs and genial sun
Stay winter's march when leaves grow sere,
And, when the summer's race is run,
With a new summer crown the year;

So temperance, like that lingering glow
Which makes the October woods so bright,
Did on thy vale of years bestow
A glorious autumn of delight.

What useful lessons might our race
From thy so sage experience draw!
Earth might become a joyous place,
Would man but reverence nature's law.

Soar folly, self, and sense above;
Govern each mutinous desire;
Nor let the sacred flame of love
In passion's hurricane expire.

No wondrous works of hand or mind
 Were thine ; God bade thee stand and wait,
 A living proof to all thy kind
 That a wise man may master fate.

Happy that life around whose close
 The virtues all their rainbows cast,
 While wisdom and the soul's repose
 Make age more blest than all the past !

ODE TO CONSCIENCE.

Mysterious monitor, that in the crowd
 Art silent most while other tongues are loud,
 But in still seasons, when there's none to hear,
 At night, and in lone solitudes, art near,
 Startling the drowsy soul with speech severe !
 O how shall he who fears thee from thee 'scape ?
 How learn to shun thee, thou that hast no shape ?
 If he would fly, the whirlwind thou outridest ;
 If he would hide, in his own heart thou bidest.
 Who swiftest runs is soonest with thee met,
 Remembering most when most he would forget.
 If pleasure beckons, straightway thou intrudest —
 If business, thou on privacy dost press ;
 If sleep beguiles, then in a dream thou broodest,
 Most dreadful in most absolute emptiness.
 Knocking at no man's door, where thou wilt stay,
 There interest thou, nor wilt be driven away.

Sometimes in midnight dark thou dost mount horse,
 Riding fierce nightmare with thy fiend, Remorse ;

Sometimes thou dost come sailing through the air,
Borne on the black wings of thy bird, Despair.

Yet ever without din,
Unseen, thou enterest in,
Most like a noiseless breath,
When all is mute as death,

And he who hears thy still small voice
Reproaching can no more rejoice.
Although he scours away in dread,
Soft as the step of thief, thy tread
His frightened fancy hears, and feels
Closely pursuing at his heels ;
Or, like one riding on his back,
Thou'rt with him though he shifts his track,
And thy upbraidings, whispered clear,
Are ever ringing in his ear,
Like the continuous knell
Of never-ending bell.

When old Night her watch doth keep,
And the world is wrapped in sleep,
Flitting the eye and ear between,
Like a thing half heard, half seen,—
Now real, now unreal,— in a dream
Thou harpest on some dim-remembered theme
Of evil, dead and buried long,
Which thou wilt weave in solemn song,
Recalling what we would remember not,
Making most clear what was most long forgot,
And in the breast
Breed such unrest,
As thrills the night when some great wave's commotion
Sends its vast whispers from the heaving ocean.

No evil doth so hidden lie
But thy keen sight can it descry,

And from the dark void of the past
 Thou wilt draw out the thing at last,
 Even as a dog brings stones that in the waves are cast,
 And o'er and o'er the action will repeat,
 And drop them reeking at his master's feet.
 Or, as from deep earth out of sight
 He drags a murdered corpse to light,
 So from the guilty past thou drawest, unbid,
 The thought that from its very self was hid,
 And before blushing memory's eyes wilt lay
 The hateful thing in the full glare of day.

Through stole and cassock thou canst see
 The cold heart of hypocrisy;
 Thou dost rend off the covering thin
 Of vanity's gay, painted skin,
 And what a virtue seemed wilt show a sin.
 Pride thou detectest in humility,
 Fraud in sweet smiles, and selfishness canst see
 In what the world deemed magnanimity.
 The false, midst praise, still hear thy voice condemn,
 Saying, "Woe betide thy deeds! Thou wouldst be seen
 of men."

Names in thy thought do not for natures stand;
 What men deem gold to thee is glistering sand;
 And whom the world calls fair, or just, or wise,
 When tried by thee, thou dost so worthless prize,
 That ugliness grows foul in its own eyes.

Who so just that can be sure
 In thy judgment to stand pure?
 Sole court whose verdicts none can doubt,
 Setting our sins to find us out,
 Thou doomest each, howe'er he err,

To be self-executioner,
 Sure that the guilty will invent
 Their own severest punishment,
 And that no retribution he shall lack
 Who is but left to find the rod for his own back.

Thou restless one, begone, and sleep
 In desert wild or forest deep !
 In my heart why wilt thou lie,
 Like a worm that will not die ?
 Why vex my unrefreshing slumber ?
 Nightly thou my faults dost number ;
 And, if I bid thee come no more,
 Thou countest plainer than before.

Thou dost even creep into the house of mirth,
 Hover unwelcome round the social hearth ;
 Oft in laughter wilt thou wail,
 Making the rosy cheek turn pale,
 And the affrighted soul wilt mock
 In the ticking of the clock,—
 Wilt in embers, while they die,
 From the ashes seem to sigh.
 Ever present, though unsought,
 Thou hauntest each most secret thought,
 Breaking with these harsh words our peace :
 “Thou and thine evil soon must cease.”
 Even at the feast, in flowing bowl,
 Thou dost appall the guilty soul,—
 Wilt join the dance with noiseless tread,
 And, with dull sighs and moanings dread,
 Wilt mingle with the music's sweetest breath,
 And change the gayest notes to the deep wail of death,
 Bid lights burn blue, ghosts dance upon the wall,
 And curtain every window with a pall.

But with a pang how fierce
Thy vengeance loves to pierce
Their flinty hearts, whose selfish pride
Would human sufferings deride !
When some unwonted grief is brought to birth,
Shrouding in sudden gloom the joys of earth,
The reckless wrong that roused no dread,
While false prosperity protected,
Back upon the guilty head
Recoils, resistless, unexpected.
And oft, in hours of discontent,
When passion its last force hath spent,
Or when man's childish rage
Dissolves in hoary age,
And care no more can be forgot in jollity,
Thy frown can dotage fright from its frivolity ;
Thou like a breaker from the past wilt roll,
And with sad memories overwhelm the soul,
And o'er thy surging waves the will hath no control

The man whose power oppressed the weak,
Whose face the humble durst not seek,
Ready to crush his rival, scourge his slave,
Yet by the world named chivalrous and brave,
Who, proud of lofty look and lordly eye,
Ne'er dreamed that insignificance could fly
To higher laws from human tyranny,—
He who waxed fat in days of strength,
Reduced to helplessness at length,—
Trembles with terror as he hears
Thy low voice whispering in his ears.
For thou wilt come in hour forlorn,
And him that laughed thy power to scorn
Thou wilt make sweat with fear and dread,
Even while he walks with towering head ;

And, while his countenance betrays
No signs of restless nights and days,
While in his pomp vain worldlings see
The bright smiles of prosperity,
Thou, lurking 'neath that outside gay,
Wilt lie concealed, and day by day
Gnaw peace, and hope, and health away.

Thou wilt even search that dullard out
Who of his error lives in doubt,—
Whose empty, undistinguished life
Is spent afar from noise and strife,—
Who deems himself of saintly kind,
Since evil, lurking in his mind,
Ne'er into world-wide action grew,
Rejoicing that his crimes are few;
Yet who, by sophistry acquitted,
 Long did such evil as he durst;
A tyrant where the law permitted,
 His enmities in secret nursed,
And, shrinking from the open blow,
Sought but to undermine his foe;
A wretch who fain from danger's face would flee,
But never spared a prostrate enemy.
He did not murder, nor at midnight steal,
He ne'er rebelled against the common weal,
Was no adulterer, and detested dice;
Yet each mock virtue, gendered of some vice,
Can claim no ancestor save cowardice.
This man thanks God that he hath been
No profligate, like other men,
Since with less warmth, less love than they,
No strong temptations led astray;
"Favored by grace!" as if Heaven's smile
E'er beamed benignant on the vile!

O thou, who with sharp eyes canst see
Each mean shift of hypocrisy,
Who, sparing oft the man of action,
Pitying the angry feuds of faction,
Art still most terrible to these,
Who would both God and mammon please !
Even though thou sleep, thou see'st, and wilt awaken,
And judge ; few e'er by thee are long forsaken.
Yes, thou wilt rouse, relentless even to those
Who fain had wronged, but failed to reach their foes,
Who pondered evil, but the deed refrained,
Who only wished, while chance or fear restrained.
Thou wilt disdain to ask, "Was crime committed?"
Who but designed, or willingly permitted,
Hath done the deed, and may not go acquitted.
He starved the famished that refused him bread,
And he hath stolen who only coveted ;
He stabs his victim who but hides the knife ;
He slays his foe that will not save his life ;
For 'tis the mind that murders, in thy sight ;
The heart is guilty, though the hands are white.
Man is deceived ; he sees, as in a dream,
Not what things are, but only what they seem.
He knows the act, but cannot judge the will.
The thief who walks in light loves darkness still ;
Hatred can smile, hypocrisy can pray,
Silence can lie, embraces can betray,
And fraud, even with true words, from truth can lead
astray.
But thou wilt track imposture ; thou wilt trace
Guile to the altar's self, and face to face
Wilt meet, and wilt unmask, reckless of time and place.

Thou dost deem great what oft the world deems least ;
Fierce words, harsh thoughts, even cruelty to a beast,
The unnecessary blow, the wanton wound,

The shot that felled some creature to the ground,
 That choked yon harmless thrush's music sweet,
 And laid the songster lifeless at our feet.
 Thou askest by what right we do such wrong,
 Shattering God's beauteous instrument of song ;
 And, when mischance with some unwonted pain
 The wanton sport revenges not in vain,
 Then these small wrongs will breed such melancholy
 As health had laughed at for an idle folly.
 All will come back ; each creature's dying moan
 Will haunt us with a sad, reproachful tone.
 Things that seemed little in our eyes
 Will swell in thought to monstrous size ;
 And faults for which we felt ashamed to care
 Will, in the hour of anguish, breed despair.

O pitiless one, that wouldst be sighing
 In the dull ears of sick and dying,
 Ever vexing most the breast
 That hath greatest need of rest !
 Wilt not thou, too, die at last,
 When the din of life is past ?
 Or, in the gloomy shades below,
 Wilt thou forever to and fro
 Pursue the viewless, voiceless band
 That ghastly roams the Stygian strand ?
 Alas for man's poor, persecuted race,
 If it shall ne'er escape thy tireless chase !
 Might we but feel thy blows, thy countenance see,
 'Twere comfort, even though vain from thee to flee ;
 But dreadful is the thought of unseen enemy.

Art thou, then, foe
 To all men? No!
 To them that are born blind,
 Stern one, thou canst be kind,

Friend of the generous, just and wise ;
 The upright alone with fearless eyes
 Greet thine approach, and who can gain
 Thy friendship may scorn earthly pain,
 In desert wastes or prison cell
 Need not discontented dwell,
 Nor dread, if he but do thy will,
 Them that the body only kill.
 Even Error's self within thy sight
 Walks guiltless, so he meant the right,
 Even though, unshocked and unrelenting,
 He hath stood by with mind consenting
 To the destruction of the good ;
 Even though bestained with innocent blood,
 Thou lettest him escape unchid,
 Because he knew not what he did.
 But, above all, is dear to thee
 Plain truth and frank sincerity ;
 The wish benign, the action kind,
 Ever a friend in thee will find.
 Thou hast no care for human creeds,
 Loving good will and generous deeds ;
 None ever yet with man dwelt as a brother,
 But found thee kind and gentle as a mother ;
 For thou, like God above,
 Ever best lovest love,
 And thou and he will much forgive
 To them that with much love shall live.
 Whom thou befriendest ever walks in light ;
 His morn is not more lovely than his night ;
 Long, solitary years canst thou beguile,
 Where thou wilt grant one fond, approving smile.

O when, 'neath wintry moonbeams pale,
 Thou deignest thy dread face to unveil,

Let it not be with that sad look
 At which repentant Peter shook,
 When the cock crew! That awful glance,
 Keen and piercing as a lance,
 Might make even Satan leer askance,
 Met while on wicked errand bent,—
 Glance to strike dumb the irreverent,
 And guilt make mad, as, blood-defiled,
 From realm to realm, from wild to wild,
 Fled Clytæmnestra's hapless child,
 Remorse forever on his track
 And all the Furies at his back.
 Nor eye me with that gaze intent
 Which can fright even the innocent,
 And drive Dejection to despair,
 When, deeming heaven disdains her prayer,
 She vaguely wails some shadowy sin
 That may no pitying pardon win.

Ah, while thy face unveiled I see,
 If thou shouldst speak, let it not be
 With that stern voice which, like a knell,
 On ears of traitor Judas fell,
 When thou didst bid the wretch farewell,—
 But with approving smile and speech,
 Such as could suffering patience teach
 To his mild Master, on that morn
 Which saw him unresisting torn
 With bloody scourge and crown of thorn ;
 Such as, in Truth's great service, gave
 To Socrates a soul to brave
 Hate, persecution, and the grave ;
 Such as sustained the steadfast mind
 Of Belisarius, old and blind,
 Who begged his bread with humble mien

Where once he had a conqueror been ;
Or such as could sweet hope reveal
To virtuous Calas, doomed to feel
The terrors of the torturing wheel ;
Or such as solaced Orleans' maid,
When, not in arms, but flames arrayed,
She met her sad fate undismayed ;
Or such as in these later years
Could nerve the hand and calm the fears
Of that fair girl of Normandy,
Who, with a dauntless soul and free,
Left home and friends, and, knife in hand,
Burning to save her ravaged land
From License, that with ruthless tread
Strode o'er the grave of Freedom dead,
Flaunting her cap upon his head,
Slew, as she hoped, even in his den,
That dragon gorged with flesh of men —
In vain ; too numerous was the brood
Of savage beasts that raged for blood.

O, tranquil yet relentless Power,
Reverenced even in childhood's hour,
Although, some time from thee estranged,
I knew thee long with countenance changed !
Let me walk humbly in thy sight,
With honest thought and heart upright.
None can avoid thee ; though he fly
Beyond the realms of space, thine eye
Shall follow there, and all his ways descry.
If with forgetfulness, to shun despair,
Listless he dwells, lo ! thou art present there,
Still following like his shadow ; who from thee
Hopes to escape first from himself must flee.
Where'er I bide, thy still small voice I hear,

Accusing or excusing, ever near,
Judging my love, my hate, my hope, my fear,
Sifting even dreams as well as thought and action,
Compacts dissolving, sundering the bands of faction.
With noiseless flight, thy spirit on viewless wings
Strengthens weak hands, and the strong arm unstrings,
Makes slaves go free, and can make slaves of kings.
Thou governest all — the sailor on the wave,
The soldier in his tent, the hermit in his cave,
The conqueror at his feast, the mourner at the grave.
Thou reignest in heaven, the archangels worship thee,
Twin child with Love, first-born of Deity!
No seraph from thy face so far can fly,
But thou wilt fix and hold him with thine eye,
Wilt find him out in the most secret place,—
Where'er he turns, he must behold thy face.
Thou art o'er all, in all, throughout all **Time and Space**;
And, if this earth and the sweet light of day
E'er in chaotic darkness melt away,
Thy deep low voice, 'mongst the celestial spheres,
Will still sound on throughout the unending years.
There wilt thou dwell the immortal hosts among,
Uttering thy runes severe in deathless song,
Falsehood from truth unravelling, right from wrong.

THE MORNING, NOON, AND NIGHT OF A SUM-
MER'S DAY.

MORNING.

Fair is the face of morn,
When, from his watch retreating, the day-star
Quenches his lamp, and echoing hounds and horn
Ring o'er the hills afar !

Still sleeps the cloudy fold
Whose fleecy flocks o'er all the hills lie spread,
When, scarce concealed behind her veil of gold,
Aurora leaves her bed ;

But when, with saffron locks,
From his cold bath upsprings the god of day,
All drenched in showers of light, the frightened flocks
Scatter in mists away.

Now, like a spark of fire,
His wheel above the plain begins to rise ;
And now the flames, his chariot mounting higher,
Illumine all the skies,

Redden each rocky steep,
Spill down each slope, and fill with golden fire
The glen, the gorge, steal through the forest deep,
And wake each feathered choir.

Nor beauteous less, in days
When drifting fogs obscure the morn awhile,
And when, in mellow gleams, the silvery haze
Is softened to a smile.

Sometime, in vapory shroud,
 The drizzly mists o'er all the meadows hang ;
 While, through the brooding rift, booms doubly loud
 The distant clock-tower's clang.

Soon from the valleys green
 The reek, dispersed, floats drifting far and wide ;
 And now once more the pearly lake is seen,
 Now the dark mountain's side ;

And now the sudden blaze,
 From yon blue rent, fires up the sparkling grass ;
 And, as the sun, unveiled, begins to gaze
 Down in his watery glass,

Slowly from all the scene
 The hoary vapors high in heaven uprise,
 And in blue hills, dark woods, and valleys green,
 The boundless landscape lies.

NOON.

Sweet is the hush of noon,
 When light hath searched each solitary nook,
 And the brown oak scarce whispers to the tune
 Of the light-babbling brook,—

When cattle on the hill
 Have gathered round the roots of each old tree,—
 Mute all, save the woodpecker's hammering bill,
 Or buzz of humming bee,—

When in the quiet wood
 The turtles gather where the brook flows by,
 All life retired to deepest solitude
 To shun the sultry sky.

Then in some grove forlorn,
Whose shade the bosom of the stream embowers,
'Mid glooms so deep that color sleeps unborn
In the night-shrouded flowers,

Where clustering vines enwreath
Some aged oak, I also would retreat,
And, undisturbed the leafy arch beneath,
A prostrate log my seat,

Retired with friend or book,
I'd shun the busy wilderness of men —
Though fain sometimes to quit the wood, the brook,
The gloom-inspiring glen,

For the deep-vollied roar
Of lengthening waves that thunder on the beach,
Or breezy lake, so broad that the far shore
The tired sight scarce can reach,

Save that, 'twixt isles of green,
Through vistas blue the eyes delighted stray
To where huge misty mountains bound the scene,
And soar in heaven away.

NIGHT.

Fair, too, is mellow eve,
When dusky shades o'er all the landscape creep,
And the bright clouds their rosy radiance leave
Upon the reddening deep!

The cricket sleepless sings,
The glimmering firefly dimly lights the vale,
And ghostly wraiths outstretch their vapory wings,
And up the meadows sail.

Now living things seem dead,
And dead ones to a dreamy life are born,
And shapeless visions sweep the air o'erhead,
Or walk the earth forlorn ;

Till from her cloudy cave
Comes out in silvery robes night's beauteous queen,
While each pale star peeps from his airy grave
Forth on the night serene.

But, hark ! that bird I hear,
Which ever mourns at either end of day,
Chiding the stars, or whether they appear,
Or whether fade away.

Sweet day ! Morn, noon, and night,
Thou art all beautiful ! Through all thy range,
Thus let me ever deem thee, with delight
Viewing thine every change !

And, should that day arrive
When nature can no longer make me gay,
May men regard me as no more alive,
And say, " He died that day."

THE RIVULET.

How merrily the streamlet flows,
Light prattling at my feet !
Now in a double track it goes,
And now its waters meet ;
So, changing oft from side to side,
Its floods now mingle, now divide.

To a deep river grown at last,
Its currents part no more,
But, blent in one, go journeying fast
To swell old ocean's roar.
So, did I deem, love's growing strength
Might of us two make one at length —

That we together, side by side,
Might tread with equal pace,
Each other's joys and griefs divide ;
Till, having run life's race,
Commingling in Death's ocean wave,
We both might sleep in the same grave.

But, no ! our currents, sundered long,
Flow on by different ways ;
Thine to the east runs swift and strong,
While mine far westward strays.
Each hies to reach a different main,
Nor more on earth shall meet again.

Farewell, till from Time's tides we mount
Exhaled to upper air,
Like streams which thus at their first fount
Their wasted strength repair,
And, born anew in vernal showers,
Meet once again in fields of flowers !

NEW YEAR'S WISH.

Companion of my heart, behold
How swift the seasons take their flight !
The new year overtakes the old,
As day treads on the steps of night.

Alas, my friend, no force of art
Can long arrest life's fleeting day ;
The road divides where soon we part,
Each travelling to his house of clay.

Transient is all that hope would cherish ;
Life stands upon destruction's brink,
Doomed in the arms of death to perish,
As light in evening's lap must sink.

Are the leaves fallen, the flowers decayed ?
So friends, once many, fast grow few ;
Life's sunshine darkens into shade ;
Must life's affections perish, too ?

Must hearts long tried forget to blend,
Companions cease to know each other ?
Must thou forget the name of friend,
And I thy faithful fondness, brother ?

Nay, trust it not ! 'Twas God above
Who bade our hearts harmonious beat ;
He who himself is boundless love
Shall find for love some calm retreat.

Yet, since the future is not ours,
And all life's joys we briefly borrow,

Let kindness water friendship's flowers,
Whose scent may haply sweeten sorrow.

As two good clocks in equal time
Together click, nor slow nor fast,
Strike all the hours in even chime,
Ringing together to the last,

So let our hearts, with faithful skill,
In union beat till life shall end,
And, mingling with united will,
Heed not Time's weights as they descend.

THE HERMIT OF MELVERN WATER.

Two friendly travellers, side by side,
Went forth to shun the city's noise,
One thoughtful, pale, and gentle-eyed,
The other flushed with manly pride —
Both blithe as boys.

They journeyed many a weary mile,
Each to the other like a brother ;
They leaped the dyke, they climbed the stile,
Laughing and talking all the while
With one another ;

Until they reached the rocky glen
Where Melvern waters foam and roar.
Here long ago, when younger men,
They'd roamed before — to roam again
Now came once more.

The way with solemn shade was fraught,
 And for a while no words they spoke ;
 Each for some well known object sought ;
 Each mused, but neither told his thought,
 Nor silence broke.

But, when the hermit's hut they reach,
 Fixed in the mountain's deepest hollows,
 Each to himself thus framed his speech —
 The grave, the gay ; but each from each
 Concealed what follows.

THE GAY.

There stands the ancient hermit man,
 Still dreaming lone beneath the hill !
 Where first his worthless life began,
 There lives he yet ; he hath no plan,
 An idler still.

He moves as if he were in doubt
 Which way to go, and 'mongst the trees
 For squirrel-holes he hunts about,
 Sees some go in and some come out —
 Smiles as he sees.

Thus, crutch in hand, he jogs alone,
 Now stops on silly flowers to pore,
 Now with his staff he strikes a stone,
 Now moralizes on a bone,
 But nothing more.

Thou selfish soul ! 'Tis life's abuse
 To spend thy time in such a way ;
 Thy dreams are but a poor excuse
 For one who might have been of use
 In his long day.

THE GRAVE.

The second mused ; O, hermit sage,
Who, wearied with the rancorous strife
Which men with men unceasing wage,
Hast here retired to spend thine age —
An envied life !

Thou seemest youthful as a boy,
Whilst gazing with so sweet a smile ;
And, though thy hands find small employ,
Yet in this dull world to enjoy
Is worth life's while.

When all our idle lives are o'er,
Whoe'er can say he hath done as much,
Need scarcely for lost time deplore ;
Nine tenths of all the world, and more,
Do worse than such.

THE GAY.

In his dark log house, low and mean,
With no companion but a cat,
He on his daily bread grows lean,
While she her daily mouse picks clean,
Half starved at that.

Yet still she follows at his heel,
Purrs, and sits by him like a wife ;
Honest she is — there's nought to steal ;
Courts not the fire — there's none to feel ;
Such is their life.

No neighbors near his joys enhance ;
No faithful friend his arms receive ;

No wife, no babes, to greet his glance ;
 No village children come to dance,
 And bless his eve.

No music cheers his hours forlorn,
 Save when some bullfrog's croak he hears ,
 Or when, from early eve till morn
 The shrill mosquito winds its horn
 Full in his ears.

Sad fate, to dwell like one that's dead,
 Unknown except to wolf or fox,
 Or woodpecker that taps o'erhead,
 Or wildcat that, with stealthy tread,
 Prowls 'mongst the rocks !

I'd rather drown me in the sea,
 Than dwell in such a cheerless gloom.
 Sure, man was made with man to be,
 To live in sweet society,
 Not in the tomb.

THE GRAVE.

Ah, what a blessed life, I ween,
 'Mongst harmless birds to live like one !
 No bickerings blight the peaceful scene ;
 No blood bestains the herbage green ;
 Hated by none,

Silent he wanders day by day,
 Bent on God's glorious works to brood
 Where harmless conies skip and play,
 Fearless and free, and far away
 From black ingratitude.

More blest than he who, doomed to roam
 'Midst jostling crowds, can find no brother,
Town on all sides, yet ne'er a home ;
Where each lives for himself in gloom,
 None for another.

THE GAY.

I've seen him stroll with thumb-worn book
 At least five miles from any house,
And for whole hours he'll stand and look
In the bright waters of the brook,
 Still as a mouse.

Sure no Narcissus glances back !
 That leathern skin and visage weird
Might almost turn the waters black.
How hooked his nose ! How crooked his back !
 What frowsy beard !

THE GRAVE.

Lovely to see, in streamlet fair,
 Wisdom beholding its own face !
Gleams back no hatred, no despair ;
Smiles only are reflected there,
 And virtue's grace.

THE GAY.

What an unthrifty life he leads !
 But one small patch of beans and peas !
He plants a few poor garden seeds,
His radish beds are full of weeds,
 His own of fleas.

He hath no silver and no gold,
 All kinds of wealth, all power doth lack ;
 No house, no barns, no crops, no fold,
 Not even a cloak, to keep the cold
 From his old back.

To live in such a lonely state,
 Like some wild creature in its hole,
 And be content with such a fate,
 This to my mind doth indicate
 A grovelling soul.

THE GRAVE.

Divided still 'twixt thought and toil,
 This man I deem most truly wise.
 He wastes no words, he spends no oil,
 And all he wants the fruitful soil
 Each day supplies.

He fears no loss, he feels no cares,
 Hath no false friends, no foes to dread ;
 No crafty knaves here set their snares ;
 No creditors, no hungry heirs,
 Grudge him his bread.

No passions to disturb repose,—
 No fear of war, wind, wave, or fire,—
 His placid life in calmness flows
 'Midst gentle showers and silent snows,
 Without desire.

THE GAY.

In this rich world to have no choice,
 With none to help, with none to love,—

What joy is this, where none rejoice?
There's none to listen to his voice,
Save God above;

And, if he mourns, there's none to cheer,
And, when he dies, there's none to weep.
His dust, unmoistened by a tear,
Must drift ungraved; there's no one near
To mark his sleep,

Unless perhaps the wolf or crow,
That dragged his corpse 'mongst yonder stones,
For some brief time his fate might know,
Till dropping leaves and drizzly snow
Enshroud his bones.

THE GRAVE.

No false opinions here divide,
In friendly peace live man and brute:
He and his cat are of one side,
And, were they not, the world is wide —
There's no dispute.

If he is sick, no man of skill
Shall come to thump and to explore,
With purge and plaster, drop and pill,
To order things but as God's will
Ordered before.

The thought of Death will breed no fear,
He'll wait his tap with a mind steady.
A trifling change it will appear
To one who was so long, while here,
Half dead already.

No base dependants shall embrace,
Nor brew with pungent drugs mock tears;
No canting priest, with lengthening face,
Shall preach of the soul's hopeless case
To dying ears,

Nor bustling relatives draw nigh,
To shrug with simulated dread,
Or, with false tongue and long-drawn sigh,
Exclaim, "Pray God he may not die!"
Yet wish him dead.

And, when life's worn and crazy mill
Hath shut her gate and slacked her wheel,
No curious throngs the house shall fill,
To hear the reading of his will,
Longing to steal.

No funeral guests the train shall swell,
To bear him back to nature's womb,
'Midst tramp of feet and toll of bell;
Nor in rich garments shall he dwell
In a foul tomb.

But midst these hills and forests wild
His aged eyes in peace shall close;
Death shall approach with manner mild,
And take him as one bears a child
To sweet repose.

And, while his shroud pale winter weaves,
Summer with showers his limbs shall lave;
Autumn shall pile in graceful sheaves
Her wealth of many-colored leaves,
To grace his grave.

So shall my thoughts the sage revere
Who nature viewed with loving eyes,
Content to live on homely cheer,
Regarding with delight sincere
God's earth and skies.

And now they reached the pathway bar —
Leaped o'er — but neither spoke his mind.
The hermit's pool gleamed back afar,
In distance twinkling like a star,
Their path behind.

Each turns to look once more, and sees
The lean old man far down the hill,
His white locks waving in the breeze;
And at the squirrels in the trees
He gazes still.

THE SOLITARY MAN.

What dost thou there alone
Seated on mossy stone,
Intent to view the flowery ground
And grassy hummocks scattered round,
Or, half asleep beside the murmuring rill,
To watch the cattle feeding on the hill?
Thine eyes have gazed all day, yet have not seen their fill.

An idler, thou, I'm told,
Sad, solitary, cold;
A man, they say, who hath few friends,
Who little gives and nothing lends,

And lives alone ; men sneering pass thee by,
 And yet, old man, methinks I can descry
 Somewhat humane and wise within thy clear, gray eye.

'Tis true, the proud, the great,
 Disdain thy low estate ;
 They lawfully that rob the poor,
 And scorn the humble, call thee boor.
 Perhaps yon factor, deaf to sighs and prayers,
 Yon usurer grown lean to feed his heirs,
 Deem worthless one like thee, who only dreams and bears.

Honest thou art and civil,
 Dreading nor man nor devil.
 No patron hast thou in the great ;
 Why shouldst thou care for church and state ?
 None knocking at thy door I ever see,
 Save those that come for taxes, tithes, or fee.
 Why, since thou'rt nought to men, should men be aught to
 thee ?

Yet this, old man, thou provest :-
 Them that love thee thou lovest !
 Or else thou wert not there alone,
 So long upon thy mossy stone,
 Plainly so full of joy from morn till night,
 Gazing on nature's face with such delight,
 That I feel friendly grown with thee, even at the sight.

The sighing breezes woo thee,
 The light brook babbles to thee,
 The fearless squirrels round thee leap,
 And birds come singing thee to sleep :
 The shagbarks their ripe nuts around thee shed,
 While whispering oaks and murmuring pines o'erhead,
 To make thy couch more soft, the earth with dry leaves
 spread.

The conies, clustering near,
Sport round thee without fear,
And clouds of crows that round thee rise
Respect thy sleep and spare thine eyes.
Each dumb thing here regards thee as a brother ;
Nature alone hath been to thee a mother ;
Therefore thou lovest her as thou dost love none other.

The scenes that charm thee here
Were to thy childhood dear ;
Thy youth, thy manhood here were spent,
And age here found thee still content ;
Yon graves claim all thy tears, these fields thy pride ;
Thy loved ones in yon cottage lived and died ;
Each rock, each tree, hath some fond feeling sanctified.

O, lone one, thou dost teach
This doctrine without speech,
That man in much is sport of chance ;
That accident and circumstance
Our lives control ; that past associations
Form of our good and evil the foundations ;
These elevate and these depress both men and nations.

Who would judge men must learn
If fate was kind or stern ;
Nature and habit, not reflection,
Direct in most the soul's affection.
To know the man we must have known the boy,
The sources of his sorrow and his joy ;
Harsh judgments both our own and others' peace destroy.

Our thoughts, even as our laws,
Judge acts, but not the cause.
We view with a contemptuous face
Men not of our own creed or race.

Nature hath made man's bitterest foe his brother,
 And custom, siding with our partial mother,
 Widens still more the breach that parts us from each
 other.

All ignorant of God's will,
 Man is presumptuous still.
 A narrow judge of good and evil,
 He this one angel names, that devil,
 Though some, not bad, hard fate hath forced astray,
 And some, not good, were saints deemed in their day ;
 A destiny hath shaped our lives, even as our clay.

He learns in an ill school
 That scorneth even the fool ;
 Both on life's sea are doomed to float
 As messmates in a leaky boat ;
 Bound to some goal unknown, the wise asks, " Where ? "
 His question answered is by empty air ;
 The fool, with cheerful face, glides on and doth not care.

The one, with haughty looks,
 Points to his musty books,
 And cries with a contracted brow,
 " Stand off ! I better am than thou ! "
 But God, the infinitely good and wise,
 Pities them both, forbearing to despise ;
 Both are as fools alike in his all-seeing eyes.

He who in narrow bound
 Hath life's experience found,
 Ne'er summoned to affairs of state,
 Or on grave things to meditate,
 Who finds his love, his hate, his hope, his fear,
 All in a little hamlet, yet even here
 May prove a soul sublime, though in a narrow sphere.

Each hath a destined lot,
 By self determined not,—
 The base oft born to rule a nation,
 The princely soul to humble station ;
 The king himself may die at last a boor.
 The wise philosopher finds nothing sure,
 Save a calm, steadfast mind, to the upright and pure.

Some, born to high estate,
 Have been by unkind Fate
 So cramped that spiders, toads, and flies,
 Grew dear companions in their eyes.
 There have been men who, made with healthy sight,
 Have had their day so long obscured by night,
 That they have learned at last in darkness to delight.

There have been men sincere
 Whose lot was so severe,
 That they have lost that joy in others
 We feel for parents, friends, and brothers,
 But yet with loathsome things delighted grew ;
 For love is still life's want, as Plutarch knew,
 Who said, they seek the false who have not found the
 true.²²

Yet he who dog or cat
 Can love loves God in that.
 'Tis a good shepherd loves his fold ;
 Hypocrisy alone is cold,
 And who shut out from man his life hath spent,
 Yet to his herds hath been benevolent,
 Enjoys, though in a low degree, God's own content.

How much more fool than thou
 Yon wight with wrinkled brow,
 Who to all science makes pretension,
 Yet love's blest art of self-extension

Ne'er yet conceived,— who seeks the health's protection
 Rather in drugs, prescribed with grave direction,
 Than in a heart which feels for all God's works affection.

Even they that call thee cold
 Less love mankind than gold ;
 In the drear haunts of social life,
 Bound but by fellowship of strife,
 They spend their days reviling and reviled.
 The worldling loves but self in his own child,
 And thought's sweet solitudes he deems a pathless wild.

Yet none hate truth or right ;
 Even they that shun the light
 Look wistful back toward virtue's star —
 The good themselves, forsooth, how far
 From perfect goodness ! Yet from age to age
 Truth still advances, and earth's wisest sage
 Needs with each generation a new pupilage.

Poor soul ! Thy narrow mind,
 By narrow views confined,
 Ne'er soared beyond thy little field,
 And history's book to thee is sealed.
 Thou lovest that which lies about thy door,
 And best whate'er thou hast loved best of yore —
 So art a faithful friend ; pray, how canst thou be more ?

The patriot, sacred name !
 No merit more can claim ;
 He to a greater interest clings,
 Whilst thou art true to trifling things ;
 But at his country's bound he makes his stand,
 For her alone he lifts his voice or hand ;
 He cares not what befalls men of another land.

Yet larger love of men
 Hath the world-citizen.
 He moves within a wider sphere,
 And all mankind to him are dear.
 He who the men of many climes hath known
 Finds virtue's flowers in other lands have grown,
 While he who stays at home all goodness deems his own.

But who, with calm delight,
 Views through his glass at night
 The silent heavens, and sees the skies
 All twinkling with ten thousand eyes,
 And deems each one a living world to be,
 He'll scarce be bound to earth ; his soul would flee
 To dwell with distant stars in loving harmony.

While God, who from on high
 Holds all things in his eye,
 From the vast chain of circling spheres
 To the small orbs of human tears,
 To such an infinite sympathy expands,
 His charity all space, all time, commands,
 And loves the world the more, since wrought by his own
 hands.

Good soul ! Still all alone,
 Muse on thy mossy stone.
 Why should I thy sweet peace deride ?
 Still watch thy cows ; the world is wide ;
 And, if I e'er mount nearer heaven than thou,
 This is my shame, to wear a cloudy brow,
 Whilst thou art worshipping as well as thou knowest how.

Nay, even yon hare hard by,
 Who cannot look more high
 Than the green herbs that brush his nose,
 Cropping the fresh leaves as he goes,

Hath also his religion, and, I fear,
 His pleasure to pure worship comes more near
 Than upturned eyes, long prayers, and looks austere.

THE RAILROAD TRAIN.

FIRST TREATMENT.

What war-ship through the valley rides,
 Blazing afar midst fog and thunder?
 Now o'er the hills in air it glides,
 Now dives the lofty mountains under.
 How fast she flies, by fiery tempests fanned!
 Filled by their breath, her smoky sails expand,
 And bear her proudly on o'er oceans of dry land.

Hath sea-god or enchanter's wand
 Thus driven thee from thy native main,
 In haste so hot to invade the land
 And cast thy anchors on the plain?
 Yet now no ship of war thou seem'st to be,
 But some rich argosy from Indian sea,
 By favoring gales impelled, and freighted weightily.

Thy long train, like a fleet of boats,
 Moves upon many a shining keel;
 Each on a magic river floats,
 By wizard spells transformed to steel.
 And now they skim the fields 'midst clouds of soot,
 Now swim the stream, now through the gorge they shoot,
 To reach their inland port, even at the mountain's foot.

Down from the hills I see thee sail,
 And, joined by mates from every side,

Each by a self-created gale
 Drive swiftly on to reach the tide,
 Freightied with many a stately tree,
 And from a grassy to a watery sea
 Bearing, as by free will, the works of industry,—

And to those hills swift bringing back
 The wealth from every clime that flows.
 Each beacon light from mast of black
 Now through a dusty tempest glows ;
 And now 'mongst billowy rocks thy sails expand,
 And now thy bright keels spurn the desert strand,
 To plough through flinty spray o'er bays of glittering sand.

THE RAILROAD TRAIN.

SECOND TREATMENT.

What fiery steed comes clattering past,
 With reeking breath and streaming mane ?
 His snort is like the wintry blast,
 His flight outstrips the hurricane.

Breathless he pants, yet seems to sail,
 With force so smooth he cuts the wind.
 There, like a dragon's, glides the tail,
 Outstretched in ponderous length behind.

And now the huge beast checks his speed,
 And stops to drink at yonder trough,
 And on his meal of logs to feed ;
 And now once more, with husky cough,

He starts afresh, and, whinnying loud,
Pierces the air with shrilly neigh,—
Now, like the lightning from a cloud,
Flashes amongst the hills away.

I hear him still, though out of sight,
Through the cleft mountain thundering on ;
Now a thin wreath of misty white
Curls o'er the hill-top, and he's gone.

Hark from afar that piercing scream !
From five miles off he bids farewell —
Such speed will bear the fiend, I deem,
Ere nightfall to his native hell.

Such yon poor Indian's wish, no doubt,
Who hears from far the frightful sound,
And fears lest he shall be cast out
Ere long from his last hunting-ground.

Well might he dread thy voice to hear,
Who deemed thee by man's hand untrained,
Free thine own reckless course to steer,
And scatter mischief unrestrained.

Thy head erect and hide of black
Oft filled the unwonted swain with dread ;
The scared flocks scamper from thy track,
Wild beasts in terror hear thy tread,

And to more secret shades take flight,
When thou through dark com'st rumbling nigh,
While, fitful breathing on the night,
The fire-sparks from thy nostrils fly.

Yet, sooty monster, such alone
Have cause to fear! With service fine,
Of all philanthropists, not one
Can prove beneficence like thine.

Thou sea to sea, and land to land,
And state to state dost firmly bind;
Through thee shall earth and ocean stand
In a more steadfast friendship joined.

Thou hastenest news of good and ill,
And scatterest knowledge in thy flight;
Through thee shall man's industrious skill
Earth's hidden treasures bring to light.

By thee made tame, each jarring race
Its old hostilities shall quell;
Thou shalt subdue both time and space,
And dark delusion's mists dispel.

O swift-winged Messenger, or whether
A thinking or a thoughtless thing,
That thus so speedily together
The tribes of all the earth canst bring,

Till through repeated intercourse
Men are more friendly grown each day!
Well may we thank, O iron horse,
The chief who taught thee to obey,—

Who noosed thee in thy native wild,
And tamed thy rage with patient skill,
And made thee gentle as a child,
The servant of a wiser will.

But see! He slacks his pace at length,
And answers shrill his master's call,
And slowly drags his giant strength,
With noisy raptures, to his stall.

There rest, until the groom's stout arm
Shall harness thee to early toil,
With a hot breakfast make thee warm,
And rub thy stiffened joints with oil.

Then, tugging at thy task once more,
Upon thy destined journey press,
And make the joyful mountains roar,—
Give voice to the lone wilderness,

Where drowsy Echo startling wakes,
And cheers thee on with deafening screams,
While from thy nostrils the hot flakes
Sweep o'er her hills in fiery streams!

THE MOUNTAIN JOURNEY.²³

Reader, hast thou e'er sought to gain
The summit of some giant hill,
When all thy comrades toiled in vain,
Though firm of foot and strong of will,
Gave up their purpose in despair,
And left thee lonely climbing there?

Sometimes the tangled pathway wound
O'er narrow ridge or dizzy steep,
Where oft the frail and slippery ground
Forced thee on hands and knees to creep,

And from the precipice's brink
Oft threatened 'neath thy feet to sink.

Sometimes before thine eyes uprose
Majestic slopes, dark robed in firs,
Which on all sides the prospect close
In stately amphitheatres,
While down their sides each cataract pale
Glows like some distant comet's tail.

No poisonous shrub of sickly hue²⁴
Mounts from the plain to meet us here,
But gold and red and heavenly blue
Smiling along the path appear.
Surely thou saw'st, with deep surprise,
The road so fair to reach the skies !

But, passed the pine and birchen grove,²⁵
The scene begins to grow less gay ;
The trees that swept the skies above
Now dwindle, and next die away ;
Till, of all other growth bereft,
The stunted firs alone are left.

A squalid, straggling, rigid band
Of aged dwarfs around thee stood,
Such as of old, in fairy-land,
Oft dwelt beneath the enchanted wood,
Some seen from caves sly peeping out,
While some the hillside strolled about.

But soon in line the dwindling host
Stands right across thy path, thick set,
Where each, firm planted at his post,
Receives thee with fixed bayonet.

That hope forlorn who would subdue
Must climb the ranks, for none break through.

And, lastly, nought thine eyes behold
Save blasted stocks that gird thee round,
A treeless waste, where breezes cold
Sweep o'er the bleached and shrubless ground.
Didst thou not deem that thriftless soil
But ill repaid thy weary toil?

Yet, on the landscape looking round,
What splendid prospect meets the eyes,
Where, steep and high and hoary-crowned,
A thousand mountains round thee rise,
Each gazing o'er some neighbor's head,
In ranks on ranks unlimited!

And now 'tis but a dreary route,
Rocky and wild and wasted all;
And, clambering slow, thou'rt oft in doubt
Or whether thou shalt stand or fall;
Whilst clouds encompassing the way
Sometimes obscure the light of day,—

Sometimes are changed to silvery dew,
When sunlight bursts their folds of gray,
Glances the grizzly spectres through,
Or gilds their wings with glittering ray;
Sometimes the storm-king, bellowing loud,
Shoots at thee from the darkest cloud.

Here thy last comrade turns about,
And downward gropes his drizzly way;
Thou ploddest still, till with a shout
Thy glad eyes pierce that veil of gray,

And, gazing through the cloudy reek,
Behold the mountain's topmost peak.

'Tis reached, and the pleased eye explores
What glorious, soul-enchancing scene!
Far, far below the tempest roars,
Above the blue heavens smile serene;
Whilst snow-white blossoms round thee blow
Thine eyes had never seen below.

Around thy feet thou seest no trace
Of the green land thou late didst leave.
All new! The very insect race²⁶
Are strangers to the vales beneath,
And the fair flowers that round thee grow
Have left their friends in lands of snow.

Here, as the clouds beneath thy feet²⁷
Their dark folds open now and then,
Thou seest the driving rain-storm beat
Upon the lower world of men,
Whilst thou, enthroned in heaven's high arch,
Behold'st unmoved the tempest's march.

O say, if afterward this thought
Ne'er struck thee amongst wrangling crowds?
So virtue's path with storms is fraught,
The way to truth is veiled in clouds,
And he who would their glories view
Must strain his strength, and struggle through.

Weary and faint, without a friend,
And guideless, must he travel still,
The journey rugged to its end,
But beauteous flowers crown all the hill;

And, to reward him for the past,
His peace shall perfect be at last.

Like them that climb the mountain's height,
He from a safe but rocky steep
Beholds far down delusion's light,
From error's clouds that 'neath him sweep,
Darting through storms its vivid flash,
Followed by passion's thunder-crash.

Yet, o'er the tempest raised secure,
He, lordly throned in worlds serene,
Looks from a cloudless sky and pure
Upon the wild, distracting scene,
As calmly as his eyes survey
The sunset of a summer's day.

TO A LEARNED MAN DREADING THE APPROACH
OF OLD AGE.

And dost thou grieve, because old age
Comes travelling on so fast,
Because life's weary pilgrimage
Must wear thee out at last?
Do wrinkled brows and locks of gray
Thy troubled fancy fright?
The sun hath beamed on all thy day—
Why dread the moon at night?

No, let the bad, the vain, the weak,
The flight of time regret,
In pleasure's ranks who vainly seek
Their errors to forget.

Who tares have planted in the past
Must reap the worthless weed,—
Who force in spring life's flowers too fast
Harvest no ripened seed.

But thou, that on grave wisdom's track
Hast gleaned such precious store,
And, on life's highway looking back,
Seest little to deplore,
Down to the vale of years mayst wend
Thy way, and smile at care ;
'Tis what we have been, valued friend,
That makes us what we are.

He who in folly's train hath danced,
Or lived the slave of gain,
Who ne'er another's joy enhanced,
Nor soothed another's pain,—
The envious man whose heart impure
Corrodes within his breast,—
Of all the miseries such endure,
Decrepitude's the least.

But wise old age, more blest than youth,
Through error's mists can see,
And, having faithful been to truth,
From prejudice is free ;
The quiet mind resists decay,
And still is health's defence ;
It thaws the frosts of time away
By mild benevolence.

And, as the late sun, glowing bright,
Melts on the ocean's breast,
And casts his glory half the night
O'er all the reddening west,

So virtuous age sinks calmly down,
 Refulgent to the last,
 And leaves the light of worth's renown
 To beautify the past.

THE EXPERIENCED PHILOSOPHER.

HIS REPROOF OF THE WISH TO COMMENCE LIFE ANEW.

How has thy life been spent, that, in those years
 When time should hail thee master, thou wouldst still
 Tread backward to the senseless age of tears,
 To be once more the slave of others' will,
 And live a creeping, weeping, cowering thing,
 Rather than crown thyself o'er self a king?

What art hath childhood or to soften fate
 Or force subdue — reason with will at strife?
 And wouldst thou fly from thought to thoughtless state?
 Ah, brief at best the years of rational life!
 Full soon shall dreary dotage seal each sense
 In a dull, fretful, drivelling impotence.

Yet, if to 'scape from sorrow thou wouldst fly
 From life's gray, sober landscape to the green,
 Even children, too, are doomed full oft to cry;
 The cause though light, the suffering is as keen.
 Sorrows, like dogs, will track us till we die —
 The only friends of man that ne'er will fly.

Or dost thou long in loving arms to rest
 From labor and a self-dependent state?
 Or art thou friendless? The fond nurse's breast
 Seems for the child more miserable fate,

Since, for the rapture of a fond caress,
It pays the penalty of helplessness.

Dost thou lament thine errors, fain once more
At life's first source thy virtue to renew?
Will childhood thy lost innocence restore?
Thou changest evening damps for morning dew.
Yon fretful babe might tell thee, could it speak,
In this consists its innocence — 'tis weak.

Rather rejoice that time hath set thee free
From blind obedience to each tyrant fool,
Whether to nurse or parent it may be,
Or to the petty despot of a school,
Who oft with misspent toil life's field prepares,
And scatters wide the seeds of future tares.

Art thou so fond of servitude, mankind
Will scarcely fail to enslave thee, chaining down
Thy faith to false opinion, till the mind
Less loves the truth than fears the false world's frown.
Masters enough will bind thee, soul and sense,
Till reason claim thy sole obedience.

Yet, wouldst thou truly be renewed, even now,
As chemic art can change the natural night
To greater than noon's brightness, so mayst thou
Life's waning hours illumine with moral light,
Whose influence mild shall cheer thy latest day,
And keep thee all unwasted by decay.

Come, then! And first, if thou life's art wouldst learn,
Keep thy neglected body in good health,
Or truth thy jaundiced eyes shall scarce discern.
Next, knowledge seek, which can bestow such wealth

As thou from prowling thief need'st ne'er conceal,
Nor moth, nor rust, nor Time himself shall steal.

Next, be thou cheerful, nor let sullen eyes
Scatter black clouds to darken all life's joy ;
The proud, the envious, and the seeming-wise,
By frowns their own and others' peace destroy.
But cherish Hope, of placid Temperance born,
Who reins life's sun within a lingering morn.

Next, be humane, and with no evil eye
Look on thy fellows ; hatred's glance can chill
The warmest sunbeam of life's morning sky ;
While love care's darkest day with light can fill,
And 'gainst the night of age make sure defence
With the soft moonlight of benevolence.

Nor ever wander far from Reason's side,
But walk with Truth as with a bosom friend ;
With these and Love divine thy life divide,
And wait in blest tranquillity thine end,
Not hurried madly on by passion's blast,
But warmed with virtue's sunshine to the last.

So mayst thou live undazzled by the light
Of vain delusion ; Fancy near shall stand
But as thy handmaid, ever in thy sight
To wait and serve thee, never to command.
Thus shalt thou quite surmount men's foolish fears,
Lord of thy pleasures, passions, smiles, and tears.

In short, be perfect ; for the race of men
Shall ne'er o'er-master evil till that day
When God it copies ! 'Twill discover then,
No tyrant's will hath forced it to obey.

Men will love truth, as God loves to be just :
'Tis best — the only reason why they must.

And, when thou hast advanced to that last bound
Where Reason's self her way hath lost in light,
Where worlds in order circling round and round
Confirm thy faith in an All-Ruling Right,
Then wisely mayst thou thine old wish restore
To be on earth a little child once more.

Yet not the child that frets with fruitless tears,
Doomed like a reptile on the ground to crawl,
But one that shall be master of the years,
Hoping all things, enduring, trusting all,
And bound to all by the great law of love —
Wise as the serpent, harmless as the dove.

Then shalt thou reverence rightly, when thy mind
Feels this vast world so little in its thought,
And God unlimited ; then will it find
The cause of Wisdom's boast that she knows nought,
And fold its wing, content henceforth to see
All this vast world a boundless mystery.

Then shalt thou in true charity delight,
Last of its wants, which yet transcends all others ;
Here fools and wise may truthfully unite
In one conclusion — that they both are brothers.
Fools nothing know, but fail to find it out ;
The wise that they know nothing feel no doubt.

TO THE MEMORY OF WASHINGTON.

O, wise of counsel! With unseemly speech
 Men still describe thee, though thy worth they know,
 And, ranking thee with heroes, yet would teach
 That thou wast great but by not being so —
 As if than wisdom aught can greater be,
 More perfect aught than perfect symmetry!

Some would deny thee genius, friend of right!
 Since with firm will thy passions thou couldst sway;
 Such genius deem but some erratic light,
 That darts across the heavens and dies away.
 Fond of the strange, they think the master mind
 Must needs be something of the monstrous kind.

But 'tis distorted objects seem most great,
 Like hunchback dwarfs scarce even a cubit high;
 While Antwerp's proudest fane men underrate,
 Whose lofty pinnacles transfix the sky.
 Just forms appear not bulky to our eyes,
 While shapes uncouth seem swelled to monstrous size.

So distance cheats. The mountain viewed from far
 Seems low; experience wise seems mean to youth,
 Small to the naked eye each distant star,
 Dark to the ignorant mind the light of truth.
 Fools deem them weak that godlike wisdom teach;
 All things seem least that lie most out of reach.

By the same law, the vain and narrow mind,
 Skilled in one art, will noisiest praise command.
 Most to the greater beautiful are blind,
 Despising where they do not understand.

Earth's wisest sage a weakling seems to such —
 One who knows nought because he knows so much.

O just man, whom thy countrymen name father!
 No common type can I behold in thee;
 Like some colossal statue art thou, rather,
 Standing alone in simple majesty,
 So well proportioned that the common eye
 In thee could but a common man descry,
 Save that to reach thee it must look so high.

THE SOUL'S INVOCATION.

A GLANCE DOWN THE RIVER OF LIFE INTO THE OCEAN
 BEYOND.

Master unknown, whose power divine
 Framed from the dust this form of mine,
 And on Life's river spread my sail,
 Where, swiftly driven before the gale,
 My keel glides on! I feel thy breath
 Impel me toward the straits of death,
 Beyond whose narrow pass my soul
 Beholds the billowy ages roll,
 But sees no end; there Fancy's eye
 Through the dim distance can descry
 Only dense vapors, wastes profound,
 A world of waters, and no bound.
 Fate flies before, and I behind;
 Her wings, outstretched upon the wind,
 O'ercloud the skies, and, rushing fast,
 Each landmark sweeps into the past.
 Upon the river's banks each day
 Life's ever-changing flowers decay;

And, as the gardens of delight
On either margin heave in sight,
My bark so swiftly shoots ahead,
Scarce can I look ere all is fled.
The verdant shores behind me glide ;
Each hour the river grows more wide ;
And now the castles of Despair,
With frowning towers, rough, bleak, and bare,
Loom from the desolate wastes of Care.
I see gay Pleasure's wingèd train
Cleaving the gale above the main ;
The wedgèd phalanx high o'erhead
Soars on its course, all backward sped
To greet the spring on youth's green shore,
A land I must behold no more.
Now in the mist it melts away,
Shrunk to a speck of dusky gray,
Now lost in clouds, O beauteous day !
I see thy sun, which rose like gold,
Set in the distance, pale and cold.
The shades of night around me creep ;
The fogs come drifting o'er the deep ;
Fain would I turn my prow ; 'tis vain ;
The current drives me toward the main,
Never, ah, never to return again !
Along the river shining clear,
A row of lighthouses appear,
One at the boundary of each year,
Whose moving lantern ceaseless burns,
Where every season glows by turns :
Now the green lights of spring appear ;
Now summer's gold burns bright and clear ;
Now autumn gleams with purple hue,
Now the dull blaze of wintry blue.
Swiftly each beacon light is past ;
Another, turning like the last,

Glares on the wave ; and, as I go,
Each glides behind me, till the row
Dwindles at last to two or three —
Beyond, illimitable sea.
Now, at the last revolving light,
The gray expanse grows dark with night ;
I see the fast receding shore ;
I hear the distant breakers roar ;
And soon, on greater billows tossed,
Like one who hath some causeway crossed,
I see the glowing path behind,
With its long row of lanterns lined,
Where the lights blend their colored rays,
Outstretched in long, continuous blaze.
Before me all is hid from sight
By brooding mists, a moonless night,
Floods fathomless and infinite.

And now, how shall I find my way,
Shut from the light of cheerful day ?
When storms arise and tempests blow,
Without a pilot must I go ?
Fierce raging, passion's tempest-brood
Raise hurricanes upon the flood,
And mountain waves that round me sweep
Toss my frail vessel on the deep,
Wash from life's blasted bark the helm,
And in their trough my decks o'erwhelm.
Lo, amongst craggy islands lost,
By contrary currents wildly tossed,
No helper near, no beacon guide,
Toward Destruction's rocks I ride.
And now even courage, trembling, quails ;
Wrenched from the yards, the shattered sails
Fly drifting with the wind ;

Loud through the blast the breakers roar,
 Huge precipices lower before,
 A ragged coast behind.

Author of Life, with veiled face
 That from thine unseen dwelling-place
 The track of destiny dost trace!
 Grant, when I reach the boundless sea
 Of unexplored eternity,
 And join at last the ghostly train
 Which ploughs that all unmeasured main,
 That I to thee with cheerful trust
 Commit my freight of cumbrous dust!
 Yet, when I cross that dismal sea,
 Let me not unattended be,
 Nor, when I bid farewell to land,
 Ship with the Passions' boisterous band!
 Ill company such mutinous crew,
 On unknown seas, when tempests brew.
 Far different messmates would I know:
 Let Truth and Justice with me go —
 Justice to steer, while at the bow
 Truth looks ahead with piercing sight,
 Watching for breakers through the night,
 And, Conscience, do thou there attend,
 Parent of Truth, and Justice' friend!
 Wide awake while others sleep,
 Thou the compass safe must keep,
 Still watchful, lest we veer too far
 From the fixed light of Virtue's star.
 And let mild Resignation go with me,
 Of temper tranquil in the stormiest sea;
 She, through the voyage so rough and long,
 Shall lull the hours with plaintive song.
 And, without fail, let Love be near,

Who hath of wind and wave no fear ;
 She, our physician, whose mild skill
 Shall keep the crew all healthful still.

But, above all, let Hope be there ;
 She, 'midst the whirlpools of despair,
 To thread each narrow channel knows ;
 She cares not for the whirlwind's shocks,
 And safe o'er shoals and sunken rocks
 Ploughs singing as she goes.
 Truth for our captain, and I'll trust the sea,
 But let far-seeing Hope the pilot be ;
 With her for guide, all dangers shall be past ;
 With fearless skill she'll come to port at last,
 And in heaven's azure wave her golden anchor cast.

ODE TO OBLIVION.

O Night-descended, that with sable wing
 Through the far past art veiling everything !
 How briefly, as thy mists roll onward, aught
 Shines through their depths, or work of hands or thought !
 As clouds that cast afar their shadows gray
 Sweep the bright sunbeams from the hills away,
 So truth thou veilest, light grows dark in thee,
 And History hides in thine obscurity.
 All things melt in thee ; an unnumbered host
 Time urges on, till all in thee are lost ;
 His children all, the days, the months, the years,
 Thou dost o'erwhelm, heedless of prayers and tears ;
 Each in thy silent realm in darkness disappears.

Fame, strength, power, beauty, in thine eyes are nought ;
 Worthless all works that genius' hand hath wrought.

Lo, where yon once proud temples crumbling stand,
In ruined beauty smiling o'er the land,
Whose mouldering shafts, with green vines gayly decked,
Even yet amaze, tottering, but still erect,
While fragment poised on fragment high in air
The grass-crowned capitals can scarcely bear,
Soon hurled to ruin, all in dust shall lie,
And lastly Nature's self, like Art, must die.
There's nothing but is destined to decay ;
Time, thine old servant, forced by thee to obey,
Mows with reluctant scythe all his own works away.

Yet spare awhile yon stone and flowery bed,
Where Love with anxious hand adorns the dead ;
And spare yon obelisk, o'ergrown with weeds,
Which tells the inspiring tale of virtuous deeds ;
And save yon vine-clad oak from wintry blast,
Sacred so long to friendship in the past,
Whose whispering boughs oft sighed to song and tale,
Ere at Death's touch the tuneful lips grew pale.
Seize first those towers that, raised in air sublime,
Tell of a long antiquity of crime.
O, vain to arrest thee, since thy power unbounded
All undermines, however firmly grounded :
All in one common wreck shall be confounded.

Yet from thy boundless charnel house once more
Time shall his buried Beautiful restore.
Thou also hast a master ; pitying Fate
Permits thee not all good to annihilate ;
The just man's fame some fragrance leaves behind,
That with each age grows sweeter to mankind ;
And from the seeds of loveliness the earth,
Year after year, new beauty brings to birth ;
The rough rocks into temples rise once more ;

Men build their fanes more stately than before.
Thou canst consume but Beauty's grosser part ;
Lo, all that is most excellent in art
Survives thy power unharmed, deep in the human heart.

In vain, great enemy, dost thou employ
Thy might to undermine and to destroy !
Truth says, he vainly works who seeks to spoil ;
Her sacred law at last shall thwart thy toil.
Even in long-buried ashes man can trace
The lines that teach the history of his race.
Old Egypt's records thou hadst hid in caves —
The tale is whispered from the mummies' graves ;
Thy lavas turned vast cities to a tomb —
Earth cannot keep the secret in her womb ;
Not even thy hottest fires have proved so strong,
But Science' eye, the cindered scrolls among,²⁸
Reads plainly out once more the poet's idlest song.

Nature still more defies thee, where the past
Heaves forth its rifted wreck of reptiles vast,
Huge elephants, and many a beastly shape,
Whose bones thy slow-consuming grasp escape,
But shows no sign of intellectual man,—
Life most ignoble where life first began,
And Reason latest born. Hence men may see
Foreshadowed a more bright futurity ;
The world's great Builder doth his work restore,
In every age more perfect than before,
Till life at last shall quite forget its tears,
More beauteous forms shall move through wider spheres,
Drawing nearer and more near to God through endless
years.

Out then, poor child of Discord ! since God's thought
Hath reasons for each work his hand hath wrought.

And shall I fear his wisdom is perplexed,
 Since of his acts I cannot learn the next?
 He made all for some end — his love divine
 Knows best for what ; it is no care of mine.
 Enough, I'll trust, and laugh at thee, whose power,
 O universal foe ! must have its hour,
 And cease. How weak, whom mortals deem so strong !
 Awhile thou shalt o'erwhelm, yet nothing long ;
 Thy work began ten billion years ago,
 But earth more fair with every age doth grow ;
 Scarce canst thou sweep yon frail bridge from on high,
 Upon whose arch 'tis writ, life shall not die,
 But God, in storm-clouds veiled, rebuilds it in the sky.

THE SPRING MORNING OF A BEREAVED MAN.

Merry swallow, that wast twittering half the night beneath my
 eaves,
 And art thou come again, old friend, to greet the opening
 leaves?
 How gladly would I welcome thee, sweet harbinger of spring,
 That tellest me my garden flowers again are blossoming !
 Last year thy song delighted — it is nothing to me now ;
 My flowers are out of mind, and no welcome guest art thou,
 For all things now seem saddest that were sweetest to me
 then ;
 Fair swallow, fly away and seek the roofs of happier men !
 Let friends that ne'er were parted, let the joyous welcome
 thee —
 O fly away, fly quickly, with thy chattering company !

The morning breeze blows freshly, bearing music on its wing ;
 But the voice is hushed to silence that was wont for me to
 sing.

The fountains are all gushing, just filled with showers of rain ;
But the spring my life that comforted will never flow again.
My flower that blossomed all the year last winter dropped
away,
And withers now within the grave ; O why art thou so gay ?
The hand that hath caressed thee, that hath fed thee o'er and
o'er,
Lies stiff and cold beneath the mould ; thy mistress comes no
more.
She loved thee, too, and, hadst thou died, she would have
wept for thee ;
Then why dost thou, so thoughtless now, chirrup thus merrily ?

The summer shall come back again, the valleys shall grow gay,
And the vine shall stoop and lowly droop to mingle with the
spray.
The oriole in the branching elm shall waken me from slumber,
And all the trees shall fill the breeze with voices without
number ;
And from his bed, all rosy red, the sun shall rise at morn,
And as of old shall paint with gold our field of waving corn ;
And, when above in shady grove the plaintive wood-thrush
sings,
O'er lawn and lake his voice shall wake a host of happy things.
But what delight in sound or sight can nature have for me,
To whom the very grasshopper a burden seems to be ?

Then, lost one, when red twilight melts to the dull gray of eve,
The whippoorwill shall wail again, and seem for thee to grieve.
Thy mournful shade will come, sweet maid, with the declining
light,
And the ticking clock thy step will mock through all the lone-
some night.
Thy voice will whisper in the breeze, will murmur in the rain ;
Earth will seem full of thee, but thou wilt never come again.

The sun so bright, the stars at night, a mournful look **must**
wear,
For every grace in Nature's face grows loveless to despair.
Great God of love! thy world above would seem less fair to be,
Save that the dear can with us here in union worship thee.

But the green will grow to gray again, when autumn hath come
back,
And the chestnut sheds in prickly beds its burs upon my track.
Then birds that lately were so blithe shall cry with mournful
sound,
While falling leaves in every breeze fly whirling round and
round,
And the waterfowl in clouds shall howl, slow trailing through
the sky,
While warblers light in gusty flight to warmer regions fly.
O, gladly would I join their train in foreign lands to roam,
And amongst thoughtless things forget the solitude of home!
They shall sing the songs of summer, they shall prate on every
tree,
While I, in the lone greenwood, must ponder silently.

And grove and wood as red as blood shall next October glow,
When morning bright shall chase the night through mists as
white as snow;
When the wain comes creaking through the field and ripe fruits
have grown mellow,
And the maples flout their boughs about in crimson and in
yellow,
And red oaks, mingling with the mists that all the mountains
crown,
Shall change their hue of vapory blue to a deep russet brown;
When the sumach on the hillside glows like a flaring cloud,
And the mill-wheel plies merrily, and the cataract grows loud.

Fair forests! Once in happier days how sweet ye seemed
when sere!

Ye mind me now of vanished joys; ah, why were ye so dear?

And the merry trout shall sport about within our favorite
brook,

Where oft we sat on leafy mat to ponder o'er our book,
While the partridge roamed the forest and the squirrel chat-
tered shrill,

And over head the boughs hung dead, and all the winds were
still.

When the flowerless clematis, grown old, has gained a bristly
beard,

And the crow screams loud, from leafy shroud of the dark
pine groves heard;

When, hushed around, all other sound is silent as the grave,
And asters blue shall mock the hue that gleams beneath the
wave,

All I shall see that gladdened me, except one well-known face;
When autumn weaves our couch of leaves, thy seat is empty
space.

I shall tread back the well-known track, the book shall be
forgot;

My feet shall pass through rustling grass to reach our lonely
cot;

The light shall spill o'er every hill in showers of dazzling rays,
And from each sod the golden-rod in every field shall blaze;
And katydid, through daylight hid, at eve his song shall sing,
And full of mirth before the hearth shall make the twilight
ring;

While in the orchard the red owl mews from his apple-tree,
And the gray one in the deep pine wood sits neighing mourn-
fully;

To sound thy knell each voice shall swell, but thine no more I
hear.
Fond friends, to dust return ye must! O why are ye so dear?

And when the boisterous winter winds around the house shall
howl,
And placed before thy empty seat is seen an empty bowl,
When through the sky the clouds shall lie in one broad sheet
of gray,
And the keen blast to the dead past hath swept all bloom
away,
When in deep rest the river's breast lies cased in glassy shield,
Ice far and wide on every side incrusting every field,
When all around o'er trackless ground the drifted snows are
piled,
Through all the day no step to stray across the pathless wild,
Until at last, light ebbing fast, Night's silent shadows fall,
And spectres grim through firelight dim dance flickering on the
wall,—

Then must I grieve through the long eve, and spend the hours
alone ;
In gusts my ear shall seem to hear a fond, familiar tone.
The poems we were wont to read I shall be musing o'er,
But shut the book at those sad words, "Farewell, we meet no
more!"
And when, grown old, December cold his dreariest look shall
wear,
And the merry chime of Christmas time comes ringing through
the air,
All round about, within, without, the carol, sounding clear,
Shall seem to moan, "Thou'rt all alone — a weary wanderer
here!"
Thy voice through silent space will sound, thy tread in every
track ;
Despair will ever call on thee, but thou wilt ne'er come back.

At last the spring o'er everything shall sweetly smile once
more ;
Her fragrant breath and winter's death shall Nature's bloom
restore ;
And budding flowers 'neath April showers shall wake from
wintry sleep,
And the rustling vine aloft shall twine and round the windows
creep.
Then the brown butterfly shall light on the last bank of snow,²⁾
And 'neath the shady pines the pale anemone shall blow.
The tree, the flower, the bee, the bower, the sea-fowl o'er the
main,
The skies of blue, the squirrel, too, shall all come back again ;
And then, they say, the newborn May shall solace bring to
woe,—
The flight of years dries human tears as Spring drinks up the
snow.

Why then, fair swallow, come again, if grief be then grown
old ;
Yet, foolish thing, what use to sing to one whose heart is cold ?
Can it delight, in sunshine bright, to see thee dive and soar
Among my trees, when thou and these love's raptures wake no
more ?
Many there be will welcome thee, then let the song be theirs !
Forbear thy strain ! Thou'lt soothe in vain a spirit that de-
spairs.
Farewell, and thanks to thee, yet sing no more beneath the
eaves —
O wake me not ! I'd sleep forgot, as sound as last year's
leaves !
I cannot bid thee welcome, merry harbinger of spring,
For a robe of woe my feelings throw round thee and every-
thing.

ROBERT BURNS.

A VISION OF HIS MAUSOLEUM AT DUMFRIES.

What marble dome salutes mine eyes,
 Tipped with the pallid glow of eve?
 They tell me here a poet lies,
 Whose fate untimely bids me grieve.
 Yet let me first thy history know,
 Or ere I deign to mourn for thee;
 Speak, shade of him that lies below!
 For many kinds of bards there be;
 Some, bravely free, have trod the earth like kings,
 While some have cringed and crawled like grovelling things.

Didst thou with mercenary rhymes
 Pander to power or to thine age?
 Or, silent at the oppressor's crimes,
 Wast thou puffed up by patronage?
 Did wrong win thine applause, forsooth?
 Did merit rouse thy pride or spleen?
 Wouldst thou have gagged the mouth of truth
 With caustic wit or satire keen?
 Then I'll not waste my time to read thy name;
 Oblivion were for thee more fit than fame.

The more melodious were thy song,
 The less to hear should I have heart;
 To the grand sum of human wrong
 Thou hast contributed thy part.
 To wear the bays thou wast unfit;
 Thy brows had soiled the wreath divine;
 At no pure shrine thy torch was lit;
 Sleep on! Thou hast no tears of mine.

Though sad thy tale, my heart no grief shall borrow;
Too well I know that guilt is sire of sorrow.

But didst thou lift or hand or voice
To uphold the right or aid the oppressed?
With woe didst weep, with joy rejoice?
If kind affections warmed thy breast,
If thou hast sought to save from death
The memory of neglected worth,
Or if thy muse, with honest breath,
Called truth despised from darkness forth—
Whate'er thy faults, still will I honor thee,
So thou didst not desert sweet charity.

Even though, in error's wilds benighted,
The senses bound thee as their slave,
Till reason dimmed and memory blighted
Left thee in degradation's grave;
Still be thy name to feeling dear,
Still be thou pure in sight of heaven;
For thee let pity drop the tear;
Thou hast loved much, and art forgiven.
Let no rude tongue disturb thy last repose,
Nor slight the debt mankind to genius owes.

Alas, poor bard! I know thee now;
No mean, no hated name was thine;
Yet, though the bays were on thy brow,
I feel thou wast but half divine.
Whom in my inmost heart I prize,
From passion's thralldom must live free,
Himself must never need despise,
Nor live even his own enemy,—
Must rather dwell unknown, from fame exempt,
Than sue to pity for her mild contempt,—

Must deem the bard's, the hero's bays,
 Compared with truth, a worthless prize,
 And scorn the breath of human praise
 Where self to self applause denies.
 O, child of genius, at what price
 Thou buildest upon empty sound !
 Rather let cold oblivion's ice
 Congeal me nameless in the ground,
 Than that ambition should prefer a tear
 To reverence mute wrested from minds severe.

Speak, generous bard of Ayr, and say,
 Did those sweet lines with truth agree,³⁰
 Which said, Heaven's light could lead astray ?
 Was heavenly light thus false to thee ?
 Where, by old Dumfries' hallowed fane,
 Thy mouldering bones the cold sods press,
 Thou sayest — nor be the warning vain ! —
 “ The bane of genius is excess ;
 But who casts stones at me ? ” Ah, judgment halts,
 And bids me love thee still, whate'er thy faults, —

Nor join that cold and heartless band
 Who scorn thy sweet and simple rhymes,
 And thank the Almighty that they stand
 Convicted but of lawful crimes.
 They only steal the poor man's bread,
 Or lick the filthy feet of power,
 Unhouse the friendless orphan's head,
 And rob the widow of her dower.
 Yes, watchful Fame brings genius' faults to light,
 While mean men's crimes oblivion hides in night.

TO A WORLDLING, TIRED OF COUNTRY LIFE.

O, who art thou, that 'mongst these trees
Canst find for thought no calm retreat?
These boughs to thee are but "ship knees,"
The grass mere hay beneath thy feet.

These mighty oaks, of shade immense,
Thou reckonest meanly by the cord;
These hemlocks thou dost count in pence;
To gold thou turnest even the sward.

O modern Midas! thou art one
Whose glance profanes these groves and streams,
To whose bleared eye yon golden sun
But a gigantic dollar seems.

These fragrant flowers that scent the air,
These shady bowers, yield thee no pleasure;
And from yon height the landscape fair
Only in acres canst thou measure.

To thee yon mountain seems a mine,
Those greenwoods planks all straight and sound,
And the rich clusters of yon vine
Hang each a shilling in the pound.

Thou in these fertile fields dost stand,
And mourn the peace that is not thine.
O fool! As if wise Nature's hand
E'er casts her priceless pearls to swine!

Like scum, thou mountest upward still,
To live with Nature at topmast,—

Buildest upon the highest hill,
Thy neighbor into shame to cast.

When the bright autumn days draw nigh,
And woods their golden tints unfold,
Swift as the wild goose dost thou fly
To gloat on less unreal gold.

Thou grow'st more wretched day by day ;
Much dost thou get, yet naught enjoy ;
And, when at last age makes thee gray,
Once more through dotage grown a boy,

Thy schoolmaster is cankered care,
Thy learning, how life's joys to stint ;
Thy sole resource against despair
Is to live cold and hard as flint.

Go, man of dross, and be less proud !
Be less the slave of spleen and pelf ;
First learn, amidst the bustling crowd,
To love thy neighbor like thyself.

Then come once more, these slopes ascend,
Once more thy woodland walks renew ;
If thou art grown of man the friend,
Then mayst thou dwell with Nature, too.

Oft from these hilltops hast thou seen
Her face all fresh with vernal glow ;
Come when the earth, no longer green,
Presents a boundless waste of snow.

If thou hast cleansed thy sordid heart,
These prospects still shall yield delight ;

Earth shall seem fair in every part,
The summer's green, the winter's white.

Then shall thy mind, grown pure at last,
Enjoy grave wisdom's greatest boon,
And dark December's icy blast
Seem kind as these sweet airs of June.

Fearless on Fortune's sea thy soul
Shall breast the breeze adverse and cold,
Unmoved shall hear Fate's thunders roll,
Disaster's lightning flash behold.

O'er self a king, 'mongst mortals blind
The mightiest monarch shalt thou be ;
For Destiny, that rules mankind,
Herself shall own a lord in thee.

POET AND TOLL-GATHERER.

A CONVERSATION AT THE FOOT OF MOUNT PARNASSUS.

"Friend, ope thy gate and let me pass,
And what's to pay for climbing here?"

"Not much, one as ; mind, not one ass,³
For that I trow would cost thee dear ;
Were I so paid by each who passes,
I now were worth a million asses."

"Nay, nay ! lead forth that horse, I pray,
Whose back all bards are wont to mount ;
It is my wish to reach this day
The waters of that crystal fount,
Around whose brink the Muses nine
Are wont to sing their hymns divine."

“ Now tell me, stranger, in what land,
Ne'er trod by traveller's foot, thou dwellest?
That in these days wouldst seek the band
Of those lost maids of whom thou tellest?
They, and the horse, for aught I know,
Were dead three thousand years ago.

“ But scarce a hundred thousand horses,
Though saddled all through night and day,
Could carry the unnumbered forces
That daily up this hillside stray
To notch their names upon the stair
Of the old ruined Temple there.”

“ Good man, I, too, have come full far,
Humbly Apollo's grace to claim,
But not his sacred stones to mar
By carving there my worthless name.
Yet, now, I pray thee, briefly say
How I may mount the easiest way.”

“ If thou art rich, some brother drudge
Will gladly stoop to be thy hack;
If poor, bear others, for I judge
Thy brains will scarcely break thy back.
We hope to have a railroad soon,
That calves may reach their native moon.

“ Ofttimes a dozen, halt or lamed,³²
Some of left legs, and some of right,
Go up, a chain-gang brisk, though maimed,
And thus the journey grows more light;
For each, well dovetailed to his brothers,
With his one leg helps all the others.

“And he who must have stayed below,
 If with one foot obliged to delve,
 Though he be blind, thus safe may go,
 And climb the rugged mount on twelve;
 Still easier task, when from behind
 Blown onward by opinion’s wind.

“Thou couldst join these.” “Churl, curb thy speech,
 Or I’ll report thee to the god,
 And tell him, when the top I reach,
 His servant’s back requires a rod.”
 “O would e’en now he might appear,
 To stay this mob from mounting here!

“All night their gongs and yells and cries
 Keep me awake.” “What! on this hill
 No longer to the listening skies
 Chant those fair maids when winds are still?
 Tell me, and hath the offended god
 In sorrow left his blest abode?”

“Thou’lt find him not.” “Then who will teach?”
 “Fear not! there bores of every nation
 Thou’lt meet, there hear all Babel’s speech!
 Yet, friend, if bent on education,
 Thou’lt find, in many a lonely nook,
 Viol and lute and music book.

“For on this god-abandoned hill
 Are many mansions. Wise and weak
 Here worship Phœbus’ image still;
 His followers many a language speak;
 And each an instrument can find
 Tuned to such airs as suit his mind.

“Through pipes of clay, and trumps of tin,
The windy voice of some is sent ;
Some try the cymbal’s crashing din,
Or trombone, noisy instrument,
Which the stunned god long kept concealed,
Till lost Pompeii’s wrecks revealed.³³

“Some, mellower-eared, aspire to sound
The flute, or oboe clear and thin ;
Some the deep viol’s tone profound,
Some the light wreathing violin ;
While some attune the sacred rhyme
To the grand organ’s voice sublime.

“But most now herd with that new school,
Which roams from sense and sound astray ;
Whose rambling tunes, despising rule,
Howl like some Chinese orchestra,
More harsh than angry cats that fright
The stillness of a summer’s night.

“Yet, while the sounds so different be,
Still less in concord with each other
The thoughts and sentiments agree ;
Seldom, in bard, bard finds a brother.
'Twixt false and true such friendship grows
As holds 'twixt nightingales and crows.

“There shalt thou find, in conclave joined,
That class whom Plato hath derided,³⁴
Whose sense is from the sage purloined ;
There those who, by no reason guided,
Are but as mouthpieces admired,
And bray, like Balaam’s ass inspired.

“ Still others mar the sacred hymn
With hateful words and fiendish clang,
Or else, with accents harsh and grim,
Join doleful drawl to pious twang,
Their brains, in taste or sense unskilled,
By cramming, like a sausage, filled.

“ Here some, absorbed in dreams unclean,
To Bacchus vow the hymn unblest ;
This one invokes love's fickle queen,
And that the demon of unrest ;
While few to master-skill aspire,
Touched with the warmth of heavenly fire.

“ Such state of things, endured for long,
The god beheld with silent pain.
Few sought his seat through love of song,
While oft the vile, through lust of gain,
Scorning the sacred spring to taste,
Sought but to lay his temple waste.

“ They bore his sacred urns away ;
His shafts they break, his bays they lop ;
Each senseless idler fain would say
He'd bellowed from the mountain's top,
And, to reward his worthless toil,
Our priceless relics needs must spoil ;

“ Until at last the god, grown tired,
Went down to dwell in secret places,
And now, in glens and groves retired,
Afar from noise and brazen faces,
Roams where his harmonies allure '
None save the humble and the pure.”

“How can this be, O ancient man?
For we below are wont to hear
That the god bids all climb who can,
And drink those waters fresh and clear.
Hath he not willed that all who mount
Shall grow inspired at his own fount?”

“Deem not Castalia’s crystal tides
E’er yet the gift of song inspired!
Thither the crafty serpent glides,
Where once the thirsty god retired;
The soaring and the creeping thing
Both stoop to drink at the same spring.

“Both rise refreshed — the snake to bite,
The god more fit for sacred duty;
One hastens straight to shun the light,
The other seeks the world of beauty.
Each strengthened, or for good or ill,
Departs — what Nature made him still!”

A VISION OF THE WESTERN WORLD.

Where, in the far and boundless west,
The sire of waters proudly flows,
Bears the tall ship upon his breast,
And scatters plenty as he goes,—

Where ’twixt green plains and headlands bleak
The raft glides like a floating town,
While steamers swift, with piercing shriek,
In panting haste ply up and down,—

Where the palmetto lightly ploughs
With fan-like leaves the zephyr's breath,
And the dark cypress' moss-grown boughs
Droop o'er the turbid wave beneath,—

There once I stood, when life was new,
And gazed upon the boundless tide ;
The earth was wet with evening dew ;
My gun lay idly at my side.

Over the shades that round me fell
The moon her silvery mantle cast,
And whippoorwill her tale 'gan tell
To the swift current sweeping past.

Then, lo ! advancing on the wave,
A wondrous vision met my sight ;
All mute and tranquil as the grave,
It moved upon the waters bright.

A silvery mist the deep o'erspread,
And, down the river moving slow,
A reverend and majestic head
Leaned on a hand as white as snow.

The countenance was mildly grave,
Like what the ancient sculptor wrought,
Who life to that pale marble gave³⁵
Where glows old Tiber's face of thought.

Serene and godlike was the brow ;
In drizzly flume his locks descended ;
His beard, which did his breast o'erflow,
In glittering icicles depended.

Struck at the sight with awe profound,
My wandering eyes beheld entranced ;
I kneeled with reverence on the ground,
While slow the stately form advanced.

I watched his proud and lofty air,
Scarce deemed such nobleness could be,
Transcending all things bright and fair,
Such wonderful tranquillity.

Now I, though but an idle wight,
Yet loved all excellence to see ;
And, though I toyed with trifles light,
The beautiful was dear to me.

But yet, although to manhood grown,
My troubled spirit knew no rest ;
No guiding law my thoughts had known,
And aimless longings filled my breast.

Bereft of hope I careless roved,
And every formless phantom chased ;
Onward a dreaming ghost I moved ;
The world seemed but a tangled waste.

“O, give me, Heaven !” I oft would say,
“Some sacred truth to feel and know,
That I may follow night and day,
Till life shall like these waters flow.”

So, when I saw that spirit's face,
All beaming with the inward mind,
Gladly would I have run his race,
And all earth's cares have left behind.

The spirit read my inmost thought,
And on the waters rested still.
These words the whispering breezes brought:
"Thou hast the wish, but lackest will.

"Born in the mountain's lap was I,
Far in the cold and gloomy north,
Where drifted snows unmelting lie,
And restless winds go howling forth,—

"Where sun-gilt cliffs, gray, steep, and tall,
Stand frowning o'er the torrent's foam,
Where, by the deafening waterfall,
The bravest hunter fears to roam.

"From the dark cavern's deep recess
I issued first a babbling rill,
Well pleased my onward course to press,
And gayly plunge o'er height and hill.

"Sometimes compressed in narrow glen,
My angry waves would boil and hiss,
But soon I'd break my bounds, and then
Leap laughing down the deep abyss.

"Sometimes I flowed through forests green,
Where earth her loneliest aspect wears,
And nought disturbs the silent scene
Save haggard wolves and grizzly bears.

"Sometimes, walled up in basin wide,
My restless steps ran round and round,
Then would I burst the mountain's side,
And headlong dash to depths profound.

“ At last the busy hand of man
Would stay my course or fix my bound ;
Swift would I break the obstructing dam,
And scatter desolation round.

“ The ruined village there behold,
The tottering spire, the uprooted tree ;
The shepherd vainly seeks his fold ;
The husbandman no crop shall see.

“ Long since grown tame, my noiseless wave
Disdains to scatter waste and woe.
I seek not to destroy, but save,
Dispensing blessings as I go.

“ For I, with life, have gathered strength,
And strength should scorn the weak to oppress ;
My foes all vanquished now, at length
I seek to fertilize and bless.

“ No longer violent and wild,
My course is straight, and calm, and still ;
The man hath put away the child ;
I carve the valley at my will.

“ Within my bosom deep and wide,
My power protects each entering rill ;
Its work I teach, each movement guide,
That all their duty may fulfil.

“ Swift o'er my breast the steamer glides ;
Joyous the snowy sail expands ;
I bear the ship to ocean's tides,
And urge her on to distant lands.

“ So do I live from day to day,
Nor think how long my task may be,
Working for good through all my way.
Farewell! I seek my destiny.”

“ Spirit,” I cried, “ one moment stay!
O, tell me, whither dost thou tend?
Answer, if thou hast power to say!
Where will thy life’s long labors end? ”

“ Ask Him,” said he, “ who bade me wend
My way unquestioned to the sea.
With the broad ocean soon I blend,
There wait what work remains for me.

“ Perhaps in clouds and mist my form
Shall from the ocean’s breast exhale,
Descend once more in gloom and storm,
And bless once more each thirsty vale.

“ Perhaps, absorbed within the sea,
My restless waves shall cease to roll,
And, mingling with immensity,
Blend formless in the unbounded whole.

“ Ask me not how, nor when, nor where ;
Still to flow on is my behest ;
Duty — ’tis but for that I care ;
To the world’s God I leave the rest.”

Fain had I spoke once more, but he
Had vanished on the floods away ;
Nought but the moonlight could I see,
That gleamed upon the glittering spray.

Full long I viewed the waves afar,
 Till, fain to seek my grassy bed,
 I woke! There was nor moon nor star —
 The sun was risen an hour o'erhead.

A CHAT WITH THE MEDICEAN VENUS.

“ Whence art thou, maiden, that, with fixèd gaze,
 Dreadest intruding foot? Feel thou no fear!
 One only to admire thee hither strays;
 No ruffian comes — there is no tempter near.”

“ Ah, sir, full many an age a maid I stand,
 Nor yet grow old. I am as life in death,
 And wait here at Cleomenes' command,
 Who gave existence, but forgot my breath.

“ Deep in the solid rock my limbs were bound,
 Till that deliverer came to set me free;
 At last my prison cell his chisel found,
 And gladly I sprang forth to liberty.

“ Alas, good man! he labored many a day
 My glossy limbs their gracefulness to teach;
 But Pluto snatched him from this earth away,
 Just as my lips he would have formed for speech.

“ So to thy mind mine eyes must dart my thought,
 Since by my tongue to express them I'm not free;
 Full many an age his countenance I've sought,
 But all in vain. Good stranger, should you see,

“Ask for my tongue.” “Nay, now, excuse! For know,
 Thy chiefest charm I in thy silence see;
 Speech had dispersed thy lovers long ago;
 Full half the world have cause to envy thee.

“Rejoice, then, in thy silence, and excuse
 Thine author, since one greater lack remains:
 The man was wise who did a tongue refuse,
 Where he had been so niggardly of brains.”¹⁶

ODE TO HOPE.

Daughter of Joy! If she who grasped thy wings,
 Lest thou to Heaven shouldst 'scape from that dark den
 Whence sped o'er earth such hosts of hateful things,
 No other service may have done for men,
 Still were it right that frail Pandora's name
 Should be immortal on the rolls of Fame,
 Since her blest gift to man all others puts to shame.

And, if my mind the unjust decree of Fate
 Condemns, that caged a spirit born to aspire,
 And doomed thee long to herd in loathsome state
 With Sin and Sorrow, may it more admire
 That worth whose loss filled those sad sprites with dread!
 Hell was half happy till it deemed thee dead,
 Nor wholly hateful grew till thou for aye hadst fled.

O blessed spirit, that canst spotless live
 In the same house with Evil! Hating not,
 Pitying whom Charity can scarce forgive,
 And cheering those thy sisters had forgot,
 Thou in the worst some germs of good wilt see;

And still with sighs all these remember thee,
And love, even while they scorn both Faith and Charity.

Yet now, ah me! the gift I half despise —
Thy speech so fair, yet ever filled with lies;
Why dost thou promise good, but ne'er fulfil?
Thou soothest, cheerest, yet deceivest still.

See, through the world, toward thee what lengthening train
Of wearied wretches turn their wistful eyes,—
Where Freedom falls, and Justice pleads in vain,
Where blue-eyed Peace from armed Oppression flies,
And Truth, though chained, still calm, in Error's dungeon
lies.

I see her friendless, yet with stately air,
Stern-faced and proud, disdainful to despair;
Lo, through her grate, across the trackless waste,
She views thee, and forgets the guilty past,
Deeming in death's long sleep her foe shall rest at last.

I, also, knew thee in those years
When the young Hours, in smiles and tears,
Moved slowly on! But since, at last,
With swifter feet they hurry past,
With faces grave and eyelids dry,
No longer stirred to smile or sigh,
More and more rarely comest thou!
Dim grows the wreath that crowns thy brow,
And scarce I dare to seek thee now,
Since wont companionless to rove
In the deep shadows of that grove
Where bearded Science spends his age,
Absorbed in book or pictured page,

Or, armed with microscope, to note
Those tiny living swarms that float
Within the compass of a tear,
Or count the nations that appear
Beneath the surface of that main
Whose tides flow in a drop of rain,
Living whole ages in an hour,
Hung from the petals of a flower,
Where the light wings of summer-shower
Have cast their globe to shine, and die
When the first sunbeam bursts the sky.

Or, with that greater glass when I survey
Those glittering orbs that swim through night and day
In endless space, to which our distant sphere
Seems scarcely larger than a trickling tear,
Alas, the world seems grown so vast,
And man so mean, that now at last
Thou seemest fled to some far shore —
I must gaze after thee no more.
Yet midst my night I feel thy wavy wing,
And seem to hear thy sweet voice whispering :
“ Even in that little drop am I,
Cheering the tiniest atomy.”
Yes, in all life I feel thou art,
Beating throughout all Nature’s heart !
In sun, and moon, and twinkling star,
And every planet, near or far,
Even in this drop of vinegar
That teems with life, I scarce can doubt
The pygmies there have found thee out,
Boasting like men, with vain and solemn airs,
That the whole boundless universe is theirs —
Each deeming his own world God’s only sphere,
Each with some faith, perhaps, which he holds dear,

While priests, inspired by thee to teach,
 Go forth to proselyte and preach,
 And the decaying faith renew,
 All in a tiny drop of dew.
 Who knows? Not I! Yet in my sight
 They wheel and whirl in such delight,
 That, howe'er trifling be their care,
 Almost I deem thou must be there ;
 And, since all Nature joys in thee,
 I, also, of thy train would be.

O come, with heaven-born Trust, and scare
 From earth the demons of Despair,
 Doubt, that hath lost all faith in good,
 Despondency, that loves to brood,
 A gloomy monster that begat
 Pale Fear, and him, that other brat,
 Suspicion, foe to Love and thee.
 And, when all these from earth shall flee,
 Do thou and Charity once more
 Her golden crown to Peace restore —
 Not Chaos' child, but Truth's, on earth unknown of yore,
 When oft through lack of joy
 Men would themselves destroy,
 And, wanting thee, would fly to strife,
 Doomed to a brief and brutish life.

Again from heaven descend,
 A fond, a faithful friend,
 And tame those restless passions, which in vain
 Unaided Virtue struggles to restrain !
 Descend, a spirit fair and bright,
 Outstretch o'er all the earth thy wings of light,
 And chase away for aye the darkness of our night !

For thou canst soothe the weary hours
Of all who climb life's rugged hill,
Canst strew its downward path with flowers :
Oh, cease not to deceive us still !

When first the new-waked Sun to birth
Emerged from chaos dark and wild,
Thy beauty charmed the infant Earth ;
On thee the face of Nature smiled.

Thy visions cheer the enraptured eyes
Of hermit lone in desert den ;
Inspired by thee, he can despise
The frowns of Fate, the smiles of men.

Toward thee, from self-inflicted pain,
Yon fast-worn Fakir lifts his eyes ;
The pilgrim, sinking on the plain,
To thee looks up and joyful dies.

Thou canst the sailor's fears assuage ;
Through thee, while sinking in the wave,
He can defy the tempest's rage,
And smile to meet a watery grave.

Thou, in the soldier's battle-hour,
When death most pitiless appears,
Canst make him brave the fiery shower,
And yield his breath with shouts and cheers.

Thou even the grave with flowers canst deck,
And warm the depths of Earth's cold womb,
When, smiling over Nature's wreck,
Thou sittest singing on the tomb.

Since first the new-created bow
 Spanned with bright arch the storm below,
 Men's tongues have hymned thy praise.
 There, smiling upon Nature's birth,
 Thou gavest the rejoicing Earth
 Promise of happier days.

Come, then, unload this weight of care,
 And from the deep caves of Despair,
 Oh, lift my spirit up!
 Come, in thy gayest dress appear,
 And quick, my fainting soul to cheer,
 Present thy nectared cup!

Be present, too, in dying hour!
 For thou alone, sweet Hope, hast power
 To cheer the parting breath,
 To make the ensnackled soul smile to be free,
 Rend from the pitiless Grave his victory,
 And steal the sting from Death.

ODE TO FANCY.

Farewell, Enchantress! Reason hath forbid
 Me in thy temples more to bend the knee;
 Until at last thy countenance is hid,
 And, if I sought, thou scarce wouldst smile on me.
 Thy reign is past;
 Thy fires are quenched; thy golden dreams are o'er;
 The days of rapture must return no more,
 Too bright to last.

No gorgeous landscapes as of old appear,
 Seen through thy oriels, warm with rosy stain.
 The light that guides me now is coldly clear ;
 Thy glorious visions come not back again ;
 Their tints decay.
 Thy painted windows Truth hath oped so wide,
 That the gay colors melt on every side
 To leaden gray.

My castles built in air are vanishing ;
 The spirit voices of the evening cease ;
 The sphyry music will no longer ring ;
 Yon bow hath broke its covenant of peace,
 Though radiant still.
 The bond 'twixt man and the immortal powers
 Hath grown to be the work of sportive showers
 That sweep the hill.

Thine eye, averted now, no more from far
 Will read my fortune in some twinkling star ;
 No Naiad sports upon the flood,
 The elves are banished from the wood,
 No mermaids sing in coral caves,
 No sea-god rides upon the waves,
 And nymphs that guarded grove and rill,
 And dwarfs that peopled every hill,
 And knights of fairy land, and ladies gay,—
 All fled ! The enchanted gardens fade away,
 And only leave behind sad visions of decay.

And yet, why should I mourn, joy of my youth,
 That thou hast found an enemy in Truth ?
 Thine uncurbed brood, through ages drear and blind,
 Have ruled as ruthless tyrants o'er mankind.
 Ah, happy when, no more misled by thee,

Men shall forget their feuds and cruelty !
Truth from the earth hath purged the darker crimes
Caused by thy wild caprice in former times.
The age of feudal servitude is past ;
No guiltless wretches to the flames are cast ;
Wizard and witch with thy false lights have vanished ;
And, when her patron, Ignorance, shall be banished,
Shall Superstition from her throne be hurled,
Thy bastard child who long hath ruled the world —
She, of thy base-born progeny the last,
And coward Fear shall fly, and Error's reign be past.

Ah, when those baleful sprites are fled,
And, like one risen from the dead,
Love without rod shall rule mankind,
And all in brotherhood shall bind ;
When ancient evil is forgot,
And guilt and grief remembered not,
And godlike Reason peoples earth
With beings of diviner birth ;
Why, then, sweet Fancy, come once more !
Not crowned a monarch, as of yore,
Do thou on Wisdom's steps attend
Rather as servant than as friend,
Contented at his feet to sit,
And with thy brethren, Mirth and Wit,
Sometimes to drown with jest and tale
The growling storm or whistling gale !

Then once more to thine ancient fanes retire,
Thine altars bright with no unhallowed fire,
The Virtues by thy side ; and at the feast
Stand thou a courteous host, no more high-priest,
And, dressed in robes of purest white
That cast a lustre on the night,

Wait, leaning on the arm of sacred Truth,
To inspire once more the glorious dreams of youth.
Let not thine ornaments allure
Either to acts or thoughts impure ;
But through the broad, well-built hall,
Adorn each niche and pedestal
With busts of many a saint and sage,
The glory of a by-gone age,
Becrowned with flowers and garlands gay,
Plucked freshly from the lap of May ;
And paint the walls and windows o'er
More brightly than thou didst of yore,
Nor only let thy pictures please the eye,
But charm the soul, and lift it to the sky.

Alas, if thou with Virtue must be friended
Ere with mankind, thy days on earth are ended !
Then fly not yet, nor cease to smile,
But fold thy wings and wait awhile,
Lest reason, robbed of thee, seem too severe,
Lest love grow cold when thou no more art near,
And life a dreary void, without a smile or tear.

Steal on yon wight in furry robe,
Whose eyes are fixed on map and globe,
And kindle up his twilight gray
With light that never leads astray.
Intrude not, decked with gaudy hue
Of purple, crimson, green and blue,
But, with a lustre pale and mild,
Illume his cell for Science' child.
Come smiling, clad in mellowest light
Of sunny gold or silvery white ;
There sport amidst the rays that fall
Through stained glass of cloistered hall,

Where, 'neath the dusty, glimmering beams,
That slanting float in hazy streams,
Built round with books, the hoary sage
Sits poring o'er his musty page,
Shut in some antique hermitage.

Nor less cheer yon poor wretch, whose unschooled thought
By Art or Science' tongue was never taught ;
Who, tired and worn with ceaseless toil,
No longer ploughs the fallow soil,
But by the chimney corner sits,
And sleeps, and wakes, and sighs, by fits.
Come to that lonely one in gay attire,
Sweeten his cup, enliven his dull fire,
Teach him how, loosed from inward strife,
He may spin out the hours of life
To a long autumn of content,
Till Death, on fatal errand sent,
Shall deem Fate hath misread the hour,
And, loath to spoil so fresh a flower,
Even turn his back upon the door,
Resolved to wait some ten years more.

Visit the prisoners, who in dungeon damp
Pine ceaseless ; trim for these Hope's dying lamp !
Soothe yon sad son of trade, who longs to flee
From eating cares and lean anxiety ;
Cheer the desponding ; warn the too elate ;
For poor and rich, the humble and the great,
Need thee alike ! Nay, even the wise, forsooth !
Who scorns to fear, needs other friend than Truth,
Would he enjoy in age the cheerful glow of youth.

I, too, if in this vale of tears
I should wear out my fourscore years,

At last may thank thee for thine aid.
 Not now, O come not yet, fair maid !
 But, when I shall grow weak and old,
 And in my veins the blood runs cold,
 And, long secluded from delight,
 I shall have learned to read aright
 In Wisdom's book,— become so wise
 That marvels can no more surprise,
 Still following Truth in all her range,
 Till nought in Nature shall seem strange,—
 Then, Fancy, once again I'll woo thee,
 More warmly that I need not rue thee !
 When I, in Learning's cause grown gray,
 No more shall fear to go astray.
 And thou, in sage Experience' school,
 Shalt have forgot to play the fool,
 Firm friends once more, I in thy once loved bowers
 Again will pluck the long neglected flowers,
 And with thy sparkling cup cheer worn-out life's last
 hours.

THE POET.

FIRST TREATMENT.

THE LOVE OF ART REWARDS THE PURSUIT OF IT.

Guest of the gods ! Men say thy lot
 Was ever hard and friendless found,
 Doomed on that earth to dwell forgot
 Which thou hast made all hallowed ground —
 As if the debt men owe thy strains
 In gold or praises can be paid !
 Thy music falls like freshening rains,
 Or sunlight in the forest shade.

He hath enough who holds a gift so high,
The good to cheer, the bad to purify.

The lyre is in itself a treasure
Of priceless value to the bard ;
The artist's skill his wealth must measure ;
The song must be its own reward.
They little know thy joys divine
That live for vanity's display ;
Opinion makes their wealth, while thine
Man cannot give nor take away.
Even kings themselves have begged a song of thee,
To soothe the sense of the soul's poverty.

What though the scorn of senseless pride
Disdain thy poor and humble lot —
Though fools thy sacred songs deride,
Nay, though by all mankind forgot ?
Yon tuneful thrush no witness wants,
When his wild carols charm the glade ;
If steps profane invade his haunts,
He wings his way to deeper shade,
Where, all unseen within the gloomy wood,
His plaintive song delights the savage solitude.

THE POET.

SECOND TREATMENT.

A REPROOF OF MELANCHOLY.

O thou that know'st with stately strain
To soothe the restless hours of care !
Why waste thy skill on moanings vain ?
Why wake the accents of despair ?

The cheerful lyre was lent thee but to bless ;
Why add new pangs to human wretchedness ?

Nay! Had the bard this calling only,
To make dull days more dark appear,
And cheerless solitudes more lonely,
And dreary prospects doubly drear,
I'd fly the Muses and their dark-draped halls
For blithe Silenus and his bacchanals.

Since time is brief, let man enjoy ;
The wise disdain the sullen mood.
Waits Evil, watching to destroy ?
Let us o'ercome him, then, with good,
And leave the bad to frown through life's fair day,
Or waste in moping the swift hours away.

Ope not thy lips, sad child of song !
I know what answer thou wilt make ;
Thou'lt say, the sight of ceaseless wrong
Bids thee lament for others' sake,
Because, the wide world through, thine eyes can see
No spot unsoiled by crime and misery ;

That in the strife for wealth and power
The worst must still triumphant be ;
That Virtue lives so brief an hour,
While Guilt a lengthened date doth see.
Sad fool! Forbear thy melancholy rhyme ;
Good cannot find an enemy in Time,—

Who hath no temper of his own,
But from our thoughts each mood derives.
Be sure all reap as they have sown,
In fruits of good or evil lives ;

And he who most hath thwarted Nature's plan
Is oftenest still the disappointed man.

Virtue can make misfortune gay,
And Love the load of sorrow light ;
And with these two Hope loves to stay,
Him cheering who keeps these in sight.
'Tis true, each morrow dawns on scenes untried,
But the wise mind will view the brightest side.

Yet, if thy wayward, restless soul
Would thine own war with wisdom wage,
Spurn sickly Fancy's weak control —
Be less of bard, and more of sage !
Live just and free, and, though thy path be rough,
Be of good cheer — to be a man's enough !

Though song's sad children pass away,
Time can their wasted ranks renew ;
But Nature's self must feel decay,
When stern and vigorous wills grow few.
Truth vainly speaks in sweet, prophetic numbers,
When courage fails and godlike reason slumbers.

Great gods, when ye your gifts recall,
May I with cheerfulness resign
The joys of sense ! Yes, take them all —
Leave only Truth and Love divine !
Hide in the bowels of a frozen earth
The pencil's charm, the chisel's marble birth ;

Melt poesy in air away,
Let music to the tempests fly,
Let Nature's every charm decay,
And in eternal winter lie ;

But leave these two, and courage to live free,
That human life lose not its poetry !

Then, though each muse have hid her face,
The rosy hours, the days, the years,
With a new joy shall run their race ;
Grief shall almost forget her tears ;
And Truth, and Love, and Liberty sublime,
When the last Poet's runes have ceased to chime,
With sweeter strains shall smooth the wrinkled brow of
Time.

THE POET.

THIRD TREATMENT.

WHEREIN HE BOASTS HIS DESTINY.

O thou with brows as black as night
That hurriest 'mongst the busy throng,
Whose ear no music can delight,
Still following Mammon all day long,

Seeking for comfort out of care !
Thou still on sorrow's path dost press,
Thinking to drive away despair
By an industrious idleness.

O son of strife ! Will all this broil
The joys or hours of life prolong ?
Thou canst not reach, with all thy toil,
The raptures of my idlest song.

Born on misfortune's barren wild,
I'm happy, though my path be rough ;

When Phœbus on his favorite child
Bestowed the lyre, he gave enough.

In me doth Childhood's heart delight,
While Age forgets his slow decay ;
I nerve the soldier's arm in fight,
I bless the pilgrim on his way.

When fierce Oppression's hated brood
The ages chain in hopeless night,
Till man at last despairs of good,
And scarcely dares to dream of light,

My voice can pierce the gloom profound,
And with new hope fill every heart ;
The trump of Liberty I sound,
And make the affrighted tyrant start.

I melt the soul at Pity's tale,
Make man his selfishness forget.
Where'er Affliction makes her wail,
Or earth with human tears is wet,

Swift as the wind, lo, there am I !
And, while my strings their strains prolong,
Pale Care entranced forgets to sigh,
And Sorrow's voice is drowned in song.

And, when at last I yield my breath,
I still shall live in glorious rhyme,
And, through the gloomy gates of death,
Sail singing down the stream of time.

Great Jove hath named me child of Heaven,
And bids me pass his portals free

And Fate hath to the poet given
A twofold immortality.

For, while with gods his spirit lives,
Men's tongues shall his loved strains prolong ;
Thus in two spheres the bard survives,
Deathless alike in soul and song.

THE POET.

FOURTH TREATMENT.

A RECEIPT FOR MAKING ONE.

And wouldst thou join the immortal band
That wake the lyre with master skill ?
Full many a bard, though bold of hand
And light of touch and firm of will,
Hath failed to urge the magic strings
Beyond the clink of tinkling things !

Then first, ere thou begin, be sure
That on thy hopes the muses smile ;
For, if thy love of song be pure,
Though thou wert wrecked on desert isle,
The tuneful shell would charm thine ear,
When none but savage beasts could hear.

Next, learn with reverent love to prize
The lyre that Heaven hath briefly lent ;
He who to highest skill would rise
Must not despise his instrument.
Hence perfect grew the immortal choirs,
Whom love of their own art inspires.

Next, be upright ; for, though thy hand
 Great Phœbus' self should stoop to train,
 No excellence canst thou command,
 Dost thou the simple truth disdain,—
 Still must thou yield to him whose thought
 By plain sincerity is taught.

For to the false, the vain, the weak,
 The gods' own lyre yields no sweet voice ;
 Not genius' self can make it speak
 Save with a wild, discordant noise,
 Till the musician's soul shall be
 Tuned with his harp in harmony.

Next, Science seek, though fools deride,
 For she to truth must lead the way ;
 And never roam from Reason's side,
 Lest Fancy tempt thy steps astray ;
 But let thy wit be well content
 To serve as wisdom's ornament.

Let not Prosperity seduce ;
 Receive her as a formal guest ;
 And to Adversity's abuse
 Present a spirit undepressed ;
 And ever live from brawls exempt ;
 Hold rank and riches in contempt.

Live free, and strive to make men so,
 Though driven to dwell with nations rude :
 No flowers of poesy can grow
 On the bleak wastes of servitude.
 Learn to disdain all worthless things,
 And flatter neither mobs nor kings.

Love beauty, which is truth to love ;
 These of perfection parents are ;
Yet must thou soar gross sense above,
 Whilst charmed with all things good and fair.
Thy temper restless must aspire,
Yet rule a monarch o'er desire.

Revere the All-Wise, but feel no fear ;
 Serve neither creed, nor clique, nor place,
But live half jovial, half austere,
 Teacher and friend of all thy race ;
So mingling tenderness with truth,
That both may love thee, Age and Youth.

Next, learn betimes in Nature's face
 Each nicer feature to descry,
Each transient character to trace ;
 Hold fellowship with cloud and sky,
With bird, and beast, and flower, and tree,
The running brook, and roaring sea.

Often in solitude to wander,
 Often in watches of the night
Upon God's works and laws to ponder,
 Till Silence' self shall yield delight,
Retire betimes ; yet in such mood
As feels in all that each is good.

Until at last, grown old and wise,
 Thy skill such solace shall impart,
That thou in prophecy shalt rise
 Above the fame of Orpheus' art :
He feeling taught to rock and tree,
But they shall gain a tongue from thee.

Methinks thou sayest, "Restrain thy speech;
The bard was ever but a fool!
Thy dull philosophy go teach
To them that throng the sage's school!"
If such thy thought, my task is done;
For sage and perfect bard are one.

But, if the spirit pricks thee still,
And to go farther thou hast heart,
Then add to Wisdom's higher skill
The special secrets of thine art;
For without these an angel's speech
Must fail the loftiest strains to reach.

Teach the truth clearly, not like them
That wrap the thought in wordy cloud
Fear rather lest the wise condemn,
Than court the clamors of the crowd.
That he who runs can read thy sense,
Deem thou thy greatest excellence.

Yet think not truth, or sense alone,
Will satisfy the tasteful mind;
The varying notes with truthful tone
Must in rich harmony be joined,
Till in such lofty strains they roll
As charm the ear, and chain the soul.

Thy skill must blend the sense and sound
In a sweet concord, chaste, severe,
Till poesy from earthly ground
Mounts to a more celestial sphere,
And less like mortal language seems
Than music from the land of dreams.

Yet, while thou soar'st in heaven afar,
Thy brethren thou must ne'er forget,
But backward to thy native star
Must look with fond affection yet.
Be this the climax of thine art —
To teach the mind, yet touch the heart.

For all delights of soul or sense,
All good that wealth or power commands,
All forms of glorious excellence,
Moulded by thought or made with hands,
On earth beneath, in heaven above,—
All are as nothing without love.

THE RIVER REVISITED.

OR, LIFE'S EXPERIENCE.

The clouds have capped the mountain's brow,
The stream runs darkly clear below;
So rested they, so flowedst thou,
Sweet river, twenty years ago,

When, standing on thy flowery bank,
Ere I had learned life's storms to brave,
Grief's gushing floods thy current drank,
And salt tears mingled with thy wave.

“O, stream that hast my tears,” I sighed,
“And hastenest with them to the sea!
Would that thy depths might sorrow hide,
And all life's cares be drowned in thee!

“ But thou wouldst scorn to mate with sorrow ;
Peaceful thou journeyest on thy way ;
No thought thou takest for the morrow,
Flowing unruffled day by day.

“ Would that life’s river, smooth as thine,
Might waft me to some tranquil scene
Where the sweet light of hope might shine,
As yon sun in thy floods serene !

“ While each mute thing forgets its troubles,
Thought’s favored child his watch must keep,
His joys as transient all as bubbles,
Sole of all creatures doomed to weep.” ³⁷

Just twenty years ! And now at last
Time’s hand the load of life hath lightened,
And memory, smiling o’er the past,
Hath all the backward landscape brightened.

And now thine ancient guest once more
Hath come to view thy waters wild ;
A child he roamed thy banks of yore,
And he returns to thee a child.

Still frank, still fond, as in those years
When first thy flowery marge he ranged,
He brings thee all again but tears ;
Passion is dead, but love unchanged.

Fair as thou wast he finds thee still,
The fields, the flowers as fresh as ever ;
The same dark pines tower up yon hill ;
Thou art the same pure, placid river.

Thy smooth and glassy breast gives back
The image of the same blue sky ;
As brownly darkening o'er thy track,
The rocks o'erhang thee from on high.

O, why no longer in my breast
Dost thou a pleasing grief excite ?
I see thee, but my soul's at rest ;
I view thee with a calm delight.

Have grander prospects made thee tame ?
Or hath experience me made dull ?
Sweet stream, thou art in all the same ;
I still can deem thee beautiful.

But tears and raptures yield at last
To weight of more substantial care ;
And love, more poor than in the past,
Foregoes the luxury of despair.

Through Fancy's glass of magic dyes
So oft false colors have I seen,
Which changed, when viewed with naked eyes,
From rosy red to faded green,—

So oft I've known fair skies o'er cast,
And the warm sunshine veiled in showers,
So oft have found a naked waste,
Where distance clothed the scene with flowers,—

So oft, ere youth's first years were past,
I laid my loved ones in the dust,
That I have learned, fair stream, at last
To look on all things with distrust.

Reason hath taught me without dread
My day o'erwhelmed with clouds to see,
And with a careless step to tread
The bleak wastes of adversity,—

To make the most of flower and tree,
The rather that so soon they fade,
And, when a beauteous morn I see,
To whisper, "It must end in shade."

Therefore I husband it with care,
Still lengthening pleasure to the last ;
And, when 'tis o'er, I ne'er despair,
But seek my sunshine in the past.

Or forward, in a fair to-morrow
The cloudy present I forget,
Nor for one instant harbor sorrow ;
For I have learned, O rivulet !

That absent pain is life's chief pleasure ;
Who 'scapes remorse or dire distress
Hath found on earth no common treasure —
Few reach so mean a happiness.

In humblest things I find delight,
Nor seek in man nor thee perfection,
And keep my day, now near its night,
Warm with a more diffused affection.

Though no too brilliant scenes entrance,
No dull ones cast too deep a shade ;
Onward I tranquilly advance,
Admiring nought, of nought afraid.

I live like one that doubts of joy —
Ne'er grasp at bliss, but lightly touch ;
The man, grown wiser than the boy,
True pleasure finds in "not too much."

Flow unadmired, then, at my feet ;
Of my old raptures I've repented ;
Henceforth, O never seem more sweet
Than just enough to seem contented.

Yet, though my ecstasies are o'er,
Love now is from delusion free,
And this calm joy approves thee more
Than though my tears should fill the sea.

Fair as of old, still freshly flow
Unchanged, while I, with each new morrow,
Will hear thy wild voice laugh at woe,
And charm away all sense of sorrow.

And now farewell, till coming Night
Upon thy breast shall softly sigh,
And for her brother's dying light
Weep silent tears of dew, while I,

Who love ye both, will shed no tears.
Ah, not in rain life's sun must set !
I can but watch with you. Long years
Have dried the fountains of regret —
Taught me to bear, and to forget.

THE OLD AND THE NEW HERO.

'Mid the thick dust of battle I saw thy tall steed
 Bear thee onward, brave chieftain! to wound and to bleed.
 Fire and smoke dimmed thy path, and the trumpet's loud blast
 Sang shrill 'midst the death-strokes that round thee fell fast.
 Thy sword gleamed afar, and thy sun-gilded crest
 Spilled its feathers, like waterfalls, white o'er thy breast.
 Now soaring, now sinking, now heard, and now lost,
 Still thy voice through the clangor loud called to thine host.
 Rank on rank they pressed forward till lost to mine eye,
 For the smoke-clouds had swept the bright sun from the sky.
 But when evening crept on, veiled in shadows of gray,
 The smouldering reek drifted slowly away,
 And the roar of the battle had melted to moans,
 Where the wounded all night vexed the air with their groans.
 No flames from thy musketry glared on the night,
 But the fireflies, all flashing with innocent light,
 Mocked their blaze, and the thunders that roared from the
 hill
 Were changed to the chant of the lone whippoorwill,
 And, while dead men heaped up lay in piles far and wide,
 The hedge cricket sang his short psalm at their side.

Next year, when I roamed through that sorrowful scene,
 Where rivers of red threaded valleys of green,
 The fresh, blooming fields showed no signs of decay;
 All traces of slaughter had vanished away.
 The rank vines had woven their leaves into bowers,
 And the forms of the slain were converted to flowers.
 All was tranquil: the wounded had ceased from their groans,
 Each slept unmolested, a hillock of bones.
 Ten thousand strong men, clad in armor of brass,
 All martyred — for what? To prove flesh is but grass.

But a column of marble towered high on the plain
O'er the grave of the chief who his thousands had slain ;
And the hand of the sculptor his story had told,
And called on the pilgrim to mourn o'er the mould
Of a chief who died young, but who fought long and well,
Nor gave o'er till the last of his enemies fell.
"Farewell," was it writ, "not forgot shalt thou sleep,
For heroes shall come o'er thy relics to weep,
While bards in sweet songs chant the deeds of the brave,
And glory illumines the gloom of the grave."

"Farewell, then!" said I, "since thy warfare is ended ;
With the dust of these valleys thine also is blended ;
Thou mayst thank the dull stone that here guards thy repose,
That thy fame, like thy carcass, went not to the crows.
Yet lament, that the sweetness of flattery's breath
For so transient a season can save thee from death ;
For new idols shall fall, to draw tears from the eyes
Of them that ne'er wept for the good nor the wise.
So the prayer of the ignorant savage ascends
To the God whom he fears, not to him that befriends."

Sons of slaughter! I would that your worship might cease,
That men's hands might be joined in the temples of peace,
And that heroes might herald a new age of gold
That should teach men their swords into ploughshares to mould,
And their spears into pruning hooks! Then will be joy
In the brave who save life, not in brutes that destroy.
Ye children of bloodshed, how long must ye slay,
Ere ye sleep undisturbed and forgot in the day
When the knight and his armor, converted to stones,
Shall be dug up for show, like the mastodon's bones?

Blest shade of the hero who tranquilly sleeps
Where the sunny Potomac so joyously sweeps!

Frown not — I intend no irreverence to thee,
 Nor to him, thy dear friend, who crossed over the sea,
 And left his gay land of the vineyard behind,
 Whose sword for defence and whose heart for mankind
 Leaped both but at sacred Humanity's call.
 Brave foes to oppression! I honor ye all,
 Not for bloodshed, ah, no! If I bend to your dust,
 'Tis the tribute unconscious I yield to the just.

Yet Freedom hath friends as devoted, as brave,
 Who never drew sword on the field or the wave.
 Honored friend of mankind, who so lowly art laid
 Where the cypress of Russia affords thee its shade,
 Long wandering a pilgrim through Europe's domains,
 To lighten the burden of Infamy's chains!
 Though no tears in that wilderness water thy grave,
 Yet thy name shall be dear to the morally brave.
 Not for genius men love thee, mild Howard; 'twas thine
 But to teach how the human may reach the divine!

And thou too, O Sharp, whose benevolent mind
 Sought in action no end but the good of mankind,
 Who the soil of thine England to bondsmen made free!
 Wreath the fingers of Glory no chaplet for thee,
 Since the last of life's tempests hath swept o'er thy head?
 Yes, the halo of virtue shall round thee be shed.
 World-citizen, speak! For what conqueror's fame
 Wouldst thou yield the mute reverence that clings to thy name?
 Nay, it needs not; thy wish I see stamped on thy face,
 Not to perish for glory, but live for thy race.

Go, citizen soldier, e'en fly to the spade!
 I care not how humbly thou dwellest in shade,
 So thy thoughts on no schemes of aggrandizement brood,
 No visions of rapine, no phantoms of blood.

O leave the poor Indian his land in the west !
Let the lust of dominion be quenched in thy breast ;
Let thy mind in the school of reflection be taught
To rule action by reason and passion by thought,
And to deem well repaid all the toils of thy youth,
Hast thou mastered one law in the kingdom of Truth.

Happy mortal, whose days unembittered with strife
Have been spent in the peace of an innocent life,
Whose spirit so tranquilly sinks to repose,
Like the lingering glow of an autumn day's close !
Ah, those who so anxiously stand round your bed,
And reverently gaze on your time-honored head,
Can find in death's mildness relief to their fears,
In your smile of content a reproof to their tears,
Nor distinguish, when flies the last fluttering breath,
The calmness of sleep from the quiet of death.

TO THE MANES OF FIELD MARSHAL HAYNAU ;³⁸

OF HUNGARIAN MEMORY.

"O, there is joy when hands that held the scourge
Drop lifeless, and the pitiless heart is cold."

BRYANT, *Hymn to Death*.

Escaped from shame at last, yet, though deprived
Of earthly reverence, almost, proud knight,
I could have wished thou hadst awhile survived,
Nor crossed with Charon in so sore a plight,
Thy stripes paid back, thy chin of beard despoiled,
Thy burly frame with noisome ordure soiled.

Yet why? For, though thy livery might by scrubbing
Soon have been cleansed, though soap had smoothed thy
skin

And time the scars left by thine English drubbing,
 A deeper stain still dyed the man within.
 Rest, then! There's now no use but one for thee,
 To point this maxim of philosophy—

“No man can serve two masters.” Thou didst sell
 Life's charities to please thy monarch's will,
 And he with gifts requited thee; 'tis well;
 But thou to justice wast a bondsman still.
 The one rewarded thee with wealth and station;
 The other gave thee o'er to condemnation.

Both claimed thy service; but the mightier one
 Hath snatched the weaker potentate's reward,
 And, waiting till thy bloody work was done,
 At length disarms thee of thy whip and sword.
 Thanks, Justice, that of bad men in disgrace
 Canst teachers make, and warnings to their race!

Nor yet did Conscience leave thee out of sight;
 Not thy new marshal's baton could beguile
 Thy weary soul, which left the world's sweet light
 When Fortune had but just begun to smile.
 Could not the gifts of thine approving master
 Console thee for thy sorrowful disaster?

No, thou hadst lived to learn that Austria's heel
 Trod not the necks of all men, and thy mind,
 Howe'er unmerciful, thou couldst not steel
 Against the honest scorn of all mankind.
 No, no! The sword-thrusts of a thousand wars
 Could ne'er have stung like those disgraceful scars.

What did it boot thee that thou wast so brave
 To slaughter freemen, and to scourge the backs

Of helpless women, since even now, poor slave,
Thy master hath forgotten thee, nor lacks
Thousands of unhang'd rogues, that wait his grace
From their unblushing ranks to fill thy place?

Yet do I take no pleasure in thy fall,
Except for this — that in thy chastisement
I see that the great laws which govern all
Are not diverted from their wise intent.
I reverence them, not that they punished thee,
But that their force protects humanity.

And, though I seem to join the savage rout
Of brewers, butchers, draymen, and the others
Who plucked thee by the nose and beard about,
'Tis not that the law-breakers are my brothers,
Nor that I thirst for blood; but I rejoice
That Freedom dares on earth to lift her voice.

Death strikes in kindness when he smites the hand
Uplifted 'gainst the poor and the oppressed;
Hunted by all mankind, henceforth what land
Had sheltered? None; earth had for thee no rest.
Nor can I deem them cruel, I confess,
Who feel small mercy for the merciless.

But why reproach thee? It was scarce thy crime
That tyranny had taught thee to obey,
And cramped thee to the custom of the time;
The proverb saith, "Each dog must have his day;"
And, ere she reach perfection, the young earth
Is doomed to teem with many a monstrous birth.

I wish no worse to despots and their brood
Than that they perish lastly without pain;

Yet, until Justice' laws be understood,
 And men grown brotherly, such hopes are vain.
 The pest of tyrants nations need not rue,
 Whene'er mankind shall to themselves be true.

TIME DISCOVERING TRUTH.

Something I seek I cannot see,
 Till cruel fate shall pity me.
 In cities vast, in deserts wild,
 In vain I'm hunting for my child,
 And now, through many thousand years,
 Have mourned her loss with fruitless tears.
 I've sought her north, south, west, and east,
 But, since God made the human beast,
 The girl is nowhere to be found ;
 Man hath devoured her, I'll be bound.
 Me, too, he would be glad to slay ;
 Some I hear asking every day,
 "How dost make out to kill old Time?"
 But since I've learned about the crime,
 I've ground my scythe, till now 'twill reap
 A hundred rascals at a sweep.
 How sharp and smooth! and bright as gold!
 The handle's twice as long's the old ;
 The very shadow of the thing
 Might lop two heads off at a fling.
 Now if a man should chance to pass,
 I'll send him presently to grass ;
 There's none shall 'scape, whoe'er he be,
 Whether a foe to Truth or me.
 Yet gladly would I rest from slaughter,
 If I could only find thee, daughter !

Where art thou, first-born child of mine?
Why dost thou hide and make no sign?

In the silence of the night
Thou art present to my sight;
In each age I hear thee speak,
But, when I haste thy form to seek,
The voice is hushed and thou art fled,
And old dame Prejudice, instead,
To meet me comes with limping pace,
And mocks me with her loathed embrace
O'er and o'er deluded, yet
Thee I never can forget.
Where thou art I cannot tell,
But one thing I know full well:
So woven art thou with my heart,
That of myself thou seemest part,
And, till my lost one I can find,
I must roam like one that's blind.
O, speak and answer! Dost survive?
My daughter, art thou still alive?
Or am I seeking for a sound,
Not for a thing that may be found?
I cannot tell, yet long ago
I should have dropped the search, I know,
Save that 'tis written in the past,
Time shall discover Truth at last.

My throat is dry with calling thee;
Would that some fountain I might see!
Yet now, methinks, I seem to hear
A spring or streamlet bubbling near.
Ah, here's a well; I'll down and drink,
And leave my scythe upon the brink;
Yet first I'll cover it with grass,

Lest it be stol'n by some that pass.
 What do I see? That face I know;
 Is it my child lies there below,
 Still fresh in all her youthful charms?
 Come up to thine old father's arms!
 What! Wilt not speak? Then fate hath lied.
 No doubt she hath fallen in and died;
 Else to my wrong is joined abuse;
 I've found when finding hath no use.
 Perhaps she sleeps; for sure, so fair,
 No dead thing could lie smiling there.
 Awake! alas, beneath how far!
 Her face shines twinkling like a star.
 She cannot hear me, and I know
 She lies full half a mile below;
 Hopeless to reach her, that seems clear!
 She's too far down my voice to hear;
 Must she for aye lie there forlorn?
 She might as well have ne'er been born.
 Wake, daughter, wake, and solve my doubt!
 How shall thy father fish thee out?

LIFE.

Spirit of life, so lately fled
 From those once sparkling eyes,
 That leavest me to mourn the dead
 With useless tears and sighs!

Like a sweet thought thou didst depart,
 Unheard, unseen, unknown;
 Then why laments my foolish heart?
 What art thou that hast flown?

Those glassy eyes seem gazing yet,
Though thou art there no more ;
Still smile the lips which once could "set
The table in a roar."

Is he not gone, but only mute,
As when the whispering trees
Hushed to a calm, or like a flute
With none to press the keys ?

Ah, friend! Thine is some deeper death —
The trees shall sigh once more ;
Soon shall the skilled musician's breath
The flute's sweet sounds restore.

But thou, to silent earth consigned,
Shalt slumber with the past ;
Thy friends shall seek, but shall not find ;
This look must be our last.

And thus, ere long, my loved ones all
Shall leave me lonely here,
And I must cover with the pall
All whom my soul holds dear —

With but this thought to soothe the heart
In musing on the past :
That the stern law which bids us part
Shall blend our dust at last.

Spirit of life, why yield life's breath ?
Why seek thyself to slay ?
Sure, thou art sweeter far than death,
Bloom lovelier than decay !

Alas, thou wilt not stay thy flight
 For Wise, or Fair, or Just!
 Is day less dear to thee than night,
 Or thought than senseless dust?

LIFE'S ANSWER.

'Tis true, my child, I seem to fly,
 Yet cease thy tears to shed,
 Nor falsely deem thy dear ones die
 Because thou seest them dead.

Through myriad paths my way I take,
 And, as my course I keep,
 All things are doomed awhile to wake,
 Awhile to fall asleep.

I thread my way through running stream
 I laugh in waving trees;
 I sport in every sunny beam;
 I murmur in the breeze;

I roam the earth, I ride the air,
 I swim in ocean's wave,
 And ever in a form more fair
 Come mounting from my grave.

All shapes of ocean, air, and earth,
 Alternate must decay;
 They perish to renew their birth,—
 Thou sayest, "They fade away."

Yet, when from worn and languid hearts
 The unwilling spirit flies,
 It is not Life with life that parts —
 'Tis only Death that dies.

Like thee, I do but change a dress
That's soiled from day to day ;
Deem not for this all loveliness
Is doomed to pass away.

Like thee, I would not always wear
The torn robes of the past,
And still throw by, with each new year,
My playthings of the last.

Hath Death's cold finger chilled a heart
Thou in thine own didst cherish ?
Think not thy friend and I shall part ;
Nothing once made can perish.

'Tis only to grow warm once more,
That he hath now grown cold ;
Time seeks his green youth to restore,
Lest Age might grow too old.

The blast that blights each wasted frame
But sets a captive free ;
I breathe, and straight the vital flame
Wakes to new liberty.

Deem, then, no suicide am I,
Because he sleeps in dust ;
Nor falsely think that men must die,
Because their bodies must.

Go, child of earth, henceforth fear not
Lest being cease to be ;
Till God hath his own self forgot,
Space shall be filled with me.

And, though a race more fair than thou
 May walk the earth at last,
 Wiser and purer, when thy brow
 In rock shall be bound fast,

Deem not for this thy tribes shall cease;
 They shall more perfect be,
 Destined in truth and love to increase
 Through all Eternity.

Farewell! To my great Father's side,
 The fount of me, I fly.
 Rejoice, not that thy friend hath died,
 But that he cannot die!

The Almighty Sire who reigns above
 Hath me this secret shown:
 All life at last shall dwell in love
 Eternal, like his own.

A LAST WORD TO "THE WATERFOWL."

APROPOS TO A WELL KNOWN MASTERPIECE OF AMERICAN POETRY.

Soar on, as when the bard's admiring eyes
 Traced thee through twilight glow, and from thy flight
 Deduced this just conclusion, that the All-Wise,
 Who guided thee, would lead his steps aright.

Fly to thy destined goal, where leaves are green
 And flowers unfading still, though ice and snow,
 In thy late haunts, enshrouding all the scene,
 Encase each bough, and crust the earth below.

But, when once more the new reviving spring
 Hath waked each warbler and each stream unbound,
 And cheerful May hath raised her hands to fling
 Her flowery carpet o'er the moistened ground,

Again come back, with all thy noisy host,
 And with loud cries this constant truth resound :
 That nothing through all nature's realm is lost —
 All things revolve in one eternal round.

This restless earth, each planetary sphere,
 The breath of life, winds, tides, the cloud, the rill,
 Go and return like thee, all taught to steer
 Through fixed cycles by the Eternal will.

ODE TO TRUTH.

FIRST TREATMENT.

TRUTH PERSUASIVE.

O thou that, in thyself content,
 Wilt not be moved by argument —
 That growest more fair with growing old,
 Deemed by the fool severe and cold,
 But by the wise more precious far
 Than all things that most beauteous are !
 Dwelling unveiled in heavenly light,
 Thou wilt be served but by the upright,
 And none thy lustre can endure
 Save the unspotted soul and pure.
 How blest are they that join thy train,
 Far from the proud, the false, the vain —
 Within thy sacred haunts serene that dwell,
 And at the crystal waters of thy well

Quench thirst for knowledge, while thou dost relate
How Love Paternal did all things create,
All dear alike to him that governs all,³⁹
The starry world so vast, the earth so small,
Down to the humblest moss that grows upon the wall!

O Maid divine, sometimes in mists of doubt
So densely veiled that few can find thee out,
Yet to the steadfast seeker ever kind,
Permitting the most patient first to find!
To the long-tried thou lov'st to show
Wisdom that worldlings cannot know,
And wilt with eloquent lips explain
The natural laws, in wondrous chain
Each to each linkèd without end.
God wilt thou show of His own works the friend,
Bending to order each with just direction,
And each sustaining with a wise affection,
That all for aye improve, yet never reach perfection.

Instructress wise, fain would I stand
As one among thy chosen band,
Forgetting fear and care and folly,
And, wrapped in pleasing melancholy,
Hang on thy lips, and feel the day
Pass in unanxious peace away;
And, when the moon sets sail on high,
And stars are lit through all the sky,
From each far lighthouse twinkling through
Those boundless seas of limpid blue,
Still would I muse in peace so deep
That thought itself should seem like sleep;
While days and months and years glide by
In studious ease, so noiselessly
That lastly scarce the dart of death
Should startle, when it stopped my breath.

O Truth, what pleasures so divine can be,
 As feels the soul that tranquil dwells with thee,
 At peace with man, and with itself in harmony!

ODE TO TRUTH.

SECOND TREATMENT.

TRUTH CONTEMPLATIVE.

O Truth, from Error's barren waste
 A pilgrim comes thy fount to taste —
 One on whose youth thy countenance smiled,
 Though, from thy paths too long beguiled,
 The way to thee is half forgot,
 Till haply thou wilt know him not,
 But veil thee in so black a cloud
 As shall thy sacred haunts enshroud,
 And hide the thousand ways that lead,
 Each by a slight and brittle thread,
 To that fair fane where, robed in white,
 And crowned with rays of heavenly light,
 Thou, from the vulgar gaze concealed,
 Art only to pure eyes revealed.

O, child of Heaven! in days of old,
 I deemed thee stern, thy fountain cold;
 For Error from thy paths away
 Entices even thy friends to stray,
 Charmed by Delusion's magic light,
 Gleaming from fens, yet briefly bright,
 Which tempts to death and ends in night.
 Truant awhile, to thy domain
 The wanderer hath returned again.
 For time can ne'er thy charms efface

From eyes that once have known thy face ;
And, though thou surely wilt not deign
To rank me of thy household train,
And though thy stair I may not mount
To fill my pitcher at thy fount,
Yet sometimes at thine outer gate
With Science' servants do I wait,
Discoursing of thy worth, while she
Sits in thine inner courts with thee.
Often, some wandering muse to meet,
Ere the first warblers wake, my feet
Over the lawns and meadows pass,
Brushing the dewdrops from the grass ;
And, when night is drawing near,
And the fenny choirs I hear
From the meadows piping clear,
Mingled with the cowbell's clink,
Where the herds have stopped to drink,
While brooding silence casts her spell
O'er dewy dale and dreamy dell,
Then oft, with meditation met,
All things of earth do I forget,
Through bushy by-paths wandering far
By the light of evening star,
Till distant chimes with drowsy hum
Proclaim the hour of rest is come,
And warn me with the dying bell
Once more to seek the studious cell,
Where Morpheus seldom comes to knock
Till early dawn hath waked the cock,
From night till morn, from morn till night,
Thy worship an unmixed delight.

Thus would I serve thee day by day,
Till old age shall make me gray ;

And, though 'twere vain to hope mine eyes
Should e'er make out the sense that lies
In thy more secret mysteries,
Yet wilt thou deem he serves thee well
Who some few words can faintly spell,
If it so be with cheerful will
And humble heart he seeks thee still.
To him ofttimes the winged hours
Will waft some music from thy bowers,
Or, from thy language heard in part,
Imprint a lesson on his heart.

O, guide divine, how blest is he,
Who early learns to walk with thee!
Despair no refuge finds with him,
He views unscared Death's visage grim.
His life glides on like some fair river,
Deeper, broader, calmer ever;
Still fertilizing as it flows,
The winds scarce ruffle its repose.
Him no disasters can appall;
He feareth not what may befall;
The heavens and earth to him are musical.
And, if the senses e'er have power
To bind thy votary for an hour,
Folly can never hold him long,
Who the mean joys of feast and song
Hath measured with those rare delights
Wherewith Philosophy invites —
Friends, books, and thought, and all those joys
Which most disdain the haunts of noise.
The rustic cot with gardens neat,
Far from the city's crowded street,—
There, when the day's dull toils are ended,
To be with contemplation friended,

Lifted above all thought of sorrow,
Or of the strife that comes tomorrow ;
And, when summer heats are nigh,
To some lonelier haunt to fly,
The pensive grove, the solemn wood,
The green hill's breezy solitude,
Or smooth worn beaches, where the sea
Sighs with a soft monotony,
Or lodge forlorn in drowsy dale,
Muffled in mountain shadows pale,
Where, through the cool sequestered glade,
Even noon comes swathed in twilight shade :
All these full oft in bygone age
Were dear to wandering saint and sage,
Seeking some wild, secluded place,
To question Nature face to face.
Yet, if the sons of strife even here
With din of discord draw too near,
Then let forest depths invite,
Where songs of birds and brooks delight,
While the cataract in the breeze
Blends with the roaring of the trees ;
Or where the wild deer roams the glen,
Unstartled at the steps of men,
While Echo sleeps her cliffs among,
Ne'er waked by noise of axe or tongue.
Here, sheltered in some snug retreat
From winter's snows and summer's heat,
O Truth! I'd dwell with Peace and thee,
Wrapped in a blest obscurity.
Here oft thy footsteps would I trace,
Musing along with solemn pace,
Here sometimes meet thee face to face ;
While life, in thoughtful leisure spent,
Longs not to soar beyond content —
The highest bliss of Fate we borrow
That is not mingled with some sorrow.

ODE TO CELESTIAL LOVE.

Tamer of hearts, whose life began
Long ere the transient race of man
Roamed o'er the yet uncultured earth !
Thine eyes beheld creation's birth,
And saw the heaving ocean shroud
The giant hills in billowy cloud,
While o'er the vast unbroken deep
Silence in darkness lay asleep.
Ere yet the animating breath
Swept o'er the wastes of watery death,
Thou, sleepless, in the Eternal Mind,
Watched through those ages long and blind,
In thine unbounded glance foreseeing
The chain of uncreated being.

Time didst thou rock, while yet he slept,
Till the young infant tottering crept ;
Then didst thou watch, lest he might fall —
The hoary father of us all !
Nurse him, that he might grow, and bless
Earth with unending fruitfulness.

Through thee the Almighty Father wrought,
While yet He brooded, wrapped in thought,
With countenance veiled, musing the fate
Of what ere long He might create.
Then, first-born of immortal race,
He smiled benignant on thy face ;
" In thee," He said, " my likeness will I cherish ;
Fear not, my daughter, lest thou e'er shouldst perish
Though Time, thy son, must die when he grows old,
And all his children mingle with the mould,

Thou shalt not fail. Go, child of my affection!
Go, join thy gentleness to my reflection,
And bring our world at last to its perfection.
Do thou add joy, while I inspire with thought,
Till matter all with soul be interwrought."
Then gave He for thy symbol His own dove,
And, thy blest immortality to prove,
He called thee from himself, and said: "Thy name be
Love."

NOTES.

¹ "Nathan Hale." For the most authentic account of him, see "The Life of Benedict Arnold," by Jared Sparks, who records Hale's last words.

² "Samuel Adams." Few materials exist for preserving his memoirs, partly because, being of an unselfish disposition, he preferred the independence of his country to the reputation of being a principal achiever of it, and partly because, after the death of his wife, most of his papers were abstracted, and only partially recovered by the persistent industry of his grandson, the late S. A. Wells, who profoundly venerated him and in resolution of character resembled him.

The death of Mr. Wells in 1841, when the first volume of his "Life of Samuel Adams" was nearly through the press, prevented the completion of that work.

In the present poem, the author has wished to preserve among others a few interesting memorials of this eminent patriot which might otherwise perish with the oral traditions that have thus far preserved them in his family.

³ "Arguing that much vexed question," &c. "Is it lawful to resist the supreme magistrate, if the Commonwealth cannot be otherwise preserved?" The subject of his thesis on receiving the degree of A.M. 1743; he maintained the affirmative.

⁴ "How trifling in thine eyes seemed worldly wealth," &c. Neglecting his private affairs for those of his country, and unwilling to press the payment of debts due from others, he much reduced a considerable property left him by his father. Superior to all mercenary motives, and careless of personal safety where duty was concerned, he long performed the most arduous public services, almost without compensation.

⁵ "Or that with bribes they tempted thee," &c. The fact is generally known. Mr. Wells related to the author that he had been informed that the late Secretary of State, Mr. Avery, possessed papers which contained offers to Mr. Adams of a patent of nobility and ten thousand pounds per

annum, provided he would cease from opposing the government; but Mr. Avery had been long dead, and the biographer had in vain sought a clew to the discovery of these papers.

⁶ "My peace has long been made," &c. His answer to Colonel Fenton when sent to silence him by means of bribes and threats. He added: "Tell Governor Gage it is the advice of Samuel Adams to him, no longer to insult the feelings of an exasperated people."

⁷ "I wait thine answer," &c. Interview with Governor Hutchinson and council, when, after the Boston Massacre, the people demanded the removal of the regiments. "I observed his knees to tremble, I saw his face grow pale, and I enjoyed the sight." Letter to Warren; see Bancroft's History of the United States, Vol. VI. Chap. 43.

⁸ "Thou soughtest in one will," &c. Samuel Adams was the originator of the plan for appointing committees of correspondence throughout the State, and from him R. H. Lee and James Warren derived their ideas on this subject. *Teste* S. A. WELLS.

⁹ Morning of the 19th April, 1775.

¹⁰ "If of a thousand, all," &c. Several versions of this remark are recorded. He was the friend of universal liberty, and in different instances, becoming the master of female slaves by the death of relatives, he made them free, and allowed them the wages of white servants.

¹¹ "Because thou gav'st to flame," &c. He was unwilling to retain what might compromise others.

¹² "Feast on her cast-up clams," &c. From a speech made during the excitement which followed the tea act. *Teste* S. A. WELLS.

¹³ "Thou didst add, be't understood," &c. The same expression also occurred in a letter to his daughter, which letter was afterwards lost.

¹⁴ "When men once strove to unloose," &c. This incident occurred during a public procession, and was at various times related by his daughter in the presence of her children.

¹⁵ "Guilt only feared thy frown." He was of benignant aspect, of gracious manners, and was indulgent toward innocent foibles, being wont to remark that vice only is contemptible. He detested all cruelty, and, among other instances of his humanity, his daughter was accustomed to relate that an urgent letter from him saved on one occasion a British soldier from five hundred lashes.

¹⁶ "No idle statue apes thine air." The principal memorials of the person of Samuel Adams are as follows: First, the picture by Copley, which represents him in the attitude of an orator. It was painted for Governor Hancock, became afterwards the property of Mr. Wells, and is now in Faneuil Hall. A spirited engraving was made from it, by T. House, for the work of Mr. Wells; but only a few proofs have been taken from the plate. Second, a full length taken in old age, by Johnston. He is seated in an arm-chair, his hand resting on a chart, and an open window discloses a view of the old State House in Boston. It was faithfully engraved in mezzotinto, by Graham, in 1797, and the print, which is in folio, is of the extremest scarcity.

¹⁷ "And o'er the uncolumned tomb," &c. Samuel Adams was buried in the Checkley tomb, which adjoins the westerly sidewalk of Tremont Street, in Boston. His bones have been gathered into a box by his grandson, and deposited in a corner of the vault. *Teste* S. A. WELLS.

ASSABET BROOK AND RIVER.

¹⁸ The Assabet river rises in Worcester county, Mass., is joined in Stowe by the Assabet brook, and, uniting in Concord with the Sudbury, forms the Concord river proper, which empties into the Merrimack at Lowell.

¹⁹ "Since now the artist's skilful hand," &c. Some interesting drawings made by Mr. Henry Hitchings, the landscape draughtsman, are here referred to.

²⁰ "Where near the verge the ball-flowers blow;" *i.e.* "Cephalanthus occidentalis," Linn. Commonly called "button bush."

²¹ "Near that gray column rude and low;" *i.e.* the battle monument in Concord.

THE SOLITARY MAN.

²² "They seek the false, who have not found the true." For an amplification of this idea, see Montaigne's Fourth Essay.

THE MOUNTAIN JOURNEY.

²³ The laws which regulate the geographical distribution of plants, in accordance with which altitude becomes the representative of latitude, have been well known to naturalists since the days of De Saussure. The same phenomena which are observable upon European mountains occur also with slight variations upon our own. A few facts may here suffice for the unscientific reader.

After having penetrated, upon one of our loftier New England ranges, the forests of oak, maple, &c., we find ourselves in the region of birches, which, more or less intermingled with pines, continue to surround us, until we have reached a great height; their trunks frequently of a large size, yet growing in so loose a soil that, when grasped by the hands, they may sometimes be made to swing from side to side with the greatest ease. Meantime the dense, spongy carpet of moss heaves beneath our feet, and, if we examine this moss, especially in steep situations, we shall find that the roots of the trees ramify its substance, often for long distances; and if we look more closely, we shall see that it conceals numberless little cisterns of water, formed in the hollows of the rocks, from which moisture is abundantly supplied for the nourishment both of the mosses and of the trees which they sustain. In our latitude, at a height of less than five thousand feet, we find ourselves at the limit of forest trees, and, near this limit, we frequently arrive at a dense narrow belt of dwarf firs, only a few feet in height, which seem as if formed in regimental line; their branches declining, and so rigid, that it is nearly impossible to penetrate their ranks, for, while the depending limbs readily permit one to slip down between the trunks, to extricate one's self is not so easy, as the tattered clothing of the traveller frequently testifies. Above this point we find only stunted bushes, intermingled with slender trunks, blasted and bleached, the skeletons of a race long since perished, and here we frequently reach a terrace, enough depressed to hold here and there little lakes, on whose margins grow various rare plants, mostly unknown to the regions below. Soon we arrive at a pyramid composed of broken rocks, piled one upon another, and this forms the peak, which first strikes the eye from a distance, when in looking toward one of our granite ranges one descries a series of broad, rounded bases, for the most part surmounted by cones more or less sharpened. As we scramble with difficulty over this rude pile of rocks, all verdure disappears; we are surrounded only by desolation. At last the top is reached, and suddenly in this region of mists the foot treads upon dense carpets formed by the snow-white blossoms of different species of *Arenarias*, whose flowers are much larger than those of the insignificant kinds which grow upon the plains. Very interesting is it to observe these changes in vegetation. The higher one climbs, the more arctic will be the character of the flora, especially as regards genera; and in the journey of a morning, the traveller, were he to judge of the distance he has measured by the plants which he meets with, will seem to have traversed several degrees of latitude.

²⁴ "No poisonous shrub of sickly hue." Poisonous plants do not inhabit the higher mountain regions. In alpine flowers, moreover, the colors are more often simple than mixed, and the white and the rosaceous seem to

predominate over the blue and the yellow; they are for the most part scentless, because fragrance, to reach its highest perfection, requires a warm and dry climate. Stems of woody fibre yield also to the succulent, the rough and spinous to the smooth, the long to the short, annual plants to perennial ones, and all perhaps for similar reasons, namely, their dependence for nutrition rather upon moisture than the soil, and the brief time allotted to their development. Not only are the alpine species larger-flowered than their congeners in the lowlands, but even species which are common to a great range of latitude, hurried to perfection by a short summer and the constant trickling of melted snows, flourish in mountain districts with the most vigor and in greatest abundance. Nowhere will one find the Azaleas more splendid than on the summit of the Wachusett Mountain. Still farther north other species occur. In the elevated regions about the Moosehead Lake, the swamps are filled with the *Rhodora Canadensis* in extraordinary perfection. The very islands of the lake are red with it. Different species of *Trillium*, *Corydalis*, *Epilobium*, &c., with various orchideous plants, ornament the mountain bases, while the *Dra-cæna borealis*, which accompanies us for long distances up their sides, enlivens the greater portion of the year at an earlier season with its flowers of a golden yellow, and at a later with its berries of a celestial blue. The true *Rhododendrons*, which so greatly adorn the European mountains and those of our middle states, are perhaps less frequent; but their place is supplied in the far north by the beautiful *Kalmia glauca*, one of the finest species of its genus, while on several of our more elevated peaks, especially upon the Grand Haystack, in New Hampshire, the bold and savage Mt. Bigelow in Maine, and the White Mountains proper, the above-mentioned *Arenarias*, and more rarely, the Lapland *Diapensia*, whose brief awakening is succeeded by a long sleep of many months, enliven the very loftiest summits, blossoming among the banks of snow which lie around them, and creating a garden in the clouds, nay, sometimes too much elevated above them to receive nourishment from the raindrops which they scatter.

²⁵ "But passed the pine and birchen grove." In the mountains of the north of Europe, the birch has the highest range, but, as far as the observation of the author has extended, the pines reach a higher altitude in New England, which is rich in the cone-bearing trees.

²⁶ "All new! the very insect race." The limits of the animal are as rigidly defined as those of the vegetable kingdom. Seas and mountain barriers divide races from each other; and this law of parallelism between altitude and latitude seems to include even the insect world. In the highlands of Maine and New Hampshire occurs a Canadian Fauna, and various new species of insects, which did not occur in the lowlands, were there

formerly observed by the author, some of which were, nearly at the same time, collected by Dr. Richardson's exploring party in the extreme north of the British possessions; a circumstance favorable to the theory which deduces the origin of animal and vegetable forms from many centres rather than one. It must not be deemed conclusive, however, for the other side of the question does not lack arguments.

²⁷ "And as the clouds beneath thy feet." The great variety of atmospheric effects presents some of the most interesting traits in mountain scenery, as when in a foggy morning the white veil slowly rising displays all the lower landscape clearly to the eye; while on the greater peaks wreaths piled upon wreaths are broken into a thousand picturesque shapes, and soar so high in the air that the observer is deceived as to the real height of the ridges before him, which in districts of even moderate elevation seem like vast Alpine ranges covered with eternal snow. As he ascends, he finally enters this region of vapors, which, growing ever thinner and thinner, become at last so penetrated by the diffused sunlight that every particle is illuminated; and, if he look behind him, the earth so suddenly terminates in a sea of mist, that the steep pyramid up which he is clambering appears like a precipitous island floating in a magic sky, amidst a drizzly rain of infinitesimal diamonds.

Not less beautiful are the approach and retreat of storm clouds, when thunders, at first heard in the distance, sound nearer, till at last the noise becomes deafening, and the lightnings seem to take aim at our very eyes. Presently the fogs grow thinner; a sunbeam bursts through; the vapory masses begin to scatter; suddenly a cloud rolls toward us; it envelops us; and for a while all is dark again.

Gradually, light prevails; the floating masses separate more and more, sinking lower and lower as they evaporate; and now, far down, an ocean of clouds appears like a new sky. Soon, through some rent, the lower world is disclosed; a distant spire appears; rivers, valleys, forests and villages come in sight; and now the detached islands of mist, striking the lower peaks, become more and more subdivided; and, while each pale cloud floats like a ship, with majestic slowness through the airy sea, its sable shadow is seen far below, darkening the earth where it falls, till the eye, fixed involuntarily upon the fantastic and ever-varying forms of the vapory ghosts which, some soaring overhead, and some swimming beneath our feet, on all sides surround us, becomes bewildered with the endless metamorphoses of light and shade.

ODE TO OBLIVION.

²⁸ "But science' eye," &c., refers to the artificial processes employed for unrolling and deciphering these ancient manuscripts.

SPRING MORNING OF A BEREAVED MAN.

²⁹ "Then the brown butterfly," &c. Vanessa Antiope, *Linn.* Apparently the same as the European species, and one of the earliest of its tribe.

MAUSOLEUM OF BURNS.

³⁰ "Did those sweet lines with truth agree," &c.

"But yet the light that led astray
Was light from heaven."

The Vision. Duan Second.

POET AND TOLL-GATHERER.

³¹ That the toll-man should make a pun involving words of different languages seems to be a natural result of his miscellaneous intercourse with poets of all nations.

³² "Ofttimes a dozen halt or maimed." Probably members of societies instituted for the purpose of mutual admiration.

³³ "Till lost Pompeii's wrecks revealed." Because amongst these the trombone was in modern times discovered.

³⁴ "That class which Plato hath derided." See "The Republic" of Plato, but more particularly the image of the Heraclean stone or Magnet, in the "Ion."

VISION OF THE WESTERN WORLD.

³⁵ "Who life to that pale marble gave," &c. This beautiful statue, the Belvidere Tiber, is the same which has been so finely engraved by Laugier.

MEDICEAN VENUS.

³⁶ "Where he had been so niggardly of brains." The forehead in this statue is small.

THE REVISITED RIVER.

³⁷ "Sole of all creatures doomed to weep." Some other animals are, however, said to weep.

³⁸ "Marshal Haynau." The cruelties of this officer during the late Hungarian revolution, his expulsion from a brewery in London, his casti-

gation by a mob, his concealment in a privy, his flight from England, his contemptuous reception upon the Continent, his appointment to the rank of Field Marshal by way of consolation, and his death, which quickly followed, are all circumstances too recent and too well known to need explanation here.

³⁹ The word Love, herein several times personified (not in the sense of Amor), has been made masculine or feminine as the case required. Here Divine Love is meant, referred to by a pronoun in the masculine. In most other instances, it has been used in the sense of Benevolence, or the Latin Caritas, and then made feminine, as in "The Soul's Invocation," *q. v.* "She our physician," &c.



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METAMORPHOSES OF LONGING.

IN THREE PARTS.

METAMORPHOSES OF LONGING.

PART I.

THE WAKING OF FANCY IN THE SPRING.

Oft, when Zephyr spreads his wing
In the moist and melting Spring,
And, my window fluttering by,
Draws his faint breath to a sigh,
While bursting buds and morning dew
Recall the days when life was new,
Does the dull round that cities know,
This round of tasks and habits, grow
A weary burden, and I long
To quit the tame and tiresome throng
For the wide wilderness, and hie
To houses only roofed with sky,
And to rude life, and would that fate
Had suckled me in savage state,
Whose chiefest sorrow were, or shame,
But when my arrow missed its aim ;
While, fain to loose the jaded mind
From all that ties it to mankind,
Far from the dry wastes of the real,
I hurry on to worlds ideal.

Then Fancy's children, absent long,
Draw near, a half-reluctant throng,

And visions bright come flashing back
Of all I've loved, or lost, or lack,
Of many a friend who long ago
Left dreary earth to ice and snow,
Of many a dear companion flown
From this sweet life to worlds unknown.
But, when some brief half hour hath passed
And Phœbus, all equipped at last,
Begins his glowing helm to lift
Slowly through the reddening rift,
Till suddenly his chariot bright
Flashes forth a world of light,
The soul, grown torpid long ago
When wintry winds began to blow,
And long since weary of her rest,
Wakes once more within the breast.
Soon, as a cheerful glance she throws
Over the Spring's fast-melting snows,
The magic beam begins to dart
Through the dull chambers of the heart,
Where the witch Care, who many a moon
Hath kept her watch and crooned her croon,
Now, with her lean crew put to flight,
Gathers her hags, Despair and Night,
And, by the dazzling gleam made blind,
Hies forth another tomb to find,
Where she can rest in slumberous doze
And nought need break her deep repose.

Yet, as men love the God they fear,
So, when bleak Winter leaves the year,
A secret dread haunts them that dwell
In comfortable cave or cell,
Lest with regret they lose their hold
On an old friend, though stern and cold.

'Tis thus my sluggish soul disdains
To break at once its wintry chains,
And fain would linger in the night,
Like startled bat that shuns the light,—
Still prone through custom to admire
The falling snow and flickering fire.

O Fancy, com'st thou on this night
To raise the ghost of dead delight?
Canst thou, so joyous, light. and free,
Enjoy their dull society
Whose lives, from manhood to the grave,
Know but the pleasures of the slave,
Contented, as the seasons roll,
To have gained the world and lost the soul,
To eat and drink and sleep and die,
Like swine that wallow in the sty?
Thy flowers, unnoticed at our feet,
In vain are fair and briefly sweet,
And all their fading glories seem
Mere fragments of a fleeting dream,—
Thy roses all reluctant bloom
To grace the corpse or drape the tomb,
Fated to waste their sweetest breath
Within the poisonous house of death.
Such are my thoughts at early morn,
Of dull-eyed melancholy born;
But, when the whispering airs begin
To steal the half-oped window in,
Oh, then, within my heart of hearts,
Delight awakes as night departs,
While stars, grown few with feebler ray,
Give promise of a beauteous day.

Ere the sound of morning bell
Warns the sleeper from his cell,—

Ere wain hath waked the echoing hill
Or wheel hath rumbled in the mill,
No sound within the silent house
Save ticking clock and nibbling mouse,
The sun and I scarce half awake,
Loth alike our nap to break
And rend the drapery that enshrouds
Me in sleep and him in clouds,—
Ere Winter, wrapped in robes of white,
From the hill-top takes his flight,
Or the melancholy plain
Laughs in living green again,
Or the mountains, flashing fair,
Cast the snow from shoulders bare,
That in wreaths of glittering spray
Melts in waterfalls away,—
Oh, bright the scene, when early Spring
Fills with joy each living thing,
Waking to life with genial breath
The faded field and flowerless heath!

Still, where the oaken monarchs grand
Over all the hill-side stand,
Zephyr, with the earliest light,
Deftly plucks in playful flight
Snowy beards and locks of white ;
Still those glorious realms of snow
Surpass all other scenes below ;
And still Jack Frost in midnight hours
Sculptures each pane with trees and flowers,
With icy fingers still delights
Pictures to draw on coldest nights
With tasteful skill, till men depend
Upon their unseen artist friend,
And grieve to see his works decay,
To melt in trickling tears away.

But, when the icicles o'erhead
Drop upon their frosty bed,
The river's voice begins to sound
Underneath the frozen ground,
And whispers through the banks of snow
To wake the violets below.

O blissful hour, when silence deep
O'er all the earth still seems to sleep,
While still a twilight lustre lies
Faint blushing in the eastern skies!
There Evening's portrait I behold
Painted on Morning's veil of gold,—
There Day and Night, with rival charms,
Lie sleeping in each other's arms!

Alas, we see throughout all Nature's range
Naught stable is, save only ceaseless change,
And even perfection's self is but a sign
That she herself henceforward must decline.
Thus, by a fixed, inevitable law,
Maturity is first to show a flaw;
Perfection is the parent of decay,
And what first ripens first must rot away.
Yet deem we not ourselves in this accursed,
Since from decay must all perfection burst.
Yon golden sun that gilds the early morn
Must set in night or sink in clouds forlorn;
Yet who for that laments to lose awhile
The beaming radiance of his cheerful smile,
Or waits unwillingly his morning ray?
Save for the night, we ne'er had known the day.
So, when we lose from life the fair or just,
'Tis Nature's task to raise it from the dust.
Of all that lives, there nothing is, save Truth,
That surely blossoms in eternal youth—

The sole thing beauteous we can always cherish,
While all things else are doomed to fade and perish.

Dread Winter, from the lowlands sped,
Rests on the far-off mountain's head,
Whence harmless, 'neath his cowl of snow,
He frowns upon the world below.
Scarce do I deem his icy reign
Ever shall return again !
I count as naught the clouds of sorrow
That shall dim my day tomorrow,
And Joy, that had so long been lost,
Wakes from her grave, a glimmering ghost,
And, while a magic light she throws
Over the Spring's expiring snows,
The brooding mists of mortal day
Melt in heavenly hues away.
Now that the spirit of the west
Breathes on the river's glassy breast,
And thaws his crystal mail in air,
From the caverns of Despair,
Waking from her frozen sleep,
Once more Hope begins to creep
Through the faint heart, with welcome breath
Thawing the ice of life-in-death.
Ah, how the mock land of my dreams
Like a new creation seems !
How all the world is glowing bright
In Imagination's light !

Soon, with Fancy's self grown tired,
I disdain what I desired,
And in discontented mood,
Pondering in the field or wood
On the evil and the good,

Which capricious Fortune's hand
Scatters blindly o'er the land —
Here sending drought, there shedding dew,
Cold to the many, kind to few,
She so fickle none can tell
If she intend him ill or well,
None wise enough to guess his fate,
Whether he shall live mean or great,
Or rich or poor, as slave or master,
Born to success or to disaster,
To pleasant paths or thorny ways,
To early death or length of days,—
I am fain with weary eyes
Even good fortune to despise,
And, although with longing sated,
Still, from worlds yet uncreated,
Straight to other spheres I fly,
Bubbles doomed no less to die.
For Time, who scarce even Truth would spare,
Pulls down each castle built in air,
And leaves me, when he steals my treasure,
Only this solitary pleasure :
The calm enjoyment of the thought
That my wish has come to naught !
So, when his scythe each night hath shorn
The blossoms that were mine at morn,
'Tis the sum of my delight,
Even though foiled, to stand upright,
Glad, while like a fool I long,
If I have chanced to do no wrong,
Nor found, when weary of my prize,
Myself grown hateful in mine eyes.

Thus pleasant 'twas, in boyhood's day,
To while the idle hours away,—

Even pleasant still in musings vain
To live my day-dreams o'er again,
And wander idly through the wild
Where Fancy led the admiring child,
To no useful end aspiring,
Only romantic good desiring.

Lo, as from my quiet nook
Out on this bright eve I look,
Blissful visions, round me thronging,
Breed anew each aimless longing
That awoke in that blest day
When life itself was still in May,
Ere Delusion's light grown old
Yielded to Reason, clear and cold.

Rouse, bookworm, to the realms of dream !
O'er moor and mountain, rock and stream,
Bright evening glows ; the Fairy chain
Whirls in the vernal dance again ;
The ruined years their wrecks restore ;
Come, I will be a child once more,
And live again in landscapes bright,
Such as of old could cheer the night
Without one ray from Reason's light !
But now the freshening breath of Spring
Inspires with joy each living thing,
And aspiration, even though vain,
Glow in my breast and warms my brain ;
The wasted spirits, cold before,
Wake to a new-born life once more,
And for a while my wildered thought
Grows mistress of the good she sought.

And wilt thou those sweet scenes restore?
O Fancy, art thou mine once more?
Thrice welcome, then, if this green season
Delight thee still, nor frigid Reason
Restrain us with too strong a rein!
For I would dare, so thou wilt deign,
Our old companionship again.

I feel her near! The vernal breeze,
That quickens life and quells disease,
Awakes once more; O welcome breath,
Thawing the ice of wintry death
From the faint soul! The hag Despair
Lifts from my heart her load of care,
And life revives — through every vein
Its quickening currents bound again,
While the bright skies, all spangled o'er,
Seem kindly smiling as of yore,
And Cynthia, on her path of gold,
Rides o'er the waters as of old.
As downward from her starry main
She watches o'er the sleeping plain,
And from the Father's face awhile
The veil withdraws, I see the smile
That fills the universe with light!
I, too, am something in His sight,
And fain with grateful love would stand
Safe in the hollow of His hand.

But now the air so soft and still,
The big moon mounting o'er the hill,
The whinnying owlet, whose hoarse call
Blends with the breeze-voiced waterfall,
And yon vast whisper, faintly heard
From the pine forest gently stirred,

Like one that, murmuring in his sleep,
Makes midnight silence doubly deep,
And the gray lake, that glimmering shines
Through leafless boughs and trailing vines,
Invite to slumber ; Lethe's wave
Seems all my senses to ingrave.
Save that the birds of night prolong
Through the late hours their evening song,
I, too, had yielded to the spell
That all benumbs, hill, plain, and dell.

But now my weary eyelids fain would close ;
My senses swim, and I must needs repose.
Farewell, sweet moon and twinkling stars so bright !
I sink to sleep within the arms of Night.

METAMORPHOSES OF LONGING.

PART II.

THE FAIRIES' FESTIVAL.

(The Poet dreams, and hears Fairies singing in the distance.)

FIRST FAIRY.

Awhile, fair moon, delay,
And kindly heed our longing ;
We dress the woods for May,
Our hosts are through them thronging.

SECOND FAIRY.

For us the night shall glow
O'er grove and fount and rill ;
The little Dwarfs, also,
Shall join us from the hill.

THIRD FAIRY.

The cataract shall fall free,
Nor toil to grind the grain ;
No axe shall touch the tree,
No plough shall fret the plain.

FOURTH FAIRY.

And let no mortal eye
Behold our rare delight.

No mortal step draw nigh :
To us belongs the night.

FIFTH FAIRY.

No man be near to boast
His vain and selfish creed !
For Nature's countless host
Takes of his power small heed.

SIXTH FAIRY.

'Tis she that doth award
Each creature's field and house,
And views with like regard
The mountain and the mouse.

SEVENTH FAIRY.

Glad in the bright moon's beam,
We laugh at mortal strife ;
Our duty is to dream,
And health our aim of life.

EIGHTH FAIRY.

So let men boast their souls !
God only knows his heirs :
He that the world controls
Can give the Fairies theirs.

NINTH FAIRY.

Till then be it ours to enjoy,
To dance by the firefly's lamp !
No prayer our feast alloy,
No priest our spirits damp !

TENTH FAIRY.

Awake, ye deities of old,
Ye that have slept so long in mould!
Gather from fountain, field, and plain
Your ancient worshippers again.

(The Dreamer half wakes.)

Hark! Midst the falling dew
I hear the Elfin crew!
Like rustling leaves, they gently wail,
Singing together in the dale,
As when of old upon the green
They met to dance around their queen.
And now 'tis sounding far and faint,
A sweet and melancholy plaint,—
Now like a rising breeze it swells,—
Now vibrates like those tiny bells
That some curious Swiss hath hid
Underneath a snuff-box lid,
Whose notes fly off from tinkling steel
Like raindrops from a water-wheel,—
And now a distant fall it seems,
Whose murmurings lull to sleep and dreams.

FIRST FAIRY.

Come, sisters all, come dressed in white!
We hold our annual feast to-night.
The meadow smokes with silvery haze,
The fireflies are all in a blaze:
Let us dance where daisies grow,
Till the morning cock shall crow,
And with shrilly discord scare
All of us to empty air!
Where the nodding foxglove stands,

Pluck the flowers and deck your hands ;
Moth-wing each and lily bring,
One for fan and one to ring.
Fill with milk the pitchers, fill
From the blue cow on the hill
That a month on dew hath fed,
Where the springy slopes outspread,
All with green moss carpeted.
Let the acorn goblets swim,
Filled with fresh wine to the brim,
Stolen from the shopman's stall
While his clerk was at the ball.
Reindeer moss will make good cheer,
Spruce leaves fresh will brew our beer,
While cresses sweet and cranberries sound
In the meadows can be found.
When the midnight hour is past
And our tired feet fly less fast,
By the glow-worm's light we'll feast
Till the dawn hath streaked the east.
When the sky-lark doth awake
In the woodside o'er the lake,
And the mill-wheel 'gins to wail
Where the brook falls down the dale,
We no longer must carouse,
But fly to rest on greenwood boughs.

SECOND FAIRY.

But, if mortal foot should tread
Where our tables are outspread,
Let the watch-guard whistle thrice,
And at the third blast in a trice,
Fast as fire-sparks swiftly shot
From the blacksmith's anvil hot,
Quick! the sable cloud-cloth throw

O'er the feast and round the foe,
Till, in inky darkness blind,
Ne'er a footpath can he find.
Vanish into air, or hie
Upon moonbeams to the sky ;
There in fleecy clouds remain
Till in dews ye drop again ;
Or, descending with the showers
That refresh the fields and flowers,
Melt, with spirits light and gay,
In the mists of heaven away,
Or sink in raindrops to the ground.
Come, now for another round !

THIRD FAIRY.

Lo, our goddess, waked from sleep,
Mounts above the glowing deep !
Up the heavens behold her sail
In a silver-fringed veil,
Casting adown her anchor bright
Into a sea of crystal light ;
Till, fading in the twilight gray,
She floats in silvery mists away,
Or with the grim approach of morn
Gazes on a world forlorn,
While the blithe Fairies, hand in hand,
Unbroken yet their cheerful band,
Still half in doubt uncertain stand,
Till, lost at last when o'er the wave
She sinks within her ocean grave,
The Fairies doubt no more, but fly
As the last moonbeam leaves the sky.

FOURTH FAIRY.

Swing the harebell, sound the chime,
 Tripping lightly to the time,
 While the leaves on every tree
 Rustle all in harmony.
 Louder yet, mount, merry choirs!
 Perch on twigs and grassy spires,
 Make each leaf and grass-blade quake,
 While the merry round we make.
 "*Monday — Tuesday — Wednesday*" — hark!
 Something's whirring through the dark;
 A bat is out to chase a moth,
 Just from her cocoon crept forth.
 "*Thursday — Friday — Saturday*" — hold!
 None of us must be so bold
 As the next word to sing or say:
 Time hath no future for the Fay!
 Fly we to pleasure, not to thought —
 Our world is now, the next is nought.
 O woe, woe, woe! No souls have we —
 The fields of Heaven we must not see,
 And, when our thoughtless lives are o'er,
 We sleep in death to wake no more.

FIFTH FAIRY.

Look, where the moon her way doth wedge
 Through yon gray cloud's glittering edge!
 She struggles hard — now lift your eyes —
 She's out, and through the starry skies
 Swims cheerily, and now she gleams
 On us with a hundred beams.

SIXTH FAIRY.

Methinks the wind begins to rise;
 How fast each flickering shadow flies,

Wheeling like us in many a maze !
Up, up again, up, sister Fays !
The days are long, and night is fleet.
Swiftly trip with tinkling feet ;
Now one by one, now two by two,
Clear the grass, but spare the dew ;
Now three by three, now four by four,
Swift as a cataract we pour ;
Now in lengthening line once more,
Now five, six, seven, in wreathed chain,
Whirl like wheels, and whirl again ;
While the boughs and leaves around
Dance in shadows on the ground,
Leap from shade to shade — be fleet —
Who touches light shall wet her feet.
“ *Monday — Tuesday — Wednesday* ” — hist !
Something's whirring through the mist ;
The owl's on wing to seize a mouse
That peeps from yon deserted house.
“ *Thursday — Friday — Saturday* ” — cease !
Shun the name that breaks our peace !
No souls have we — woe ne'er forgot !
Who knows if we have souls or not ?
Alas, I fear we have our day,
Then like the flowers must fade away.

SEVENTH FAIRY.

Moon and stars are glowing bright,
All the world is ours to-night ;
Be we beauteous while we may !
Short the night and long the day,
And dawn shall send us all to bed
With pallid cheeks and eyelids red.

ALL THE FAIRIES IN CHORUS.

Here our Queen comes! Crown her brow,
 Lift her to yon hazel bough:
 On every twig, from every leaf,
 Hail with songs your Fairy Chief!
 Let the bands with might and main
 Pipe through straws the reedy strain.
 Hark! I hear the hunter's horn
 Sounding from yon field of corn,
 Whence our huntsmen to the ring
 In long array come galloping,
 In kirtles green and caps of red,
 And some with crystals helmeted,
 That flash their light in dazzling rays
 And crown each warrior with a blaze.
 Hail, flower of all our Fairy forces!
 Mounted all on milk-white horses,
 With milk-white tails that stream behind
 Shining and fluttering in the wind,
 Like a river o'er a rock
 Beat to white foam by the shock,
 Climbing now the steep hillside,
 In what a merry troop ye ride!
 And the music jangling swells
 From a thousand silver bells,
 While through the whistles in their manes
 The air breathes in delicious strains.

QUEEN.

Welcome, knights from near and far,
 Whenceso'er ye gathered are!
 See, o'er all our magic ground
 Every bush with Fays is crowned,
 To every bough and twig we cling,
 The trees with us are blossoming!

Sip our dew and share our cheer ;
None but friends are gathered here ;
No evil beast, no bird of night,
Shall come hither to affright ;
Gladly will you guard your Queen
With bulrush sharp and flag-blade keen
If too curious maid or man
Seek our secret rites to scan,
Wandering hither from the hill,
Warn them thrice by whistles shrill :
Light the bog-lamps where they tread,
Trembling, o'er the marshy bed,—
Where the swamp-holes, scattered round,
Feign resemblance to a mound ;
And Will-o'-Wisp in sportive play
Tempt them from their path astray,—
Where the greenest of all grass
Scantly hides the deep morass,
And the gold-thread, grouped in bowers,
Cheats the eye with seeming flowers.
Now let us hold our annual court ;
Let words be few and stories short.
Speak — and, if mortal man or maid
Hath made any Fay afraid,
In the villages about,
Whether in the house or out,
Clipping wings or in the street
Setting traps to catch their feet,
Placing food on hearth or floor
With rat-poison smearèd o'er,
Or pricking melons for their ill
With emetic, draught, or pill,
Or making window-sash with springs
Prone to fall and crush their wings,
When they climb for trifling cheer
To sip a drop of milk or beer,

Now tell the wrong, that there be sent
 On their heads just punishment.
 Now swear ye all!

FAIRIES IN CHORUS.

So swear we all,
 Dire vengeance on their heads shall fall!
 But nay — a moment wait — not yet,
 Or the chief boon we shall forget!
 Therefore, we first of all demand
 That all their priests, in solid band,
 Shall of their gods a blessing pray
 On the whole race of Dwarf and Fay,
 And furnish souls for all our Elves —
 Just such as those they wear themselves!

QUEEN.

The claim is just, and here I stand
 Sworn to amend our late demand.
 Now swear again, swear all!

FAIRIES IN CHORUS.

We swear,
 Such shall the Fairies' friendship share!

QUEEN.

Now speak, if any have a grief,
 And, if we can, we'll give relief.

FIRST COMPLAINANT.

I asked the old maids at Donald's Head
 To give me a small piece of bread;
 They caught me up, and stuck my shin
 Into the dough and baked me in.

SECOND COMPLAINANT.

Me to a spider's web they tied
Was woven on the window side ;
Within the web a hornet hung,
And, while I struggled, I was stung.

THIRD COMPLAINANT.

A goody promised me an egg,
If I would only seven pence beg
To buy a plaster for her leg,
And, when I brought all I could get,
A rotten one for me she set,
And, while I tried to break the shell,
It burst and blew me down the well.

FOURTH COMPLAINANT.

'Twas but next day her bad goodman
Caught me, too, at the dairy pan.
"What dost thou there?" says he. Says I :
"Good sir, I hungry am and dry."
Then from the meat pot he drew forth
A bowl full of hot mutton broth,
And put me in. The broth grew cool,
And held me like a frozen pool.
He set us both upon a shelf,
And said : "Now drink thy fill, poor Elf!"
There through the long night did I flout,
Till the kind mice could eat me out.

FIFTH COMPLAINANT.

A beldam took me for a rat,
And straightway threw me to the cat.
The cat, being old, had lost her spirit,
Which I did even through youth inherit ;

So up I stood and stroked her fur,
 When presently she began to purr,
 And licked my hands, and we were friends.
 Cold mutton broth had made amends
 For all disgust; she licked me clean,
 All sweet and savory to be seen,
 And fit to stand before my Queen.

QUEEN.

Of all the sentiments expressed
 The cats and dogs hold still the best —
 Death and the Devil may take the rest!
 These people, till they mend their ways,
 Shall brook the vengeance of the Fays,
 And, since even beasts have learned to prize
 Those kindly acts which men despise,
 Let us be kind to them even more
 Than we were kind to men before.
 Now swear ye all!

FAIRIES IN CHORUS.

So swear we all,
 Dire vengeance on our foes shall fall!
 They shall meet a recompense
 In famine, fire, and pestilence.
 In the unerring hand of Fate,
 Little things are oft most great;
 Justice rules alike o'er all,
 Whether they be great or small.
 A Queen who guards and still defends,
 Who treats her subjects as her friends,
 And to her foes need never yield
 In secret wile or open field,
 Is one we love! Then bid us stand,
 All proud to follow thy command
 And serve thee still.

QUEEN.

Our time we bide !
Let none despond, let none deride :
Vengeance, however slow or late,
Drops like the unswerving bolt of Fate,
Which falls unseen with lightning speed
And smites in one both thought and deed.
Such be the doom of every foe
To our proud race — a word and blow !
Yet, if among them all, so free
To boast their Christian charity,
Some few there be would show by deeds
The faith on which their self-love feeds,
And, fain to share with us their store,
Set us each night beside the door,
Of all the good things baked or boiled,
Some scanty portion ere 'tis spoiled,
Of tithes the thousandth part, and beer
Through the deep bog our steps to steer,
And in cold winter nights the hashes
Set by the fire or on the ashes,
With just a drop of gin or ale
To keep us steady in the dale —
One acorn-cup each night, no more,—
Then swear, as each did swear before,
We'll friend with such, both maid and man,
And do them all the good we can.

FAIRIES, IN PART.

But the unfriendly ought to feel
Vengeance more sharp than foeman's steel.

QUEEN.

Swear, then, to plague them through the year !
Suck their eggs and sour their beer,

Steal their milk and craze their dogs,
Poison all their cows and hogs.
When the goody 'gins to doze,
Hold a match beneath her nose ;
Go, Fairy Incubus, at night,
Fill her goodman's dreams with fright,
Mount his belly while abed,
Lying like a load of lead,
Till he wakes with sudden scare,
Clutching the fiend, to clench the air.
Such full oft, amidst their moan,
Have some fearful crime made known ;
Thus many a thief and murderer caught
To the gallows hath been brought ;
Nay, some, though guiltless, have confessed
The crimes that slept within the breast
Unrecognized, till some still hour
When conscience wakes with sudden power,
And a winged dream's unconscious flight
Hath brought the error to the light,
And made them in their drowsy state
The ministers of their own fate.
But we lose time, and time is pleasure,
The only duty we can measure.
Come, Fairies, it is wearing late,
Your knights around impatient wait ;
This is the festival of May,
Sacred alike to every Fay.
Now let our feet, like falling rain,
Lightly patter on the plain ;
And, when in one brief hour
Fatigue shall end the shower,
Then feast we till the approach of day.
First pales the moon, then let each Knight and Fay
Melt in the mists of morn, and ride in wreaths
away.

Now, merry Knights and laughing Elves,
Who so happy as ourselves ?
On our frames pain hath no hold,
We can bear both heat and cold,
And, while we live, each moonlit night
Shall yield us many a dear delight.
Wheresoe'er we dance, the scene
Ever glows with livelier green.
In freshest youth our lives we spend,
But feel no sorrow at the end.

NINTH FAIRY.

While with famine cities pine,
We can filch both bread and wine,
Through the pantry wire-screen creep,
When the maids are fast asleep,
And to flask and flagon crawl
Through the chink of cellar wall,
Then to the forest with our prize,
Ere the cook hath rubbed her eyes.
We, the sordid priest to pay
For his hatred of the Fay,
All unseen can mount the stairs
While the monks are at their prayers,
And with their golden crowns make free,
Robbing the chest without the key.
In life delighting while 'twill last,
We hail no future, mourn no past,
And, when we die, no grieving train
Bears us to the funeral wain,
Nor in death-vaults, damp and cold,
Do we rot like meaner mould.
Locked together arm in arm,
We pass away without alarm ;
Gently vanishing in air,

We go, we know not when nor where,
And what we are, or whither go,
We care as little as we know.

QUEEN.

Yet deem we not that, when we fade,
We are doomed to darksome shade,
Nor through vacant space to fly
Without moon or stars or sky.
He who moulds that purer earth
Whence our blithesome race had birth
Is not likely to employ
His wise skill but to destroy,—
Stamp his own image but to excite
A transient feeling of delight,
And, as our grateful thanks ascend,
Even break the die he cannot mend.
Nay, He enjoys, if He be good,
Our merry chant of gratitude.
Deem not the All-pervading Power
That life inspires in field and flower,
Whose joy is but in giving breath,
Can e'er delight in endless death.
He still, though without souls, can give
Us grateful Fays the right to live.
Such is the Deity we bless,
Who doth a kingly soul possess —
He who, on some clear Christmas night,
Made our sires from moonbeams bright,
While upon our birth from far
Softly smiled each twinkling star,
Which, when Diana bears her bow
With her crescent on her brow,
Even yet in heaven delights to shine
And bless her progeny divine,

When we, the loveliest of her train,
 Dance upon the glittering plain,
 And make with songs and pastime gay
 Our nights far happier than man's day.
 Nor are we doomed amongst the dead
 To lie with worms in loathsome bed.
 When the goddess chaste and fair
 Melts our forms again to air,
 If to us she hath not given
 Entrance to the gates of Heaven,
 When our life's last moon hath set,
 She at least will soothe the regret
 And allow us to forget.
 Till then we have no further care ;
 Whate'er we have, we freely share ;
 No joy in self alone doth end —
 Mate gives to mate, and friend to friend ;
 In greenest youth our lives we pass.

FAIRIES IN CHORUS.

If only we had souls, alas !
 Sing sadly, all our hopes are fled :
 Man shall survive when we are dead.
 " *Monday — Tuesday — Wednesday — Thursday —
 Friday — Saturday*" — try once more !
 " *Monday — Tuesday — Wednesday — Thursday —
 Friday — Saturday*" — hold, give o'er !
 The next we must not sing nor say :
 We have our joys — but, while we play,
 Our hapless souls are stolen away !

TENTH FAIRY.

For one, I'll bear to do without ;
 As to their worth, I'm much in doubt !
 I cannot say, but yet I deem

That those things are not what they seem —
 Almost, I fear, an empty dream!
 What knave so pious as a man?
 He prays, but ever hath a plan,
 And in his seeming we can see
 Only long-faced hypocrisy.
 But hark! What noise is yonder? Hush!
 Some one is jogging through the bush.
 I smell a priest, his ass astride,
 With a flagon at his side —
 A flagon large, a bible small —
 The latter he hath just let fall!
 A priest half drunk, his cowl aslouch,
 And a prayer-book in his pouch!
 In yonder town, all scant of breath,
 Two spinsters lie at point of death —
 At point of death impatient wait
 To get a passport through Heaven's gate.

ELEVENTH FAIRY.

I smell him strong outside our ring:
 Let's run, and to his skirt-flaps cling!

FAIRIES (*pursuing him*).

Ho, priest! Ho, priest! We fain would know,
 If Fairies must their souls forego;
 And, if we have them, can you tell
 Whether we're doomed to Heaven or Hell?
 What says he? That he hath "forgot
 Whether we have souls or not"!

TWELFTH FAIRY.

I'll chase him, for methinks his soul
 Hath soaked full long in yonder bowl.

FAIRIES (*pursuing*).

Ho, priest! Thy fervent prayers we crave,
Such as have power the lost to save!

THIRTEENTH FAIRY.

Give us a good drink from thy can,
To breed us souls like that in man!

FOURTEENTH FAIRY.

And a pass to Heaven, while you're about it!
If such place be, although I doubt it.

FIFTEENTH FAIRY.

Alas, poor man, I fear the gin
Hath drowned what soul he had within.

SIXTEENTH FAIRY.

I've picked his corkscrew up! No doubt,
The thing could draw his secret out!

SEVENTEENTH FAIRY.

Good Father, wait a little, do,
And give us Fairies passports, too!
And may a thousand years have flown
Or ever you shall need your own!

FAIRIES (*all chasing him*).

Stop, priest! Stop, ass! Why fly so fast?
The fellow travels like a blast.

EIGHTEENTH FAIRY.

Nay, nay, no more! Full far they've flown;
I seized his frock and tore my own.

NINETEENTH FAIRY.

I chased him hard, and pulled the rein,
And begged he'd pray for us — 'twas vain!

TWENTIETH FAIRY.

I clutched the ass's tail — see there —
All that I got this tuft of hair!

TWENTY-FIRST FAIRY.

And now we're left in grief and doubt!
If we have souls, we can't find out.

QUEEN.

I hear the click from clock-tower gray;
Listen, and hear what it will say.
“*Ding, dong! Ding, dong! One — two — three —
four!*”

I hear the distant thunder roar.
“*Ding, dong! Ding, dong! Five — six — seven —
eight!*”

Fairies, the eve is wearing late.
“*Ding, dong! Ding, dong!*” But two hours more,
And feast and dance must both be o'er:
The Nameless Day must come at last,
And all our pleasure shall be past.

SIXTH FAIRY.

List! What voices from the dell
Hither through the greenwood swell,
Voices loud and footsteps fleet,
Words which yonder rocks repeat?
The village surgeon's on the road
And the rich lawyer, both abroad
Summoned in haste and quickly sped

To reach the house at Donald's Head,
Where the sick spinsters patient wait
To mount the black coach for Heaven's gate.
If the Devil in league with Death
Are not enough to stop their breath,
The Squire and Doctor will compete
To make the half-done job complete.
If, like his ass, his head were steady,
The half-dazed Priest were there already ;
And, when they all are met together,
I'll pledge my Fairy cap-and-feather,
The crones will die, to 'scape the curse
Of all the three — a fate that's worse !
Of writs and pills and prayers all blent,
'Twill make the spinsters well content
To join the Dust from whence they went —
For thither, whatso'er his creed,
Man must go back the worms to feed.

SEVENTH FAIRY.

The worms to feed? How hard the fate,
If God did really man create,
To live for aye in such a state —
Beneath this dreadful doom to be
Through ages of eternity !
Surely some pity we must feel,
Even though our hearts were hard as steel,
And, were we but of Heaven the heirs,
Man should not fail to have the prayers
Of our whole race ! But, ah, the Elves
Have promise of no souls themselves,
And we, being doomed to endless sleep,
For him can nothing do but weep.
Our tears would never change his state :
Let us even leave him to his fate.

This is the sole means we, poor Elves,
Can even escape despair ourselves.
Fly to the dance once more,
Yet merrier than before!
Brief our time, and daylight soon
Shall scare away the stars and moon.
Be we beauteous while we may —
Brief the night and long the day!
When the thrush at morning sings,
We must shrink to common things.
Smiling o'er the world's repose,
For us alone fair Evening glows;
Alone we know the dear delight
Born of wakefulness and night.
Careless we as summer flowers —
Man no pleasure hath like ours.
We can laugh while he must weep;
We can wake while he must sleep,
Or brood all night on coming sorrow:
What care night-birds for the morrow?
He by poverty is vexed —
We are by no wants perplexed;
He, though tired, must toil all day —
We of nothing tire but play;
While he frets o'er public ills,
We in freedom rove the hills,
Or lie down midst breezes cool
In the grot or by the pool,
Or dream the hours in solemn shade
On the hill or in the glade.
— But listen, sisters, for I hear
The hearse of Death approaching near,
And Death's pale coachman, lean as he,
Wrapped up upon the front I see,
And in his mouth the pipe is lighted,
And, that he may not grow benighted,

The weed, that every moment glows,
Lights up the roadway as he goes.
The sisters hope some brief delay,
One half hour with the Priest to pray,
To mend the reading of their will
Drawn by the Lawyer's clerkly skill,
To gulp the Doctor's bitter stuff,—
Then both of life will cry enough,
And long for pickaxe and for spade
To lay them in the darksome shade.
Yet boots it not; this night they die,
While the south wind is rising high.
But one hour more! The midnight bell
Shall sound their death, and with the knell
They must be doomed to Heaven or Hell.

QUEEN.

We have no souls at worst — at best
We should be hopeful, like the rest.
Naught is more foolish than despair;
Much have we borne, and more can bear.
Why should we dread for aye to sleep?
'Tis better than to wake and weep!
Man is daily doomed to mourn,
Even as the sparks are upward borne,
Grieving still, in cot and hall,
O'er the daily funeral,
Or the torments that await
Mortals in the future state,
Where his dead friends, gone before,
Wait him on some dismal shore.
Our lily-cup and blue harebell
Never sound the sad death-knell;
And, if beyond this life our race
May never know a happier place,

Still 'tis a comfort not to be
Doomed to the mortal's destiny.
This our sole grief — we cannot know
Or what we are or whither go.
On our frames pain hath no hold,
We can scorn both hot and cold,
We can live long and not grow old ;
And he who trusts us, even mankind,
Will ever faithful service find.
Born to dwell with birds and flowers,
There is no happiness like ours,
And, while our own is unforgot,
All other bliss we envy not.
We have no need of surgeon's skill ;
Fever heat and ague chill
Fasten not on us ; our day
Knows not faintness nor decay,
Nor hath consumption cold the power
To cut us off in life's first flower ;
Nor are we racked by pains of gout,
Nor doth dread asthma find us out :
In greenest youth our lives we pass —
'Tis only souls we lack, alas !
All other pain we can assuage
From earliest infancy to age,
And, when our joyous lives are past,
We sink to dreamless sleep at last.
Sing sadly, all our hope is fled :
Man shall survive when we are dead !

TWELFTH FAIRY.

Now the old tale I call to mind
That we were once of angel kind,
And 'mongst the rebel angels fell,
Though not, like them, condemned to hell,—

But still to live, such was our fate,
In the degraded Fairy state.
But since 'twas man alone, not we,
That robbed fair Eden's apple tree,
O why was not our race forgiven,
And left some scanty share of Heaven?
Is it for this we live forlorn?
Is it for this we ceaseless mourn?
Ah, careless of the Fairy's fate,
There's none bewails our soulless state!
And, when we tell our hopes and fears,
We get but curses for our tears!
To pray for us no stupid monk
Will deign, however mad or drunk;
No guardian angel will descend
To be the hapless Fairy's friend;
No Son of God, no saint ere gave
His life to lift us from the grave;
But, when our aimless lives are o'er,
We sleep in death and wake no more!

QUEEN.

And is there one of us so mean
As on another's staff would lean?
'Tis but a coward that would pack
His burden on another's back!
Nay, let the almighty hand of Fate
Even our whole race annihilate,
Ere we be false to honor's laws!
That will not justify our cause;
He who from honor's laws hath swerved
May deem his loss of soul deserved!
Leave fraud to man, who never spares,
But acts the tyrant where he dares.
Nay, shall the innocent atone

For crimes that never were their own?
 I would not that the meanest life
 Should bleed for mine beneath the knife,
 Nor that one drop of blood be spilt
 To drown the memory of my guilt,
 Nor that the sword or axe or stake
 Should e'er claim victims for my sake —
 Not even the lambs or birds we cherish;
 And, sure, far less that God should perish —
 God, who made the world so vast,
 And made it strong enough to last,
 And wisely made, so firm and sure
 That it forever might endure,
 That all His creatures might be free
 To worship through eternity!
 'Tis mutual love that cheers our night,
 And makes our hearts and steps so light;
 One selfish wish our bond would sever,
 And Fairy hopes were lost forever.
 'Tis true, we cannot change our state,
 But let us ne'er deserve our fate;
 Let God forever in our eyes
 Seem just as kind, and good as wise!

NINTH FAIRY.

Gods of the priest, benignant list,
 Pity our sorrows and assist!
 Good Lord, good Devil, lend an ear,
 If either have the power to hear —
 If neither, let it end the fuss;
 The devil a prayer you'll get from us.
 Witches and Fairies are ill starred;
 The gates of Heaven 'gainst both are barred,
 And then comes doom without relief.
 These words I heard with pain and grief,

These very words, without a doubt
From the church windows streaming out,
As on the grass outstretched I lay,
Half waking, on the Nameless Day : —
“ A witch thou never shalt forgive,
Nor even suffer her to live ” !
Hater of good that God must be
Who is misfortune's enemy —
Whose ear, in palace or in hut,
Can to true penitence be shut !
'Tis worse than useless to complain
Of what we are and must remain ;
Yet, when he said good works were nought
And but the worse damnation brought,
“ If but the bad are saved,” thought I,
“ The rest are happiest when they die !
The bad alone are saved, though few ;
Such only can be born anew.
Rather than hope for such a Heaven,
I'd rather far be unforgiven ! ”

TENTH FAIRY.

Nay, nay, good sister ! 'Tis not wise
Ever, like man, to moralize.
Ere long you'll say 'tis wrong to steal,
And fatal to the common weal !
But, sister, 'twill not do to trace
Our likeness to the human race,
For this, as long as time shall roll,
Will never save a Fairy soul.
'Tis true we steal from man, but he
Is to our race an enemy ;
While in himself this fault we find —
He hath no mercy for his kind !
Though all are brethren named, we see

'Tis nothing but hypocrisy ;
 Which if you doubt, just read the book
 That from the flying priest we took,
 For his own Bible doth confess,
 Man's works are nought but filthiness !
 But we as brethren really bide ;
 We love each other, nothing hide,
 What each one hath we all divide.
 That is true innocence which dreads,
 Not darkened nights, but evil deeds ;
 Hence darkness never do we fear,
 Nor dread we night when it is near ;
 The darkest nights, for sport and play,
 To us are but as brightest day.
 And this is why we so delight
 In starry eve and moonlight bright :
 'Tis innocence that makes us gay,
 And chases every fear away.

ELEVENTH FAIRY.

I love a jovial life and free,
 I scorn an innocent to be !
 To pilfer is the Fairy's fate —
 That of the parson is to prate.
 Yet surely no small risk we run
 Of being disabled for our fun,
 And all we gain of corn and beer
 Will scarce suffice the night to cheer,
 Ere warning comes from chanticleer !
 That must we heed with earliest day,
 And slight the sport, and soar away,
 Or we ourselves might make a feast
 For famished bird or prowling beast,
 More dangerous than a drunken priest.
 A warning this that Dwarf and Fay,

Soon as they hear, must needs obey,
 Nor for a single instant wait,
 Unless to meet a harder fate.
 I hear the click from clock-tower gray;
 Listen, and hear what it will say:—
 “*Ding, dong! Ding, dong! One—two—three—
 four!*”

I hear without the south wind roar.
 “*Ding, dong! Ding, dong! Five—six—seven—
 eight!*”

The rain-cloud rides at rapid rate.
 “*Ding, dong! Ding, dong! Nine—ten—eleven!*”
 One hour is all the time that's given:
 One little hour is all remains,
 Though we care not how hard it rains.
 Yet, though we care not for the blast
 That from the south is hurrying fast,
 In one brief hour the Nameless Morn
 Shall come, although in darkness born;
 And then each maiden and her knight
 Must mount on high in rapid flight—
 Must on the rushing tempest flee,
 Oblivious all of gayety,
 The feast, the song, the dance, the jest
 Forgot alike by host and guest,
 Throughout eternal space to fly
 And make no halt—except to die!

ELEVENTH FAIRY TO TWELFTH.

Whatever truth may haply dwell
 In the old story that you tell,
 I have no doubt, if God could bend
 To own a mortal as a friend,
 As once with Abraham of old,
 That (if it might not seem too bold,

And if 'twere done with good intent)
 Man might return the compliment.
 But think of God, the great Unknown,
 Wearing man's portrait as His own!
 Is there, of all of us, an Elf
 Would do the same thing for herself,
 Or would consent to wear the shape
 Ridiculous of man or ape?
 Even though He did it, could we Elves
 Play such a satire on ourselves?
 Nay, even we Fairies could not find
 A ruler suited to our mind,
 Who for a moment, even, could wear
 Our laughing eyes and flowing hair!
 All save our beauteous Queen, and she
 The fairest of the fair must be —
 And, as in shape a head more tall,
 So is she wisest of us all.

QUEEN.

O, sisters, think how wondrous far
 It were to reach the nearest star!
 A million years of ceaseless flight
 Would scarcely make it seem more bright,
 And, if we add ten millions more,
 As far and faint would seem the shore!
 Yet, even then, we still should stand
 Safe in God's all-protecting hand.
 The great Inscrutable! Can He
 Omniscient and all-present be
 For less than all eternity?

FAIRIES IN CHORUS (*delighted*).

O Queen, your voice this moonless night
 Speaks to our hearts! We feel you're right.

Henceforth how can we fail to bend
To God as Father and as Friend?

TENTH FAIRY.

O what a brief and dreary life
Fate grants these sons of toil and strife!
They cannot learn, like us, the good
Of an all-loving brotherhood.
Our feasts and songs and dances gay
Make night more happy than man's day,
And each, without a thought or plan,
Makes all as happy as she can.
Fate, when our last long moon has set,
At least allows us to forget,
To fade like rainbows fair, nor crave
To learn if we have souls to save;
But when, commingling with the dead,
Men share with worms their loathsome bed,
The day which melts our forms in air
With them doth but begin despair,
For they, in fiery furnace tried,
Must first be purged and purified.

QUEEN.

O Fairies, would you change your fate
For the delights of such a state?
Nay, nay, we well might burst with laughter,
In pity of man's bright Hereafter!
O no, our blithesome Fairy race
But vanishes, and leaves no trace
In the dull clod of life's decay;
It mounts unseen and soars away,
And how, or when, or where it goes,
It asks not of its friends or foes,
And cares as little as it knows.

And would you change this for the doom
 To gain damnation and a tomb?
 O sisters, let us never dread
 Evil from Him who reigns o'erhead,
 Who ne'er one moment shall suspend
 The work of Father and of Friend,
 But kindly stoops the earth to bless,
 Parent of life and happiness!

FAIRIES IN CHORUS (*delighted*).

O Queen, your words how can we doubt?
 They drive the fiends of darkness out,
 They teach us love and hope and peace,
 They bid each doubt and murmur cease.
 Who now can deem that God decoys
 The sinner whom His wrath destroys?
 In this sure truth henceforth we rest:
The greatest power is still the best!

Now for another round — the last
 That we shall make or ere the blast
 Shall drive us from the woods away.
 Come, every Knight! Come, every Fay!
 Let all move sprightly in the dance,
 For this will be your latest chance,
 Until a long, long year is fled,
 When all of us who are not dead
 Again may in these shades appear,
 And dance — mayhap — another year!

TWELFTH FAIRY.

Another year! And who will be
 Alive beneath this greenwood tree?
 Sisters, if any one survive
 To dance beneath this tree alive,

'Tis happy that our Fairy race
Have small regard to time and place —
That, as each life doth reach its end,
Each Fairy takes another friend,
And for the old one doth not weep
Longer than o'er one fallen asleep !
And yet the new one, like the old,
She warmly loves till life is cold.
Each flutters still from flower to flower,
Feeling the rapture of the hour,
Nor deems it wisdom to lament
One moment because life is spent,
But leaves her dead friend to His care
Who planted order everywhere —
Who sends the sunshine and the rain,
And ne'er made anything in vain.
Each for herself, and God for all,
Safe in his hands we cannot fall ;
Thus they who have no souls to save
Make little mourning o'er the grave.
Even though we live a thousand years,
There's no occasion for our tears,
Since He who made us what we are
Knows best what we can do or bear.
Like man, He made us from the dust,
Nor need we doubt His doom is just.
But this, at least, is understood :
We cannot change it if we would,
And would not, even if we could.
He bade us love, and not lament,
And love the more, with this intent,
That death may seem no punishment.
Thus do we all His law fulfil,
And bless the hand that holds us still,
That gives us neither toil nor task —
And more than this we dare not ask.

Seek but His worship to express
And in His will to acquiesce.

The dance is o'er, the spell is past :
In smoke our souls shall end at last !
List, what loud and sudden crash
Followed yon sharp lightning flash !
I hear the click from clock-tower gray —
Listen, and hear what it will say : —
“ *Ding, dong ! Ding, dong ! One — two — three —
four !* ”

Louder the thunder 'gins to roar.
“ *Ding, dong ! Ding, dong ! Five — six — seven —
eight !* ”

The storm clouds ride at rapid rate.
“ *Ding, dong ! Ding, dong ! Cling, clang !* ” 'Tis
past —

The wind hath risen to a blast —
I hear the rain descending fast !
And now the convent bells are tolling,
The funeral train comes hither rolling,
List the thunder's awful crash,
Mark the lightning's furious flash !

QUEEN.

Change, horse and knight, to feathery furze,
Ye maids, be floating gossamers !
Some to the greenwood, some to the gray,
Change some to mist, and some to spray,
While some on lightning's flash whirl with the winds
away !

(*The Poet wakes.*)

They fly ! They fade ! The sports are o'er
The deafening peals have ceased to roar,

The skies are dark, the moonbeams bright
Will shine, I fear, no more tonight.
The pine-groves moan with hollow sound,
The rushing rain hath drenched the ground ;
No fairy figure is in sight,
But, clad in robes of misty white,
Faint forms, like ghosts, sweep up the vale,
While here and there, in darkened mail,
Some knight seems ferrying o'er the flood
Or swimming to the distant wood.
All round, upon the sleeping plain,
The cricket chorus chirps again,
And now the marshy tribes I hear,
And plaintive Hylas greets the ear
In long-drawn accents, sweet and clear.
Now all the scene were silent quite,
Save that some lonely bird of night
Croons huskily from hollow tree,
Or whoops with horrid minstrelsy,
Or shrieks at times with shrillest laughter,
Like warning from the world hereafter.
And now I almost hear my breath,
And the whole world grows mute as death.

But see, from out yon sullen cloud
The moon hath burst her sable shroud,
And now, with silver-margined train,
Breaks proudly forth, a queen again.
Now the clouds vanish one by one,
Through starry seas she sails alone,
And all the world around me seems
To sleep in peace beneath her beams.

METAMORPHOSES OF LONGING.

PART III.

FANCY'S KALEIDOSCOPE.

I. THE RUINED CASTLE.

Quick, Fancy! Haste, and let us flee
To some old castle near the sea,
Built on the bleak rock's farthest bound
And girt by gloomy forests round,
A melancholy shade diffusing
That tempts the soul to silent musing,—
Some savage ruin, rough and hoary,
Deserted long, but famed in story,—
Some wreck, so stately as from sleep
Might wake those Celtic bards to weep
Who mourned of old o'er sad decay,
Singing of glory passed away.

I see it there, a ruin old,
Scowling through the moonbeams cold,
Where far above the tallest tree
It mounts in mouldering majesty.
Here once the startled echoes rang
To clash of arms and clarion's clang;
Now all is silent, save the song
Of wandering winds that wail along,
Or rustling hawk that sails away

To seek its perch or seize its prey,
Or screaming eagle that on high
With the gale comes sweeping by,
Like a dark cloud in the sky.
The drawbridge, once by baron bold
And charger trod, now rots in mould
'Neath sheltered rocks and shaggy moss
That half have filled the ancient foss.
There shall the sun at morning streak
Steep walls, all stern and bare and bleak,
Their summits crowned with turrets gray
That grimly greet the dawn of day,
Their bases bathed in foam and spray;
But, when he sets, his beams shall shine
On slopes adorned with many a vine,
Whose floating streamers, decked with flowers,
Half conceal the crumbling towers
That, crusted o'er with lichens white,
Enhance the ghastly glow of night.
The ivy green o'er ruin gray
Shall lend a grace to pride's decay,
While ruin gray through ivy green
Shall lend a pathos to the scene.
There high o'erhead wild shrubs shall shoot,
There thorns in every chink take root,
While every crack and crevice breeds
Its sheltered tuft of tangled weeds,
Whose twigs have crept through every rent
In the ruined battlement,
Once bright with darts and arrows keen,
Now bristling but with herbage green,
And the sole warder the lean fox
Who keeps his watch among the rocks.
No catapult or cannon more
Shall wake the woods with angry roar.
There, majestically grand,

My towers, though tottering, straight shall stand,
Frowning like midnight o'er the land,
And, having braved for many an age
Lightning's shock and tempest's rage,
Shall an hundred years have stood
Abandoned, till the oaken wood
Hath closed around for many a rood,
With mighty trunks all gnarled and old,
Their huge roots knotty, damp, and cold.
From their shaggy boughs shall grow
Dangling moss and mistletoe,
And the traveller, far away
Journeying on at break of day,
Oft shall linger, when he sees
Turrets mounting o'er the trees,
And with raptured eyes admire
The gray stones tipped with morning fire ;
But, when he fain would come more near,
All in gloom shall disappear,
Till the wight shall grow in doubt
Lest the wizards be about,
Who on mountains or in air
Oft of mists build castles fair,
That, in sunshine or in rain,
Melt ere long to mists again.
There the grave owlet, whom we find,
Like the sages 'mongst mankind,
In broadest daylight still most blind,
Sits in secret nook to shun
The hated radiance of the sun,
Till the hush of evening breeds
Darkness fit for owlish deeds ;
There, behind his leafy screen,
He can sit and see, unseen,
When some luckless mouse or mole
Strays, perchance, too near his hole.

But let no travelled road disclose
Where my ruined piles repose,
Reached by a rough and rocky route
And girt by glen and gorge about,
And steepled crags, aloft that loom
O'er the greenwood's solemn gloom,
Where through the boughs the noonday light
Steals twinkling like the stars at night.
The wanderer now begins to doubt
How he shall find his dim way out,
When suddenly, his path before,
He hears the ocean's muffled roar,
And soon the expanse of billows bright
Heaves flashing on his dazzled sight.
Lo! a broad, extended bay,
Lonely and blue, where far away,
'Twixt beetling cliffs, the ocean's breast,
Wreathed in many a foamy crest,
Heaves murmuring, till the boundless scene
Melts in those misty realms serene
Where waves in dreamy distance die,
Commingling with the stooping sky.
There, gliding on its pathway pale,
Oft through the gap some snowy sail
Shall cross the vista, silvery white,
Flashing and fading like the light
Of some dim star in heaven's blue sea,
That gleams and pales alternately.
On such a scene, so wild and grand,
Fain would he gaze; but, lo! the land
Suddenly halts, and, shrinking back,
He shuns the abyss so deep and black,
Steep from whose verge the looming towers.
Nested in oak and ivy bowers,
Frown o'er the flood.

There oft at morn,
Ere first the hunter winds his horn,
To the gray sea-gull's lone retreat
Would I descend with cautious feet,
And view the ripples as they chase
Each other 'gainst the castle's base,
Or hear, when gales begin to blow
And stir the watery war below,
The angry waves with voice of thunder
Battling the rifted arches under.
Or, when the sunbeams sink at last
From cliff and tree-top, tower and mast,—
When the tired god, grown faint and pale,
Casts from his limbs the glittering mail,
And, stooping to the ocean's breast,
Prone on the billow sinks to rest,
While from afar his parting smile
Reddens the waves for many a mile,—
Then, glorious solitude, with thee
How blest at such an hour to be!
How blest to watch the dying day,
Along the pebbly strand to stray,
To muse beside the lonely shore
Lulled by the ocean's organ roar,
The anthem join, and, face to face
With the rapt spirit of the place,
Wait where the whitening surges beat,
And worship at the Almighty's feet.

II. THE LAKES.

But lo, the landscape waxes cold,
The scene once painted straight grows old,
The sullen moaning of the sea
Tires with its dull monotony.

I hate yon grim and grizzly host
Of mist-robed rocks, where, like a ghost,
Each keeps his night watch on the coast,
Gloomy and chill. Now might I flee,
Borne on such winged tapestry
As fabled is in Arab tale!
In this calm twilight would I sail
Far o'er the hills away, and take
My course to some secluded lake,
Bosomed in hills, whose waters sleep
By winds scarce ruffled, clear and deep,
And spread in distance far away
'Twixt valleys green and headlands gray,
Here broad and bright, there hemmed in straits
'Twixt forest hills and rocky gates.
There, stretched along for many a mile,
Dotted with crag and wooded isle,
Disclosing many a glimpse between
Of fertile fields and margins green,
The verdant capes so nearly meet
That hunters oft each other greet,
And gayly chat from shore to shore.
Yet still, through many an open door,
The waters blend in lengthening chain,
Now broad, now nearly closed again ;
While oft some entering stream or bay
Opens a vista far away,
Where human voice the listening ear
Across the lake can scarcely hear,
And soon so far, the practised eye
Can neither face nor form descry.
Still sweep they on with many a bend,
Till towers and towns and forests end
In beetling headlands, far and faint,
Such as Salvator loves to paint,
Where many a mast-lined port appears,

And many a cliff its head uprears,
Till eyesight fails, a boundless blue
Becomes the atmosphere's sole hue,
Nought lies beyond, the expanded scene
Is lost in misty realms serene.

III. THE MONASTERY.

Hard by on some green slope the while,
A vast and venerable pile,
An aged monastery, stands
The monarch of the neighboring lands,
Where abbot grave, in days of old,
Presided o'er his monkish fold.
Here learning, in a barbarous age,
Sought out a peaceful hermitage.
No matins more, no vespers call
The loitering hermit from his stall ;
No larder furnishes the feast ;
Nature is now the only priest.
Where scarce a rat would deign retreat,
Behold my favorite country seat !
Such I delight to call my own,
All with ivy overgrown,
Till it seems, from base to eaves,
A living temple built of leaves,
That have trained themselves on high,
As if they fain would reach the sky,
Drooping from roof and balcony,
Straining each massive arch to crown,
From every keystone dangling down,
Draping each crypt and column tall,
And densely mantling every wall.
There tangled boughs with stubborn hold
The ruined oriel shall enfold,
And, at each window entering free,

Bear up the broken tracery,
While funeral yews in silence weep
And fill with night the cloistered heap.

Fronting the east, my saintly friend
Carved o'er the porch shall daily send
His glance to greet the orient light,
Whose waves of gold and creamy white
Come rolling o'er the landscape gray
Where darkness struggles with the day,—
View the far summits flashing bright,
While the dim lake still sleeps in night,
And scarce ere noon the earliest ray
Down the dark mountain slopes shall stray,
Shoot o'er the flood with silvery gleams,
And wake the warblers from their dreams,—
Yet view unmoved, his stony mind
Still to his scroll of stone inclined,
While all his brethren, set in nooks
Scooped in the walls, with fixed looks
Sit ever poring o'er their books.
Thus in my cloisters, all alone
Amidst my silent friends in stone,
Shall the sable raven's knell
Serve alike for choir and bell,
While winds that wail through tower and tree
Shall my solemn organ be.

Here, girt with barriers round about,
The busy world should be shut out;
But on the west, where long at night
The glowing hues shall cheer the sight,
I'd see the sun go daily down
Behind the mountain's misty crown,
And watch his glory slow expire
In seas of blood and skies of fire.

Then, as the dusky night draws near,
From the lone hill-side would I hear
The giant divers, loud and clear,
When, rising from some pine-clad isle
With cries that boom for many a mile,
They mount aloft, and, poised on high,
The feathered meteors of the sky,
Drop suddenly with hideous moans
Through the still air, like falling stones,
Deep in the waves. Or, later yet,
I'd list, when leaves with dews are wet,
To the lone bittern's loud delight,
When he greets the deepening night
And roves at large the weedy shore,
Startling the woods with bull-like roar.
If aught be lacking to enhance
The thrilling sense of wild romance,
When wakeful bats unhook their wings
And wheel about in airy rings,
Grant at this hour the sounds my ear
In early summer loves to hear —
Those notes that in my native land
So oft at evening bid me stand,
When, from some copse or rocky hill,
The sad, mysterious whip-poor-will,
Whose tongue can tell a plainer tale
Than wood-thrush or than nightingale,
Warbles his song of penance clear
In tones that wake the drowsiest ear.
Of all his pensive tribe, than he
None can complain more tenderly,
Until, with midnight glooms oppressed,
He sinks awhile to transient rest.
But, when the shadows, growing pale,
Scarce hide the mists that shroud the vale,
Once more the plaintive strains begin,

Ushering the early morning in.
Then, from the window dimly seen,
Perched on the doorstep or the green,
Or low stone-wall, his dearest haunt,
He pours once more his measured chant,
Till, by the slightest sound affrighted,
Mute grows the voice that so delighted,
Or, dulled by distance, grows so faint,
Who lists scarce hears — his last complaint
Is sighed in loneliest groves afar
To audience none save moon and star.

Oft would I muse by chapel wall,
With leaking buttress loth to fall,
Where monuments and sculptured stones
Hide old armor, crumbling bones,
Cuirass and helmet, lance and glaive,
Sad relics of the mouldering brave.
There shall each rusted brazen plate
Old tales of chivalry relate,
And Father Time shall pitying spare
The rudely graven pictures there,
Where, blazoned by the sculptor's care,
Rusts many a scene of knightly deeds
'Neath matted moss and tangled weeds.
There shall the cracked and tongueless bell
Rest on the green earth where it fell,
Forgotten in its grassy mound,
Half seen, half hidden in the ground.
There daily in some secret nook,
Mated with thought or wisdom's book,
Or sailing free on fancy's wings,
Would I forget all hateful things,
Till this dull world and its dull ways
Melt in the charm of olden days.

IV. THE PALACE.

Yet, while I live alone to brood
In this unbroken solitude,
Something I lack to make it dear —
Friends to enjoy it with me here ;
For loneliness hath need of speech,
The love of loneliness to teach.
Alas, once more the scene grows dreary —
Of the wilderness I'm weary !
Fain am I to turn my face
Back to greet the human race.
A fairer world my fancy sees ;
I'll dwell no more in scenes like these.
Who'll take for gift my ruins gray ?
For here will I no longer stay,
But to great cities haste away,
To streets and domes and tapering spires,
And all delights that sense requires,
Rich fruits and flowers from foreign lands,
Art treasures wrought by cunning hands,
Things precious from earth's farthest bound
That skill hath formed or traveller found.
I long some friendly face to see,
To mingle with society ;
Laughing eyes seem fairer far
Than blink of the pale evening star,
The sound of merry tongues more sweet
Than streamlet fretting at my feet,
Or melancholy wind that moans
O'er deserts drear and wastes of stones.
Ah, surely, never was it good
To dwell in perfect solitude ;
Dear is to man the human voice,
Man should with brother man rejoice ;

My ruined abbey melts away —
Even let it into dust decay!

Now will I have a palace grand,
That in grove of elms shall stand,
Where cooling fountains spout and play,
Ever gushing night and day.
There my palace broad and high
Shall delight the passer-by,
Girt with gardens round about,
Beautiful within, without.
Arching roofs on columns tall
Shall span full many a noble hall,
Whose domes the light of heaven diffuse
In a thousand lovely hues,
And gayly tinge each marble floor,
With tales and histories covered o'er,
In ebony and ivory told,
Of captains famed and warriors bold
And royal knights in arms of gold,—
So filled that scarce the feet can tread
Save on some royal neck or head.
There the painter's mimic art
Shall make life from canvas start;
There the sculptor shall inspire
Frigid stones with vital fire,
While poetic scenes shall be
Wrought out in mazy tapestry.
Wheresoe'er I turn mine eyes,
Beauteous forms shall round me rise,
A pictured paradise revealing
On every window, wall, and ceiling,
All with brush and chisel wrought,
Till the whole house seem steeped in thought,
Like one who from affairs of state

Retires in peace to meditate,
Or rather like some reverend sage
Who hath outlived his race and age,
And shuns the shock of ruder days,
Contemning men and all their ways.

V. TRAVEL.

Alas, what selfishness is here,
Where dead things are the only dear!
A demon hath already entered
The soul upon itself concentrated.
Now throw me in the midst of noise,
The buzz of men, the sports of boys,
Where busy crowds throng square and quay,
And ships are whitening all the sea,
While driving rain of restless feet
Sweeps the broad maze of endless street.
The city's hum my sadness steals —
How pleasant is the whirl of wheels,
The heavy hammer's distant jar
From busy shipyard clanking far!

And now a merchant man I'd be,
Whose ships should float on every sea,
Delighted on the wharf to stand
And see my cargoes come to land,
While India's wealth from many a fleet
Each day is piling at my feet;
Or brown sea-captain, rough and stout,
Who hath been all the world about,
As traveller roamed through every land
From Timbuctoo to Samarcand,
Hath smoked his pipe and quaffed his draught
With men of every creed and craft,

Hath cracked his joke and shaken hands
With people of all hues and lands,—
Who knows what 'tis to fry or freeze
With Caribs and Samoiedes,
Hath trod the land of palms and heard
In her own climes the tolling-bird,
Fed with his hand those pheasant-kings
That carry lamps upon their wings,
Hath seen all creatures 'neath the sun,
Men that have tails and apes with none,—
One who betwixt the land and sea
Life hath divided equally,
Half man, half fish, and who hath been
Alike the whole world's citizen,
His head with tales and marvels full
Of Prester John and Great Mogul,
Sea-serpents, krakens,— who hath seen
The mermaids comb their locks of green,
Hath tweaked the bashaw by his tail,
Supped on the blubber of a whale,
Coursed Symmes's Hole, and crossed the Nile
Mounted on scaly crocodile,—
One who hath danced the livelong night
By the Elater's golden light,
Or read his papers by the eyes
Of the flashing canthorn flies,
And still will cheer with social chat
Night after night with this and that,
And all things else, he scarce knows what,
Now from his cruise returned once more
To his old friends and native shore.

But this one grows too gross, I see !
One that far better pleases me,
The travelled connoisseur, whose airs

Bespeak him versed in world affairs,
 Whom wealth and wit and taste combine
 Alike to polish and refine ;
 A courtly, graceful, liberal man,
 Half Christian, half Mahometan ;
 From prejudice and passion free,
 All things to all men, such is he.
 He knows the great of every nation,
 The men of genius and of station,
 Hath sat with critics in a row,
 And kissed at Rome the Pope's great toe.
 No bookworm this, a judge is he
 Of music, painting, poetry,
 Wine, women, victuals, all that art
 In courts or kitchens can impart.
 He loves to skim the realms of thought,
 But be the learned drudge in nought ;
 Disdains *pro, anti, ist, and ism,*
 Scorning alike both sect and schism ;
 Can aptly talk with learned lass
 Of Trojan Horse and Golden Ass,
 And coincide with men of learning
 On knotty points with nice discerning ;
 With gods and heroes hand and glove
 From Mumbo Jumbo up to Jove ;
 A lover both of saints and sinners,
 The breath of prayers, the scent of dinners.
 From thence to chat of kings he'll pass ;
 Familiar he with every class,
 Alike from King George to King Glass.
 He knows to enjoy, nor shuns the school
 That nurses pedant, knave, and fool.

He also tires ! With one so cold,
 The heart grows frozen, ere 'tis old ;

And I were loth at last to be
The sad child of Satiety,
Who, when the senses lose control,
Hath gained the world, and lost his soul.
He who hath many nations known
Forgets the virtues of his own,
And who no more can feel surprise
Must rather grow refined than wise.
Oh, save me from that direst bore
Who knows mankind — but knows no more !
Oh, no, a better life than this
Can but attain imperfect bliss.
Thus far, I've nothing found but fools,
Or the spoiled children of the schools,
Who, like that king miscalled "the wise,"
Found all mere vanity and lies —
As all will find who put their trust
In avarice, gluttony, and lust,
Or who, like him, would seek delights
In concubines and parasites.

VI. WORK.

What din and clangor all the day !
It steals one from himself away.
I like to hear the puffing steam,
The clattering engine's shrilly scream,
And yon loud buzz, like swarm of bees
From Brobdignag, that, lacking trees,
Would hive in yonder factories.
Sounds on all sides with sounds at strife,
The very stones instinct with life !
Now the bell rings, sharp and shrill ;
The clatter suddenly grows still,
And deepest silence, like a sea,

O'erwhelms the vast machinery.
Lo, on all sides the hungry crowds
Move in a hundred dusky clouds,
With motion swift and faces sad,
Almost too weary to be glad.

Pleasant to see at close of day
The throngs that thread each narrow way,
The high, the low, the grave, the gay,
The bright-haired youth, the old man gray,
Rich, poor, oppressors and oppressed,
All hurrying north, south, east, and west,
Some to rich feasts and cheerful fire,
Some to damp cellars drenched in mire,
Some to the friends they dearly love,
Some with no friend save God above,
Some doubting even if He be left;
Yet, howe'er burdened or bereft,
Bears none of all so stern a breast
But he can love the thought of rest.

When the glooms of night profound
Have shrouded all the world around,
And, issuing from his dark retreat,
The muffled watchman walks his beat,
And calls each hour his word of warning,
As "Twelve o'clock!" or "Cloudy morning!"
Then, if in winter cold and clear
The salutation greets my ear,
I wrap the bed-clothes closely round
And sink to rest in sleep profound.
But, if the moon be well outworn,
Or yet have hardly filled her horn,
And with a faint and pallid light
Glosses the darkness of the night,

Oh, then 'twere beautiful to be
Where jutting quays invade the sea,
When from some furnace-chimney high
The red flame rises to the sky,
And, roaring through its narrow vent,
Illumines all the firmament ;
While, as the fire in fitful gleams
Bursts through the dun cloud's blackening streams,
The smoke-tower, like a giant standing
With plumes of flame to guard the landing,
Hurls his long lance, which red as blood
Falls quivering on the ashy flood.

VII. MUSIC.

Perchance, o'erhung with murky clouds,
Thick mist the mellow night enshrouds,
And dingy halos, white and damp,
Diffuse the glow of distant lamp,
And wheels that roll my windows under
Roar like rattling peals of thunder ;
Then, while the moistened air around
Answers to the lightest sound,
Would I listen to the pleasures
Of sweet notes disposed in measures,
In such rare delights to live
As great cities only give.
First the strains that nimblest flow
From the smoothly gliding bow,
That mocks the tinkling showers of Spring,
Shaking the raindrops from her wing ;
Then in current clear and thin
Let the sharp-heard reeds begin,
Leading the merry dancers in ;
Then, leaping forth in lively jet,

The hautboy, flute, and clarinet,
Drenching the soul with drizzly rain
That sweeps away all sense of pain,
Soothing the well-attuned ear
With gay Rossini's merry cheer.
But, if Autumn spreads the mould
With a robe of red and gold,
Let Beethoven's hand set free
His skill in varied symphony ;
Let the viol's voice profound
Come heaving up from under ground,
And let the loud and clear trombone
Break on the ear in brilliant tone.
When the round-voiced, mellow horn
Mocks the wild music of the morn,
And rousing clarion clears his throat
And sounds the alarm, the warning note,
Shrill, piercing, shall prepare the ear
Far sublimer strains to hear,
When every instrument shall be
Blent in majestic harmony.
Hark where, in unison all blending,
The stately symphony ascending
Swells on the ear, and, mounting higher,
Rouses the murmurs of the choir,
Till cheerful Haydn deigns to wake
His "chorus wonderful," and make
The vaulted arches roundly ring
With the whole powers of breath and string —
Unless, perhaps, shall sweet Mozart
Sweep o'er the chords with skilful art,
Touching alike both head and heart.
Still pouring in from every side,
Rolls ever on the restless tide ;
The muffled drums come marching in,
The cymbals crash with startling din,

Peals the loud trumpet, till at last
The roaring organ's withering blast
Lifts the full wave in swell so vast,
That finally the mighty bound
Of ocean bursts, and all around
Roars one vast cataract of sound.
Resting upon his scythe, even Time
Can scarce resist the strains sublime,
And stops his ears, that on the main
Ne'er listened to so fierce a rain,
Nor hopes to hear its like again ;
For sound hath grown a raging sea,
Where winds are wild and waves are free,
Heaving in billows huge of awful harmony.

VIII. FESTIVITY.

Nor will the town yield less delight,
When westward roll the shades of night,
And a new sun with cheerful ray
Breaks on a nation's holiday.
Now the vast throngs, all gayly clad,
Swarm through the streets with faces glad,
And, for a day from labor free,
Mingle in gay festivity ;
Now the deep tones of many a bell
In murmurous concert blending swell,
And trump and drum and cannon's roar
In chaotic chorus pour.
All day the eddying currents glide,
Wave chasing wave on every side,
And, when at last the sun in bed
Draws round his couch his curtains red,
How sweet to see the people flow,
In crowds that ever denser grow,

From ship and shop and quay and mill,
And gravelled walk and green lawn fill !
Still from each street, lane, court, and alley,
In unceasing swarms they sally,
And from all sides gathering rally.
When before their wondering eyes
Bombshells burst and rockets rise,
Writhing in snaky coils whose ire
Expend itself in hissing fire,
Or showering stars of every hue,
Green, gold and purple, red and blue ;
Or when, midst whirl of blazing wheels,
The crimson light that o'er them steals
Gleams on each house-top, tree, and steeple,
And all the faces of the people,
And lightens up that living sea
Of heads on heads piled endlessly,
While the low plaudit breeds commotion
Vast as the far-off roar of ocean,
Oh, what a beauteous sight and blest —
A world of industry at rest !
Here drudging Toil's tired children gather,
Brother and sister, son and father,
Delighted with the fiery play
That mocks the night with mimic day.
Welcome, ye crowds that round me press
To soothe the long year's weariness !
I love your happiness to see,
To hear your jests and jollity —
So many lives and all as one,
So many that shall soon be none !
How many hearts now mingling here
Shall beat no more another year !

But, lo, in one volcanic roar,
The pile explodes, the sport is o'er.

Hark, from yon cathedral swells
The merry chime of evening bells,
Slowly the living floods subside,
Disperse in distance far and wide,
And deathlike silence through the streets
Creeps onward as the crowd retreats ;
Slowly the rumbling wheel retires,
And human speech in night expires.

When the darkness grows more deep,
And the great town, all hushed in sleep,
Seems like a city of the dead,
All undisturbed, save when o'erhead
The measured stroke from many a tower
Tolls for each slow succeeding hour,
Then in solitude I'd be
In a well-filled library,
Buried among learned treasures
To delight in reason's pleasures,
Closeted with souls sublime,
There to take no heed of time,
Till the morning gun from far
Bids farewell to fading star,
And the shrill voice of the cock
Harshly bids me count the clock
And seek unwelcome slumber. Yet,
Ere I in sleep sweet life forget,
Would I look out from window high,
House-top, or lofty balcony,
Down on that host of living tombs
Full crammed as Egypt's catacombs,
Where human beings without number
Breathe in profound, unconscious slumber,
Helpless, yet cared for by that love
Which all sustains, around, above.

While the watchful queen of night
 Smiles with a soft and silvery light,
 That lies on all the world below
 Like a pale shroud of new-fallen snow,—
 While, darkly seen in deep repose,
 The houses sleep in silent rows,
 More wondrous solitary far
 Than piny grove 'neath midnight star,
 All late so bustling, loud, and jolly,
 And now so doubly melancholy,
 Street beyond street stretched far and wide
 Till lost in mists on either side,
 And all so void of sound or breath
 That the whole world seems hushed in death,—
 There, on the verge of dark and light,
 Would I bid the world good-night,
 Just ere the dim east's purple warning
 Wakes the house-dog's hoarse good-morning,
 And then to bed with tranquil mind,
 At peace with self and all mankind.

IX. SORROW.

Soon in troubled dreams I see
 Dark visions of futurity;
 Ere the distant murmurous hum
 Warns me the waking hour hath come,
 I seem to hear a whispering voice
 That forbids me to rejoice.
 "All shall not wake," it says, "this morn;
 The day shall break on hearts forlorn,
 And soon the waking sun shall rise
 On pallid cheeks and weeping eyes."
 Now I hear the struggling breath
 Of them that writhe in arms of Death;

I see the mounting bosom heave,
Where Life, about to take her leave,
Beats her last round with greater force,
When hurrying back to her first Source.
Now my soul is filled with sorrow,
My loved ones have their turn to-morrow,
And mine own walls I seem to see
O'erhung with sable drapery.
I hear the knell, I see the pall
Spread for the waiting funeral,
And earthly splendor fades away,
Sunk in the slough of foul decay.
When I wake, I feel no more
The wish for luxuries loved of yore ;
Both wealth and fame seem worthless things,
The praise of men, the pomp of kings ;
Fain would I scatter all I have,
To live with one foot in the grave,
Which by a single step, no more,
I enter at the open door,
And gladly lay my weary head
To sleep among the silent dead.
A brighter world salutes mine eyes,
The joys of earth no more I prize.
Who'll have my halls and gardens fair,
With the free gift of my despair ?
Books, pictures, music, are my bane :
What use hath man for things so vain ?
To him they all shall be consigned
Who'll pay me with sweet peace of mind.

X. RENUNCIATION.

Alas, what shadows we pursue,
 We who ourselves are shadows, too!
 Yes, now, wise sage, I understand
 Thy pleasure, when from thine own hand
 Thou'dst learned to drink, nor didst delay
 To throw the useless cup away.
 What man e'er yet on earth was found
 Whose wit waxed fat on books well bound?
 The life of vanity is fraught
 With death to independent thought,
 And through refined, luxurious taste
 The soul itself soon runs to waste.

Now will I be a man without a tear,
 Living in savage wilds a life austere,
 Housed but in dens of beasts and caverns drear,
 So lone that Death himself should even grow dear;
 For I with him would be so friended
 That life should seem already ended,—
 Would, when he warns to Hades' shore,
 Half doubt but I was there before.
 My single rushlight shall burn dull,
 Set in vault of hollow skull;
 Silently myself I'll fix
 At my cross-bone crucifix,
 And tell my beads, and kneel, and pray
 All the night and half the day,
 Till my locks are snarled and gray.
 Fasting and naked, I will wear
 Nought save a shirt of prickly hair,
 All with dust and ashes sprent,
 Keeping one continual Lent.
 'Mongst bloated toads and lizards cold

I will dwell, till I am old.
Although the foul fiend should delight
To vex the vigils of the night,
And rouse his evil hosts within
To song and dance and riotous din,
And tempt my wrath and break my rest
With imps like priests and maidens dressed,
That mock my hymns and fright my prayers
With jests obscene and artful snares,
Faithfully I'll keep my station,
Wrapped in holy contemplation.
Near me there must come no others ;
Hermits never must know brothers,
Save wild beasts and wizard elves
Loving men so like themselves.
There the lion at my door
All the day shall sprawl and snore,
And, roused at early eve to prowl,
Shall salute my guardian owl,
Where she sits with sullen croon
All night moaning to the moon ;
And he shall be my chapel bell,
Roaring adown the lonely dell.

When the summer heats decline,
I'll hie me where the ice-cliffs shine,
Journeying to the farthest North
Whence rush the winter-tempests forth,
And, gusty, wild, and furious, blow
In drifted heaps the whirling snow.
While glittering icicles o'erhead
Drip upon my mossy bed,
And the howling whirlwinds rave
Round my roof and through my cave,
Never shall light of cheerful fire

Stir or recall the world's desire ;
My food of roots and herbs and grass
Shall be dug from the morass,
And, though such squalid fare might seem
Dreadful even in a dream,
Even thus a spirit that despairs
Would fain be free from earthly cares.
Yes, fain even thus would I be free
From taint of earth-born vanity.

Alas, my flattering dream no more
Can yield the solace felt before,
And self-love in this life so drear
Doth but more evident appear.
Who would the hermit's life desire,
If there were no one to admire ?
The cold hearts that to deserts flee,
Haters of men although they be,
More than kind hearts need charity ;
For who from men would farthest live
Most need the love they least would give.

And now the wild scene hateful grows !
The burning sand, the trackless snows,
Even solitude hath ceased to please ;
Now would I neither burn nor freeze ;
Swift will I fly from scenes like these,
And that Stylites count an ass
Who thinks for saint or sage to pass,
High on a shaft by taking root,
Forever standing on one foot,
Stark naked, without shoe or boot.
Grown wise at last, I court no more
The fierce extremes I sought before,
Nor ask exciting joys, but only those

Which unobtrusive sympathy bestows.
Now to a moderate station would I fly,
Just half way 'twixt the humble and the high.

XI. MODERATION.

I'd be inclosed by lawns and fields,
Where the earth rich harvest yields,
And the whispering groves invite
To quiet shades and mute delight.
Here would I seek a safe retreat
In a cottage snug and neat,
Which a gradual slope should crown
Over rich meadows looking down,
Where the river's current blue
Greenest fields meanders through,
Then within the grove is seen
Glittering the mossy banks between,
Half in darkness, half in light,
Till with a turn 'tis out of sight.
Here my garden should disclose
Purple vine and blushing rose,
Here should double pinks combine
With the trailing eglantine,
And geraniums unfold
With the yellow marigold,
While the blue-bells blossom bright,
With colors caught from heaven's own light,
And asters far from China's land
Amid chrysanthemums should stand,
And gerardias strew the mould
With many a flower of mellow gold ;
While from the brook stands straight and tall
The richly mantled cardinal,
Which strives with many a scarlet flower
Her rocky carpet to embower.

About my lawns the livelong day
Sportive colts should skip and play
In joyous groups, while every stall
Should show a span well-shaped and tall.
O'er my grassy fields should browse
A herd of sleek, contented cows,
And flocks that graze the hillside green
Like tufts of snow should dot the scene.
Every eve the boughs should shoot
With cackling crops of feathery fruit,
Where should my chickens gathered be
On their favorite apple tree ;
While the grunting gentry near
Late and long the dusk should cheer,
As to each passer-by they vent,
Pithy and brief, their gruff content,
Crowding for place, and glad enough
To stand with one foot in the trough,
Turning their savory garbage o'er,
Bursting, yet pleading still for more.

All fruits that temperate climates know
Should in my teeming orchards grow.
In spring the tender grass I'd view
Bright with the apple-blossom's hue,
And see the cherry, hanging low,
Rain down its blossoms white as snow ;
Autumn should pile the stubbly mould
With many a heap of shining gold,
And purple plum and blushing peach
Should load each trellis full in reach ;
While shrubs of every kind should bloom
To fill the garden with perfume.
There, midst these labors of my hand,
I, too, should feel my heart expand,

And deem a useful deed I'd done,
To make two blades of grass from one.

In a long row beside the wall
A grove should stand of ashes tall,
And through a wicker-gate behind
Should a woodland pathway wind,
Carpeted with slippery bed
Of the last year's pine-needles red,
Then turn with many a charming crook
To thread the glen and cross the brook,
Where the log-bridge should make its leap
Over the gorge from steep to steep,
And where the dogwood drops in showers
Many a cluster of false flowers
Into the brook that foams below,
Wreathed in mists of silvery glow.
Still through greenwoods, dark and deep,
Should my little wood-path creep,
Where the hermit-thrush in shade
Cheers the silence of the glade ;
Then onward to the brown hill-side
Where the strawberry loves to hide,
And the violet reclines
Amidst blushing eglantines ;
Then downward to the quiet dell
Where the lily swings its bell,
And beneath beds of withered leaves
The club-moss its light garland weaves,
Where the partridge roves the wood
Followed by her twittering brood ;
Then past the rocks, all robed in vines
And crowned with nodding columbines,
While the squirrel chatters shrill
From the neighboring chestnut hill ;

Then past the lakelet, clear and deep,
Where the water-lilies sleep
And the weeping-willows wave
O'er some long-forgotten grave ;
Then out to open fields of grain
That spread their carpet o'er the plain,
Where the brook once more is seen,
Dimpling the flowery banks between,
And winding on with waters cool
That gem the plain with many a pool,
Where equisetum greets the breeze
With its fairy forest-trees,
Whose mimic boughs in silence quake
'Neath the gentlest winds that wake,
Until, the skirting alders past,
The quiet stream is lost at last
In the broad river's breast of gray,
And with its current whirls away.

Twined o'er the walls, the woodbine green
From the hot sun my cot should screen,
And, trained o'erhead to drape the stoop,
Should trailing honeysuckle droop,
And with fragrant trumpet-snout
Wreath the cottage porch about.
There the humming-bird shall dine,
Balancing from vine to vine,
While his wings so swiftly whirl
That he scarcely seems to stir.
There the buzzing sphinx at night
In his wine-cup shall delight,
And his thirsty crop shall fill
With his long extended bill.
While the social crickets call
From kitchen hearth and garden wall,

There, sheltered safe from evening dew,
I'll spend with friends select, though few,
My night in social converse, too,
Or, with sweet music or sad tale,
Make mournfuller the moonbeams pale.

Yet with the dawn of day I'd be
Roused by more cheerful minstrelsy,
When all around the air should ring
With whatso'er can sweetest sing.
There the oriole shall grow bold,
And at my window come to scold ;
There the cat-bird shall rejoice
With a loud insulting voice,
Mocking at will now bird, now beast,
Now nasal twang of rustic priest,
Grace saying o'er his insect feast
In solemn tone, his long amen
Whining o'er and o'er again,
Till with the fall of evening dew
He mocks in sport grimalkin's mew.

Thus would I live, and, if a wife
Be but another name for strife,
Let it e'en be a single life.
But, must I dwell in married state,
Match me a mild and cheerful mate,
Not one that plagues with ceaseless prate,
Nor yet a pupil of that school
That teaches to converse by rule —
Not with large dowry cursed, which spoils
Both nature's and the teacher's toils,
But one that soars vain things above,
And finds her friendship in her love,—
One in whom taste and wit unite,

Whom art and nature both delight,
 More fine of form than fair of face,
 And blessed with health, and sense, and grace,
 And that high gift of gentle speech
 Which every human heart can reach,—
 Not a mere household drudge, with mind
 Wholly to pots and pans inclined.
 But let her love with frequent showers
 To drench at morn her budding flowers,
 Nor yet disdain from brows of care
 To soothe betimes the soul's despair.
 Yet, while all heart, all ear, all eyes,
 Let her not common things despise ;
 While all alive to things of beauty,
 Let her not shun the humblest duty.
 Still proud and stanch, let soul and sense
 Be girt about with honor's fence ;
 Let love and reason be so blended
 That, when passion's power is ended,
 Friendship's moon may calmly shine,
 Though life's brighter lights decline.

And let kind neighbors dwell around,
 Each the lord of his own ground,
 And each with somewhat he holds dear
 Far more than goods or sensual cheer ;
 For to my cost I've learned, though late,
 'Tis chiefly rogues who hobbies hate.
 Never let a dull day be
 In our blest society,
 Ne'er a shadow fall to darken
 Minds that should to wisdom hearken.
 Not one selfish wish should be
 In our honored company ;
 All should like brethren freely live,

Not more inclined to take than give.
Thus no dark clouds should overcast
A mirth that through all life should last

XII. EXHAUSTION.

Alack, what flimsy dreams and vain
Come idly swimming through my brain !
As if the man of books and thought
Could herd with such as live untaught,
Or as if boors could touch the springs
Of men unlearned in common things,
Ever more proud than priests and kings !

But here comes John with rueful face,
And with a sad voice tells our case :
Some roguish hands had broke the bowers,
Plucked the fruit and stolen the flowers ;
Or the young bull hath roamed abroad
And gored some traveller on the road ;
Or murrain foul hath seized the sheep,
And half the flock in death must sleep ;
Or frost, or dreaded rot, hath spoiled
The crops for which so hard we toiled,
And harvests now so lean must wax,
The whole will hardly pay the tax ;
Or else some stranger enters, fain
To make one stand an hour in rain,
To prate of sixpence or all day
Discuss the price of pigs and hay,
Fencing or flowage ; or a flaw
Will rake up some old suit at law ;
Or else the railroad people come
To spoil for aye my peaceful home —
The iron track shall soon be laid

Across my lawns and pierce my shade,
 Trains through my house and garden scour
 At speed of thirty miles an hour ;
 Till, tired of my prosaic life,
 Filled with small talk and pettiest strife,
 Fain would I change the scene once more,
 And seek somewhat untried before.
 While things so mean my mind employ,
 How shall I e'er sweet peace enjoy?
 Nay, even though life all smoothly ran,
 I were an ill-contented man :
 Though friends be fond and prospects fair,
 Who like a paltry slave could bear
 To be so chained to his delight ?
 Nay, nay ! 'Tis hateful in my sight ;
 Again I'll fly, nor longer be
 Doomed to this dull monotony.
 Who'll buy my farm, lawns, flowers, and trees ?
 What do I want of things like these,
 I, a poor slave of beans and pease ?
 I'd see life from some other side ;
 My heart is light, the world is wide.
 Well, then, a wanderer will I be,
 Rove all the earth, cross every sea,
 And find in restlessness that joy
 Which a fixed fate would but destroy.
 Poor fool ! Can happiness be found
 Thus, in the treadmill's ceaseless round ?
 But whither fly ? What ties can bind
 One tired of nature and mankind ?

Now in my soul I'm sore perplexed,
 Scarce knowing what to wish for next ;
 For, like a story oft-times told,
 Delight grows dull in growing old.

Not to one good can I aspire,
But straight possession drowns desire.
Nay, with the very thought it flies:
Joy lives in dreams — it wakes and dies.
I seek, I seize — the bird is flown;
There's nothing I can call my own!

XIII. RESIGNATION.

Wish, then, for nothing, save that still
God govern all things as He will,—
Nought covet, lest Hope's skies of blue,
Approached too nearly, lose their hue,—
Nought fear, lest Fate, misunderstood,
Seem harsh when most she means my good!
At last I truly know, despair
The guerdon is of selfish care.
The free, untrammelled spirit clings
In slavery nor to thoughts nor things,
And knows but this one human right:
To do our duty in God's sight.
Fortune permits to man no prize,
Till her own gifts he can despise;
First let him seek the unvalued wealth
Of a good conscience, hope, and health,
And, as the wheel of time rolls by,
Enjoy the moments ere they fly.

Lo, in the east what lurid glow
Shines like a far-off fire? And now
The morning cock begins to crow.
Fly, Fancy, fly! Yon signal red
Warns thee to heaven and me to bed.
I bless thee for this brief delight;
We've travelled fast and far to-night,

Till now in mists of morning gray
The world of wishes melts away.
Alas, since one short hour hath sped,
How many scenes have flashed and fled!
In that brief time I've seemed with thee
To have lived a whole eternity,
And gained, while dozing, on thy wing
More wisdom than a year shall bring.
Each wish, when won distasteful grew;
'Twas only beautiful while new;
'Twas in pursuit my pleasure lay—
Fruition doomed it to decay.

Ye sordid souls who deem that self
Hath aught delighting in itself,—
Whose minds are caves where brooding night
Shuts out all intellectual light,
And where your darkened eyes, I ween,
Survey some waste, contracted scene
Peopled with self,— who smile with doubt
At those who tell of worlds without,—
Who, fixed within a narrow cage,
Through soulless youth and sunless age
Think that to seize and hold shall bless
Your lives with lasting happiness,—
I understand full well at last
Why present, future, and the past
Are empty all, and pay your care
With worthless dross and vague despair,
Since I in one brief evening tire
Full twenty times of my desire,
And, as I hasten to the shore
Where earth-born cares shall vex no more,
Scarce wish to live, unloved of men,
A dreary three-score years and ten.

This is the weight that drags men down :
Ere they enjoy, they needs must own.
I cannot govern hope, nor health,
Nor social ties, nor worldly wealth ;
In no way can I 'scape disaster,
Nor even o'er self can I be master.
A single stone from yonder tower
May make me idiot in an hour,
And wit and wisdom, howe'er great,
May end but in a madman's fate.
These lives called ours, how briefly lent !
How soon, before their term is spent,
Daily they weaken ! Death at last
Steals gradual on, or slow or fast,
And, when we've almost reached our goal,
The prize he snatches for his toll.
Why follow the dull tortoise' tracks
And bear our houses on our backs ?
The way to wealth were easier sought,
Not by increase of goods, but thought ;
For all things human or divine
Are his who dares not say, " They're mine ! "

Doth yonder painting please thy sight
Where mountains, woods, and waters bright
Glow but with artificial light ?
Or that where rays of gold enshrine
The maid who clasps the child divine ?
'Tis cultured Fancy makes them fine :
Yon boor who gazes on the same
Mere canvas sees in gilded frame.
And thou, fair friend, that dost delight
More in the charms of sound than sight,
Do melting chords bewitch thine ears ?
I love the instrument that hears,

Nor more the strains that round us steal
 Than that blest Power which makes us feel.
 Deem'st thou that all things, great or small,
 From mountains vast and forests tall
 To hyssop growing on the wall,
 Alike are fair, and wondrous grow
 'Neath wisdom's searching eye? Then know,
 I think her fair that thinks them so,
 And deem a sense so richly wrought
 A beauteous instrument of thought,
 And him a happy man, and wise,
 Who looks on good with loving eyes.

Thus through all Nature's works we see
 Both what she is and what are we.
 For, as the smooth and limpid glass
 Gives back the forms of them that pass,
 So Nature, unseduced by arts,
 Reflects our lives, and re-imparts
 The good and evil of our hearts.
 Does her sketch seem not fair? Be sure,
 The subject must have been impure.

Dost thou with smiling eyes behold
 Thine orchard full with fruits of gold?
 I saw thy neighbor 'midst spring showers
 With rapture gazing on his flowers.
 Thou hast one crop, then, from thy fields,
 While his a double harvest yields.
 The purest sources of delight
 Are free to all who live aright.
 To the good man doth each good thing
 A twofold satisfaction bring.
 But souls morose are their own sorrow;
 They hate to-day, they dread to-morrow;

In their own breasts, where'er they flee,
They bear their secret enemy ;
Their lives with clouds are darkened o'er
Through which even hope can spy no shore.
Dost thou rejoice in others' pain ?
That exultation proves thy bane.
Doth others' good thine envy stir ?
Thou art thine own self-torturer.
But he who shares his neighbor's pleasure
Receives with him an equal treasure,
And he who all mankind would bless
Is partner in the world's success.

'Tis Charity that shall translate
Mortal man to heavenly state.
She gives to youth his visions glorious,
Makes manhood over ill victorious ;
Who hath found her hath found a joy
Misfortune cannot all destroy.
She is the fountain of delight,
The sun that makes existence bright,
Whose beam a magic glory flings
Around the forms of humblest things.
Do landscapes fair thy soul entrance ?
Her light can every charm enhance.
Lov'st thou the flowers that kiss thy feet ?
Her presence makes them doubly sweet.

O'er good and bad the blue sky bends,
On both the rain of heaven descends ;
The woods, the vales, the light, the air
Yield beauty all alike may share,
And, if on some men these bestow
Pleasures more high than most can know,
'Tis stainlessness that makes them so ;

For all delights of soul or sense
Grow exquisite through innocence.

Yon nodding tassels waving high,
Whose golden lustre charms thine eye,
To their rich owner may reveal
Only a thousand bags of meal ;
Another, with more liberal mind,
Beholds a boon to all mankind,
Loves equally both fruits and flowers,
Nor dreams to call them his, but ours.
Are those thy roses scent the air ?
What's that to me, so they be fair ?
Their fragrant breath, that mounts to greet
Thy senses, seems to mine as sweet ;
The petals falling at my feet
Waken a pleasure even more rare,
That I enjoy it without care.

I deem that wisdom reigns o'er all,
Even though the heavens around us fall,
And, if there's aught misunderstood,
For that same reason deem it good.
Welcome, fair day ! Thy homely round
More dear than ever shall be found.
Thou, too, hard couch and table bare,
My well-thumbed book and oaken chair !
Possession now provokes disdain,
Nay, loss itself is now my gain ;
For the first time I now am free —
There's nought I own, but nought owns me !
Long have I sought what now I find :
A steadfast, independent mind.

Sweet Fancy, fare thee well ! Thy star
Pales with the east ! Yet fly not far,

For I shall oft-times need thee near
On rainy morns or evenings clear.
Sometimes on Crusoe's desert isle,
To enjoy the savage life awhile,—
Sometimes in starry nights to fly
On magic horses through the sky,
O'er Saladin's broad realm to reign,—
Sometimes to join the elfin train,
And on midsummer evening hie
To greenwoods 'neath the northern sky,
And dance with fairies and their queen
All night upon the frosty green.
And sometimes would I rove with thee
To the first founts of poetry,
And to those wasted vales repair
Where, borne in chariots through the air,
The immortal gods from heaven descended,
And with the sons of men were friended ;
Or to those sacred springs retreat
Where erst the Muses held their seat
In laurel grove or oaken gloom,
And rouse Apollo from his tomb.
Or, if mayhap unworthy we
As humble worshippers to be
In so august a company,
Then from their graves will we awake
The wood-nymphs, and from stream and lake
Those lesser deities that made
Their home in mountain, glen, or glade.
With fauns and satyrs and their father,
Bald-pate Silenus, let us gather,
And Bacchus, grandsire of them all,
Whose stately temples, great and small,
In glorious ruins proudly stand
In lonely groves with vistas grand,
And join the throng that through the night

In feast and song and dance delight ;
 Till, bathed in the poetic night
 Of Grecian ages, we shall stand
 As ancients in our native land,
 And seem in that fair world to be
 Where every fountain, rock, and tree
 The dwelling was of Deity.

Soon shall the darkness disappear,
 The reddening dawn shows day is near ;
 Fly, then, nor evil chance befall thee !
 Farewell, nor linger long when next I call thee !

Prayer.

Father of All, within Thy hand
 How blest submissively to stand !
 Here or hereafter, let all be
 Even as Thou wilt. 'Tis not for me
 To meddle with one wheel or key
 In Thy vast world's machinery.
 Be lastly this my only prayer :
 Grant me I know not what nor care !
 The fate Thou wilt is what I would—
 I dare not change it, if I could.
 Henceforth be all life's longings still,
 And let my wishes be Thy will.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE UNBROKEN LAWN.

ON A VACANT FAMILY LOT IN 1857.

Once more, thou green, unbroken lawn!
Upon thy unscarred breast I tread;
The dewdrops twinkle in the dawn,
The skies are brightening overhead.

Like a clear glass, yon glittering bay
Reflects the heavens' resplendent hue,
And the wide ocean far away
Melts to a mild and misty blue.

Deep in the wave the cloudy train,
Like full-rigged fleets, go sweeping by,
While on the margin of the main
The sleeping ships at anchor lie.

And hark! faint murmuring far away,
The steamship moans with hollow song,
And the low smoke-cloud's tattered gray
Glides like a shadowy ghost along.

Yon droop the elms whose twigs, like wires,
Stretch their dense network 'gainst the sky,
Through which low roofs and village spires
Half hid in bursting buds I spy.

There, gurgling low, the merry rill
 Twines round the oak-tree's gnarled root,
 And, trickling fast adown the hill,
 Bathes the old willow at its foot.

O full of death, in life arrayed
 So freshly by the new-born Spring,
 What pleasing memories haunt thy shade,
 What sacred feelings to thee cling !

Seven rapid years have passed away,
 Since first these grassy banks I trod,
 And with delight my eyes survey,
 Fair lawn ! thy yet unbroken sod.

Through the tall trees the curling smoke
 Still rises from a cheerful hearth,—
 The social ring lives all unbroke,—
 No one sweet heart yet sleeps in earth.

Where yonder spruce trees twin-like stand,
 By the old Manse beyond the hill,
 Steadfast and true, the faithful band
 Of friends long cherished loves me still.

Where lip to lip and face to face
 The children prattled on my knee,
 The friendly grasp, the fond embrace,
 The cheerful smile, still welcome me —

Although the childish state outgrown
 Withholds at last some trifling bliss,
 Greets me, perhaps, with graver tone,
 With lighter clasp, with fainter kiss.

O Death, thou com'st to snatch away,
Unchecked by tears, unscathed by song!
But ah, not yet! Awhile delay,
And spare what love hath held so long!

Sleep, Echo, sleep, and long forget
To answer here the spade's dull stroke!
Long be this turf by tears unwet,
The mound unmarked, the earth unbroke!

Ah, bootless wish! A few brief years,
Perhaps a day, shall snap the chain,
And empty sighs and fruitless tears
Shall mourn the lost, and mourn in vain.

In the dim distance fancy sees
Old Time, scythe-armed, approaching near,
His forelock fluttering in the breeze,
His eyebrows knit with frown severe.

Through the bright mirror in his hand
The future as the past appears,
And I, an aged Pilgrim, stand
Bent with the weight of fourscore years.

White-haired and wan, for one brief hour
Here amongst graves I wander lone;
My trembling fingers scarce have power
To scrape the lichen from the stone.

And clustering brambles now I see
Around the mossgrown gravestones creep,
And this young larch, a mighty tree,
Full long ago hath learned to weep.

Again the bursting violets bloom,
 Warmed by the genial breath of May,
While I seem mourning o'er the tomb
 Of flowers that have been snatched away.

Lo, here the reverend Grandsire lies,
 Where the sunk stone scarce points the grave
Of one whose mild, benignant eyes
 So oft their friendly welcome gave.

And there the Parents, side by side,
 In death as once in life are blended,
Where the twin vines the names that hide,
 Arched into one, stand closely friended.

Here she who at my tale or jest
 So merrily would laugh reposes ;
The stone lies broken on her breast,
 Half buried in a bed of roses.

And here the bosom-friend at last,
 Where the dark nightshade drops its tear —
Ah, count no more within the past
 How many loved ones moulder here !

Yet now my weary limbs to hide
 Beneath these tangled boughs were sweet !
May I not sleep at this one's side ?
 May I not rest at that one's feet ?

Ah, no ! For me no rest is here,
 And gentle voices o'er the wave
Of earlier loved and lost I hear,
 That call me to a distant grave.

Farewell, ye snowy sails that sweep,
Swift as of old, across the brine !
Farewell, ye waves that from the deep
So softly blend your sighs with mine !

Farewell, ye clouds whose lengthening train
Along the billowy ether plies,
While yon red sun within the main
In crimson glory sinks and dies !

I go where I no more shall stand
To watch the clouds or feel the breeze,
Where the sweet flowers of Spring expand
To muse o'er me, as I o'er these.

Say, little oak, say, what wast thou,
When these first waked to life and thought ?
Thou wast an acorn then, but now
A vigorous tree, and they are nought.

O Earth, how small a space they hold
That once were mine, now lost in thee !
One little handful of dry mould
Was once, oh, what a world to me !

Wave after wave, like ocean billows,
The tide of life thus rolls along ;
Each, following each, on sandy pillows
Dies like the closing of a song.

Thanks, thanks, kind Fate ! 'Tis but a dream !
Yet let the dark dream banish strife !
Long may we be what still we seem,
And Love be not less long than Life !

THE OLD SHIP-MASTER.

IN MEMORY OF CAPTAIN HENRY LARCOM.*

1862.

And art thou tenant of yon narrow cell,
 Whose roof uprears its thatch of freshest green?
 I scarce can deem that thou art gone to dwell
 So mutely there, those sodden walls between,—

* Henry Larcom was born at Beverly, Massachusetts, February 21, 1777, and died there, February 24, 1862, at the age of eighty-five years. In the "Atlantic Monthly" for August, 1871, his daughter and only child has told with equal pathos and truthfulness the story of her father's escape from the famous wreck of the ship "Margaret," and his rescue with only two surviving companions from the ship's yawl, after suffering inconceivably through exposure, hunger, thirst, and mental agony, from the seventh to the thirtieth of June, 1810. The impression made by his beautiful character on the hearts of his grandchildren is shown in these simple verses found among the papers of one of them, who soon after his grandfather's death laid down his own young life for his country at Gettysburg.

MY DEAR OLD GRANDFATHER.

How beautiful it is to see
 A baby's smiling face,
 And miss from it all tracery
 Of sinful man's disgrace!

But 'tis more beautiful tenfold
 Than human tongue can tell,
 On aged features to behold
 The reward of doing well!

The baby's sinlessness
 Is only ignorance —
 The old man's guiltlessness
 Is wisdom's innocence.

The dear old friend that I have lost
 Such beauty on him bore,
 And his calm death was the light cost
 Of joy forevermore.

Oh may his holy memory
 For aye abide with me,
 And teach to me that purity,
 Father, he learned of Thee!

The origin of "The Old Ship-Master," and of its companion piece, "The Unbroken Lawn," is told by Randall in his letter of June 17, 1862, printed above in the Introduction.

That thy warm heart should ever grow so cold
As thus to mate with weeds and worms and mould !

That smile which beamed for more than fourscore years,
And cheered three generations with its light,
Is quenched in darkness ; yes, the fatal shears
Have cut thy thread, and veiled a man in night
Of whose just life and charities unnamed
The broadest daylight never was ashamed.

Those flowing locks that crowned with silvery white
A form with native dignity inspired,
And that mild countenance before whose light
Each passion shrank and to its cell retired,
Now blend with earth, and, for the sculptor's pains,
The dust alone of all his works remains.

There rest, good man, forgetful of the toil
Of living, toil for weary age too great !
We saw life's lamp wax dim through lack of oil,—
O better far thus not to burn too late,
With light grown faint and fitful, but to cast
A cheerful radiance round us to the last !

They love us ill who would too long detain
Our feet on earth to wander ! 'Twould but yield
Pain, and not pleasure. Let the ripened grain
Be gathered, nor lie rotting on the field !
Thy hope in death was life ; then go, and cheer
What hearts await thee in some happier sphere !

Let not our lips lament nor eyes be wet ;
To mourn for thee were but to do thee wrong ;
We'll cherish for thee but that mild regret
Which all must feel for what they've loved full long.

As for thy fate, what fools were we to fear!
Can godlike justice be towards worth severe?

A little longer, and thy very name
Shall perish with thee, traceless as thy dust;
Yet worthless is the vanity of fame
In the grave company of the wise and just.
Let those who knew and loved thee be content
In their own hearts to build thy monument.

Be there inscribed: "Here lies one whose delight
Was charity, integrity life's plan;
A heart to hate but wrong and love the right,
And large enough to hold both God and man.
Reverence for one ne'er made his life austere,
While love for both of both cast out all fear."

No merchant prince was this, whose worth is told
By weight of bags,—no financier of fame,
Who gold to dry leaves changed or leaves to gold,—
Nor that carnivorous animal they name
Sharp business man! His wealth was peace of mind,
Which few of his shrewd countrymen e'er find.

Nor upon memory's tablet enter aught
Of prosperous voyage or hardy enterprise,
Of shipwreck dire with strange adventure fraught:
Such chances fall alike to fool and wise,
But claim no reverence. No, revere him rather
Because he was the seaman's friend and father!

Captain o'er sailors, it was this one's fate
To deal with rough men and a restless sea;
But he was generous, and could well create
Out of rude minds a peaceful family.

Not he from book or sermon learned to know
All men as brethren — his heart told him so!

Nor lash nor oath within his tranquil bark
E'er once resounded; there no passion raged.
If discord e'er was kindled to a spark,
Benevolence with friendly skill assuaged.
The waves might beat, the winds might blow without,
But moral peace encompassed him about.

And hence his ships in port ne'er met delay,
And every voyage sped swiftly to its end;
For some would wait, some come from far away,
In hope of service with the sailor's friend,
Sure that the man who by report was known
As friend of all men, also was his own.

At last retiring, though the toil of years
Filled others' garners and left light his own,
He made his little field no vale of tears,
Mourning that others reaped where he had sown,
Nor living sour in hope of future bliss,
He made his hoped-for world begin in this,

By blessing others: this the sole amends
That Fortune made him, to grow old and gray,
See drop around him all his early friends,
And his whole generation pass away,
Yet stand a hale old man, whose beaming face
Benignant smiled on all the human race.

Enough! 'Tis written on this life's fair page,
'Tis more than happiness to know no guile:
I wonder not that in his green old age
Such innocence could still afford to smile,

And that no mists should mount to cloud a scene
By virtue's sunshine rendered so serene.

Thou wast not mine ; no claim of kindred drew
Applause from prejudice ; the gift is free.
I'm glad 'tis so ! As by the summer rain
The fields are freshened, so my heart by thee,
And, if my mind hath aught in thee admired,
'Twas thy benignant character inspired.

Farewell, yet not farewell ! Thou art not fled,
Though death disrobes thee of thy dress of clay ;
Though hearts resign and lips lament thee dead,
Time hath but stolen life's tattered garb away —
Thou, like the prospect from thine own green hill,
Shalt live, though lost, and smile in memory still.

Long shall thy neighbors miss the hand and voice
Which friendly grasp and cheerful greeting gave,
The hearty blessing which bade all rejoice,
And seems to send its welcome from the grave,—
Which, heard at morning, through the livelong day
Made glad the wight that met thee on his way.

Nor do I marvel that the scattered band
Which loved so fondly at thy side to dwell
Should yearn in some new sphere to grasp thy hand,
Still name thee grandsire, and ne'er say farewell,
Since one who only thine old age hath known
Joins them in heart, and claims thee for his own.

And now the wreaths of snow, by Winter's hand
Strown o'er thy grave, the Spring hath changed to
flowers,
And once again by thy green mound I stand,

Hear the waves murmur through these elmy bowers,
 While the fresh breeze, that loved thy sails to fill,
 Returns by fits and whispers of thee still.

THE DREAM OF ORESTES.

A COMPANION-PIECE TO "THE LAMENT OF ORPHEUS."

Thou madly heaving sea,
 Why art thou wroth with me?
 Great Neptune, rest awhile in sleep,
 And calm the fury of thy deep!
 'Tis by the gods' command we tempt the wave:
 Smile, then, propitious, stretch thy hand and save,
 Nor let our sacred freight be whelmed in watery grave!

All good flies soon away—
 Joy hath a fleeting day,
 Brief as a breeze or tremulous song—
 Then why should sorrow last so long?
 Even wrath itself for final good was meant;
 Hath Jove's displeasure, then, no just intent?
 Guilt hath itself an end, and why not punishment?

Since through incestuous fire
 My mother slew my sire,
 The bloody vengeance I bemoan
 From sown wind hath to whirlwind grown;
 O'erburdened grief hath swollen to despair,
 In leaden dreams I brood o'er woe and care,
 And start from horror-pinioned sleep with stiffening hair.

Alas, small hope is mine!
 Far o'er the heaving brine,

I see the sunbeams slink away
 Behind a pall of gusty gray;
 The darkened billows, swelled to mountains brown
 In crests of flashing foam come toppling down,
 Maddening the skies that scowl o'er all with sullen frown.

Along the rugged coast
 Gathers the armed host;
 The storm-wind, driving towards the beach,
 Shall bring us presently in reach
 Where stands the foe, prepared with darts and stones;
 But 'tis for you, dear friends, my spirit moans —
 It matters not where I, poor wretch, may lay my bones.

Ye gods, why thus deceive
 Those who your words believe?
 Yet, if the vengeful bolt must fall,
 Let not your wrath involve us all —
 Blast me alone, and spare these just ones here,
 Your pious priestess and this comrade dear,
 Tempted by trust in you o'er these black depths to steer.

Again to Pelops' line
 Deign, mighty Jove, to incline!
 Last of a heaven-descended band,
 Helpless and few on earth we stand:
 Recall that love thy breast benignant bore
 Our ancestors, that we, too, may restore
 Voice that from tongues long mute shall sound thy praise
 once more!

Alack, what do I see?
 There stand the awful Three,
 Environing my mother round
 And beckoning from the gloom profound —

Hail me through whistling winds with horrid yell!
And now they mount upon the billowy swell:
Avaunt! I come — I come! Orestes knows you well!

They're gone! And now, afloat
In Charon's leaky boat,
Along the Stygian shore I see
All hell agape to glare on me!
Tired Sisyphus sits weeping on his stone,
The fifty maids their leaking pails set down,
The Parcae eye me mute with fixed and dreadful frown.

On hub of his huge wheel
Ixion lifts his heel,
And backward leans upon the tire.
Lo, there our race's kingly sire,
With sapless lips and dust-begrimèd eyes,
Stoops to the sparkling tides that round him rise,
But all the flood in sand, a glittering torrent, flies.

He, half ashamed, half grieved
To be so oft deceived,
Uprises slowly and erect,
As one that can command respect;
He scorns to weep — no weakling suffers here! —
Hell hath no power to thaw that look severe —
In proud despair he stands unsolaced by a tear.

Yet, ah, how pity thee?
Midst all this woe I see
Pelops, his hands in blood imbrued,
Still by fierce Myrtilus pursued,
He also hotly chased by vengeful bands;
And yonder my poor reverend father stands,
And warns me from the shore with high-uplifted hands.

Ye gods! That woman there,
 Who with dishevelled hair
 Would seize me when I reach the shore —
 She sets the dog on me no more!
 I know the face! My mother 'tis! Ah me,
 Why is it I can ne'er be rid of thee,
 But find in thee a foe, even through eternity?

Oh, dreadful thought! To bide
 Forever at thy side —
 Through endless ages still to live,
 Yet ne'er forget and ne'er forgive!
 O mother, couldst thou pity ere I fly!
 But one kind look! A self-made orphan I!
 She's gone! Dread doom — to hate for aye, and not to die!

Who speaks? Who smooths my brow?
 Sweet sister, is it thou?
 And Pylades! Art thou, too, here?
 Ah, thus I knew thee, ever near!
 Hold me, nor let them drag me from thy side!
 Slept, didst thou say? And dreamed? And have not
 died?
 Clasped in your arms, thank Jove! Not yet in hell I bide!

Sweet Sleep, that till this hour
 Hadst ne'er restoring power,
 Since, tired with play, in childhood's nap
 I slumbered in my mother's lap,
 Hushed in confiding love upon her breast!
 Thou mourner's friend, a stranger long to rest
 Hails thee at last once more, O comforter most blest!

The myrmidons of hell
 Dissolve their dreadful spell;

I breathe again, and Woe and Care
 Flit from my spirit with Despair.
 Out from my heart the torturing Furies fly —
 Their horrid hands no longer on me lie —
 The floodgates burst! Weep, eyes that have so long been
 dry!

Fall, thou long-needed shower!
 Thrice blessed be this hour!
 No longer Fury-harried, mad,
 Orestes shall henceforth be glad.
 O, Pylades, Electra, ye shall wed!
 Be Pelops' line replenished from your bed!
 Our expiation is at last accomplishèd!

Look — from yon cloudy piles
 Once more Apollo smiles!
 From yonder tiny speck of blue
 A golden beam comes shooting through,
 Slowly the rack dissolves, the mounting spray
 Flashes to fire, and, flaming through the gray,
 In blinding splendor rolls the chariot of Day.

No hostile coasts appear —
 No enemy is near!
 We hasten to the Grecian shore;
 Hope glows within my heart once more;
 I sit my sister and my friend between,
 And free as air survey the peaceful scene,
 Calm as yon fleecy cloud that floats in heaven serene.

Myself did I deceive!
 Ah, foolish, to believe
 That, when I would my mother slay,
 'Twas but the god I did obey!

'Twas my own passions did their god create —
 These oft celestial voices imitate ;
 But right and wrong change not by will of Jove or Fate.

No! In that trance of death,
 There came a whispering breath
 That sudden roused me to the thought
 Of the dire evil I had wrought.
 "Vengeance is mine," it said ; " 'tis I that know
 What good or ill from thought or deed shall flow —
 Submission is the law for gods, for men below."

There was no need this day,
 From Taurus snatched away,
 To bring Diana's statue here !
 The meaning of the god is clear :
 'Twas purity his mystic words designed,
 And in Diana typified I find,
 Not chastity alone, but a pure heart and mind.

It recks not in what land,
 This statue, then, may stand !
 Even though, engulfed in ocean wave,
 We gave it to a watery grave,
 Or left it upon Thoas' sacred hill,
 Return we pure, we bring Diana still :
 A virtuous life will all the god's command fulfil.

And now the beauteous day,
 Melts on the waves away ;
 This evening fair, this peaceful sea,
 Shall great Apollo's omen be
 Of good to come. We near the Grecian shore —
 From that sweet land we ne'er will wander more —
 Let grief with guilt expire, and all our cares be o'er !

ABELARD AND ELOISA.

I. ABELARD TO ELOISA.

Blush not, that one unused to rove,
Long bred to books and quiet thought,
Confesses that the power of Love
Deep change within his heart hath wrought,
There entering through some secret door
Whose springs were all unseen before.

For he who tells of his unrest
Bears still a grave and modest mind ;
Nor had thine image moved his breast,
Seemed not thyself so fair and kind,
While in thine intellectual looks
Glowed his own love of thought and books.

He sends thee the first flowers of May
Who to approach thee hath no right.
Yet, if the gift displease thee, say —
“ Depart, and never meet my sight ! ”
Then humbly he'll obey thy will,
And from afar respect thee still.

Yet, at the risk of thy disdain,
My heart's desire I will reveal ;
For love were loth to hide its pain —
’Tis hypocrites can best conceal.
Ah, I confess, since thou wast seen,
My Spring seems first to have lost its green.

Forgive me ! Every living creature
Its natural happiness would find —
In sensual joys the brutish nature,

The lofty in a cultured mind ;
 Each in some other creature sees
 That which his own want must appease.

As to the sailor oft appear
 Visions of some delusive strand,
 As in strange countries wanderers hear
 The music of their native land,
 So in thy frank and friendly eyes
 I mourn a bliss that Heaven denies.

When in the dark and silent house
 The sobbing child no longer weeps,
 And from his hole the stealthy mouse
 Across my lonely chamber creeps,
 Then speaks the dull clock to my heart :
 "Thou might'st be happier than thou art !"

And when at morn my lattice flowers
 Wake up refreshed, all dewy-damp,—
 When, spying out my studious hours,
 The dusty sunbeam dims my lamp,—
 Then life seems like a troubled sea
 That frets and moans unceasingly.

In every breeze that sighs, I hear
 The tones thou utteredst when we met,
 When thine adieu, so soft and clear,
 One moment made mine eyelids wet,
 And bound me in so sweet a spell,
 I scarce could think it meant farewell.

Blest vision, soon as seen admired,
 Why soon as seen must thou depart ?
 Condemn not, if, by thee inspired,

Thus murmurs no inconstant heart.
For she can never teach despair
Who is herself so good and fair !

II. ELOISA TO ABELARD.

The flowers were beautiful ! Yet all my care
But for a few short hours from death could save.
Now I have pressed them, and will keep them fair
In memory of the courteous hand that gave.

Oh, doubt not that thy kind expressions touch
My soul as strongly as these hues the eye !
And can a man so famous feel so much
For one so young and ignorant as I ?

Long have I wished to know thee, and each day
Some words of thine come rushing to my thought,
Yet most those blest ones when I heard thee say :
“ Women as men are worthy to be taught.”

Oft, though the clouds have threatened a wet night,
I at the lecture on thy lips have hung,
And could the whole repeat, and with delight
Amongst my friends have heard thy praises rung.

Oh, think not I can help the man revere
Who speaks of truth in language so divine !
Would that more often 'twere my bliss to hear
A tongue so wise and eloquent as thine !

Yet, if thou'rt pleased with me, oh, grant one boon —
From thy rich stores sweet knowledge to impart !
My uncle grants each morning until noon,
And lets me urge thee with a grateful heart.

III. ELOISA TO ABELARD.

Deem not my soul thine image hath forgot,
 Because in words my lips no grief reveal!
 The heart most feels what the tongue uttereth not,
 And learns to hide the woes it cannot heal.
 Ah, no! Through years whose suns so long have set,
 The lamp of love is burning brightly yet.

Oft have I heard thy voice in some sweet song
 Deep in the wood, while morning dews exhaled;
 Oft have I seen thee the bright clouds among,
 Whose fleets white-pennoned toward our watch-towers
 sailed,
 Oft spoke with thee through the long summer's day,
 And seen thee melt in evening light away.

Yet have I deemed it right to soften grief,
 In useful offices to spend my time;
 In pious prayers my soul hath sought relief,
 Or joined the hymn that rose in strains sublime.
 Yet a divided heart God will not prize;
 No, He demands a holier sacrifice.

Oh, think not love the less, if now at last
 Time softens somewhat wishes vain and wild!
 It burns as warmly as when in the past
 Thine arms enfolded first the admiring child.
 But man and maid two different fates must find:
 'Tis his to struggle — hers to be resigned.

O valued friend! I would thy troubled heart
 The comfort it can give itself might reach,
 And that the mind which wisdom can impart
 Might own the guidance it so well can teach!

Thy lessons are of sweetest worth to me,
And all that still delights I learned of thee.

Ah, if our hearts love's magnet drew astray,
And led us wandering from virtue's star,
Let us rejoice that, while we missed our way,
Reverence for right ne'er let us travel far.
Vex not thy soul! Even then I was thy bride,
And love by sacred vows was sanctified.

Fly, fly, vain thoughts! For now I hear once more
The echoing murmurs of that half-scaped sea
Whose wild waves cast me on this loveless shore!
Ah, still they sweep and sigh unceasingly!
Back the spent surges of my spirit glide,
And in their ancient bed once more subside!

Farewell! 'Tis time the unseemly tongue grew still:
Let care return, ere peace be wholly fled!
Doubt not that love, which triumphs o'er the will,
Shall follow thee till Time itself be dead.
I hear the convent bell — adieu! I flee,
To bless in the same prayer my God and thee!

IV. ABELARD TO ELOISA, AT ARGENTEUIL.

My widowed spouse (for such thou art,
Since fate our bliss denied),
Still closely wedded to a heart
Where passion's fires have died —

Not vainly loved, since still with thee
My memory overflows,
Still to that Paradise would flee
Where first began our woes!

Say, doth thy lacerated heart
Forget for me to pine?
Remembering what thou wast and art,
Still doth it follow mine?

Then be the search suspended now!
'Tis time thy tears were dry,
For more than woman grown art thou,
While less than man am I.

Yet, though this mutilated frame
Terrestrial love disdains,
My soul's first instincts are the same —
Love's spirit-bond remains.

Ah, not in charitable care
Like thee I find defence,
Nor can like thee surmount despair
By sweet beneficence.

I soothe dull hours with music's skill,
I fly to science' arms:
Still art thou near against my will —
Thou, too, couldst feel their charms.

I'll not rebel — 'tis Heaven above
Hath thus its anger shown;
Yet doubt thou not that still I love,
Though all unlovely grown.

Rememberest thou those happy hours,
To fancy still too sweet,
When secretly I brought thee flowers
And laid them at thy feet?

And how mine eyes from off our book
Oft strove thy glance to gain,
Whilst thou with half-approving look
Would point me back again ?

And how, surprised in our retreat
By thine old guardian's guile,
I feigned to scold thee, even to beat,
Whilst thou scarce checked a smile ?

And how, when he had shut the door,
I prayed thee to forgive,
And from the accusing case once more
Fled to the vocative ?

How oft, with admiration moved,
I listened to thy song !
How sweet the thought we might have loved,
And yet have ne'er done wrong !

Oft, in the peaceful evening hour
When vesper bell I hear,
Will holy musings still have power
My drooping soul to cheer.

But, when the penance task is done,
To thee my spirit flies ;
I mourn o'er rapturous visions flown,
And waste the night in sighs.

Almost I dread the lonely meal
Wherein thou hast no share ;
When to my stone-cold couch I steal,
Thy image haunts me there.

I clasp — I pray thee to forgive —
When, lo! the form is fled.
Alas, to think we both must live
But to be doubly dead!

Doomed but to see thee in vain dreams,
I writhe in restless sleep,
And, when the glorious morning gleams,
I only wake to weep.

I join the sacred anthem's airs
With but a hollow moan;
Thine image flutters in the prayers
Where God should reign alone.

Still stir unquelled, though faith survives,
But two sad thoughts within:
The memory of our sundered lives,
The memory of our sin.

Ah, cruel and unequal Fate,
That marriage buys with gold,
Joins fast the hands of them that hate
Their union base and cold,—

That yields to selfishness and lust
Dominion o'er the heart,
And neck to neck with bond unjust
Yokes them that fain would part,—

Yet sunders those whom Heaven above
Hath bound by nature's bands,
Unites two hearts in truth and love,
But disunites the hands!

Farewell — farewell — but ne'er forget !
And, if to read this scrawl
Thou fail because its leaves were wet,
My tears shall tell thee all !

V. ABELARD TO ELOISA, AT THE PARACLETE.

My mortal day is done ;
The light is fading from mine eyes away ;
Ere I have trimmed my lamp, night is begun ;
On earth no more I stay.

The scourge is laid aside,
And shirt of hair ; my penance hour is past ;
And now no other discipline I bide
Than hard bed and long fast.

I was no friend of truth —
In wordy war for conquest did I rage ;
My guerdon for a vain, self-seeking youth
Is disappointed age.

Yet now, life's passions o'er,
Ere its last spark deserts this wasted clay,
My heart goes back to thee, and greets once more
The sole sun of its day.

Thou hast illumed my path
With radiant love, when all was dark around —
Thou, when all other hands were raised in wrath,
Didst still forbear to wound.

I have deserved worse fate !
I sought thee out to do a deed of shame,

And not to live with thee in wedded state :
Self-love hath been my bane.

True, when I knew thee well,
Lust grew to love in answering thy caress ;
Yet 'twas not through my virtue this befell,
But through thy nobleness.

That thou, too, shouldst be lost,
Who erred but in love undeserved toward me,
Doubles my grief. O Sin, how deep thy cost,
Thou sire of misery !

Yet since thou, kind as Heaven,
Wilt to the faithfulness of many years
And unfeigned grief say, " Be thy fault forgiven ! "
May God accept my tears !

Ah, still with thee delighted,
I'd feel, since now love's sensual reign is past,
That our two hearts, from youth to age united,
Are still in death bound fast.

To thee did I bequeath
In the same walls a temple and a tomb ;
There would I fain near thee repose in death,
With thee find rest and room.

Peace to thee after toil !
'Twas my brain's labor that first reared those stones,
That thou mightst dwell retired from life's turmoil,
And lay near mine thy bones.

To Him that reigns above
My Paraclete and thee I now commend —

Thee who lovedst much, to whom goes boundless love,
Farewell, farewell, sweet friend!

VI. ELOISA, IN AUTUMN, AT THE GRAVE OF ABELARD.

Oh, only loved, though dead who livest yet!
Thy wishes are obeyed. Here rest at last,
And, hushed in peaceful slumbers, here forget
The errors and the sorrows of thy past!

Here art thou safe at last from all thy foes;
The slanderer's poisonous breath with thine hath died;
And soon to join thy sleep these eyes shall close,
To leave my dust reposing at thy side.

Thou didst not say, "Forgive!" Thy tender heart
Knew mine too well, O best beloved, to doubt.
Oh, that from 'neath this marble where thou art
I could for one short moment draw thee out,

And wet thy face with tears, and to my breast
Clasp thee with thanks that thou didst die confiding!
Nay, nay, three nays! I would not break thy rest!
'Tis thy first peace — then let it be abiding!

I hear the hollow winds of autumn blow
While all around the yellow leaves are shed;
Nature herself, like us, must be laid low,
She, too, like us, must seek the wormy bed.

Alas, dear friend, 'tis well that we can fade,
Since all life's way is watered with our tears;
The brightest sun must soonest sink in shade,
And life grows old before its seventy years.

For we are changed, are changed, oh, long before
Our wearied bodies 'neath their gravestones lie;
Doomed countless sins and errors to deplore,
Our very souls seem withered ere we die.

Yet are there pure ones who ne'er know the pain
Of that stern conflict between soul and sense,
Who still in state of innocence remain,
Nor need the curb of harsh experience.

Happy are they! Yet let me mourn no more —
My sorrow shall be soothed to sleep at last;
Patient I'll wait, till summoned to that shore
Where all the woes of this life shall be past.

Ah, life's sweet instrument of many strings
Shall still sound gayly on, though we decay,
And o'er our graves a host of happy things
Shall still rejoice when we have passed away.

Then peace be with thee — I'll not say adieu!
Thou dost but seem from Eloisa fled —
Even in thine ashes do I deem thee true!
Thy love lives on — 'tis but thy form is dead!

AN EARLY SCENE REVISITED.

I.

Sweet scene, the sight of you once more brings freshly to my
 mind
 Joys fled so long my very heart hath left them now behind!
 I move unknown 'mongst faces strange, where once I knew
 them all;
 Throughout the village there was scarce a dog but knew my
 call.
 Ye loved ones of my childhood, kind neighbors once so dear,
 I scarce dare look amongst these graves, lest I should find you
 here.
 All new! There's nothing meets my eye familiar as of yore,
 Save these dark, venerable elms, and the skies that arch them
 o'er.
 All round about my wondering eyes turn on from stone to
 stone,
 And note the friends that once were mine,—a list of names
 alone!

II.

Yet one was here I cannot find. "Pray, Sexton, do you know
 A stone marked 'B,' was planted here some twenty years
 ago?"
 "I scarce can tell, and yet methinks just such a stone I've
 seen
 In the border of yon gravel walk, that runs across the green."
 "Why was it moved?" "Good sir, each spring to yonder
 rows are borne
 The stones o'er folks long dead, for whom are now none left to
 mourn."
 "I grieve for this, good Sexton, for the very spot I'd find
 Where sleeps the early friend who freshly yet lives in my mind.

Fain would I stand beside the mound and let one tear-drop
 flow,
 In memory of the many tears I shed so long ago."

III.

"You've known this town before, sir?" "Yes, and would I
 knew it still!
 Five happy years I spent at school, the school upon the hill,
 Hid in the pleasant linden grove; the house I do not see."
 "You'll see it, sir, from yonder walk; 'tis the soap-factory,
 And the linden-grove, a brewery, knee-deep in mud, I trow."
 "Alas, how beautiful of old!" "You would not know it
 now —
 Absent how long, pray?" "Twenty years." "Oh, sir, this
 town is grown,
 And much improved since then; new buildings raised; the old
 pulled down.
 New streets and shops you'll find; 'twas but a rural district
 then;
 A city now, twelve thousand strong, with mayor and alder-
 men."

IV.

"But the fine old church — I see it not! — all built of granite
 gray,
 Two rows of windows, and a spire that shone ten miles away."
 "The fashion changed; they tore it down, and built whereon
 it stood
 Yon Gothic one, I think they call't." "What, friend! That
 thing of wood,
 Whose pinnacles of gingerbread, that ever seem to quake,
 Shoot up from planks so white you'd think the whole a frosted
 cake?
 And the bell that rang so merrily, so mournfully that tolled,
 I would not it were cracked, good man, for all its weight in
 gold."

“It tolls no more, but, set in brick and turned up toward the sky,
They sold it for a vat, sir, to the brewery hard by.”

V.

“And the good old clergyman,— he, too, hath long been gone,
I fear.
He had a smile for all who joyed; for all who grieved, a tear.
Where is he? Tell me, is he dead? I mean old Parson N.”
“They kept him for a spell, sir, till his sight grew dim, and then,
As they’d built a brand-new church and put the pulpit in repair,
A deaf, old, rusty parson, who had neither teeth nor hair,
Seemed a mean thing to keep, sir; and so it came to pass,
They couldn’t knock him in the head, but turned him out to grass,—
Like an old horse past work; and yet they should have found him hay.
They couldn’t afford a span, and so the old one turned away.

VI.

“The young one was right smart, sir, and had been upon the stage;
Unlike the old-fogy preachers of the narrow bygone age,—
Had no particular doctrine save that ‘battered bread is best,’
But gave in words their money’s worth, and left to heaven the rest.
His sentences were exquisite, and tipped full oft with rhyme;
His hits and points like razors keen, the sharpest of their time.
His greatest masterpiece each year upon Fast-day he read;
He painted there the poor man’s doom who steals a loaf of bread.

The rich all heard it with delight, but the poor ('twas somewhat queer)
Lacked taste to admire a saint who spent three thousand crowns a year.

VII.

“ One foolish fellow said the priest was too well-fed to preach,
And Virtue's standard set so high that none might hope to reach.
He deemed those words of warning with far greater weight would fall,
If he himself had grazed upon the sour side of the wall.
'Twas said he'd been a gambler, reformed some time ago,
Which made him very popular ; we couldn't keep him, though !
His salary was too small, and, when his preaching fit was o'er,
I grieve to say he left us, and to gambling went once more —
Has now become a candidate for Congress, as I hear ;
He failed last season, but they think to get him in next year.”

VIII.

“ And the wise physician, friend of all the village, where is he ?
Near yonder corner, surely, the low brown house should be.
A lovely brook flowed through the ground, and flowers of
thousand dyes
The green banks gemmed, and there we used to walk and
botanize.
The flowers, perhaps, have perished ; hath the streamlet failed
as well ? ”
“ The house was burned, some years ago, where stands yon
brick hotel.
And the brook, that's now the common sewer, runs arched
beneath the street.
As for the man ('twas so he willed), yon rock is at his feet,
With scarlet lichens crowned, and at his head a maple tree.”

“ Ah, long-lost friend, how oft did I enjoy such things with thee!

IX.

“ He used to wonder much that men, by superstitious fears,
Should render death more dreadful than in Nature it appears ;
He oft would smile, in passing, at the figures on the stones,
And say they ne'er should garnish him with death's-heads and
cross-bones ;

And that no other monument should stand above his mould
Than the maple, which in fall would glow in crimson and in
gold.

And now the pines and spruces, which gird his grave around,
Already with their last year's leaves have carpeted the ground ;
And the maple soon, with crimson blush, will beautiful appear,
And make his grave smile sweetly at the closing of the year.

X.

“ I've heard him say : 'Tis very true that evil doth exist,
And 'tis true the laws that govern us no mortal can resist ;
Yet, if we had the power to alter all things at our will,
We still should say 'twere best that Nature's law should govern
still.

And I'm glad to think so vast, although so dark, the Almighty
plan,

And that so little power to change hath been allowed to man.
I often think within myself that this universe so grand
Must be made for some good reason that I do not understand ;
Nay, I deem it joy, not sorrow, to be fated to submit,
And, if I could, you may be sure I would not alter it.'

“ Once he said : ‘ Men seek but little this brief life to adorn.
They live so hard, almost it seems a pity to be born !
Life, merely flecked with sorrow, they make a scene of woe,

But the fault is not in Nature — she has not made it so.
 To do no wrong to any man, to wish all good to all,
 In God's hand to rest trustfully, whether we stand or fall,
 And a cheerful disposition, which a good heart ever brings,
 Can yield at least contentment, in the lack of other things.
 We ask too much, and hence we lose the little that is ours.' ”
 “ Oh, Sexton, give me one of those dear scarlet lichen flowers ! ”

“ ‘ Men are slaves to pride,’ said he, ‘ much troubled about
 wealth,
 Though a hard crust with labor hard, good conscience, and
 good health,
 And the love of all one's neighbors, is enough. If men were
 wise,
 They'd smile to think that any should deem this self-sacrifice —
 As if creed alone had made a rule of love for man to obey !
 'Tis but a fool his peace would seek in any other way.
 And, as for labor, if,’ said he, ‘ it was the primal curse,
 The blessed state of idleness were infinitely worse.
 If men were more enlightened, how much happier they might
 be ! ’ ”
 “ Reach me, good friend, one single leaf from yonder maple
 tree ! ”

“ Once he whispered with a smile, when the parson wished to
 each
 ‘ A blessed death,’ ‘ A blessed life were worthier far to preach.’
 And again : ‘ If, when a man might die, he could but truly say
 He had saved his honor and good name until he had grown
 gray,
 Had earned his bread (no more), did never wholly starve or
 freeze,
 Was never more than half his life a victim of disease,
 Had but kept one friend in twenty, howe'er greatly to his cost,
 Had loved and had been loved, and, though all else had long
 been lost,

Had saved his peace of mind at last,—few so happy were as he.’”

“ A little bit of that gray rock, O Sexton, break for me !”

“ He said, just ere he died, there were few lived half their days ;
Men with their bodies put their souls at war a thousand ways ;
That the senseless cramming of the one and the starving of the
other

Made man more cruel to himself than even to his brother.

‘ Dark hours,’ he said, ‘ I’ve sought to make more cheerful all
my life ;

I’ve ever aimed to free my heart from bitterness and strife.

By art I keep a smiling face, though gasping now for breath ;

Do thou by art still make my grave look cheerful after death.’

I said I would ! His face grew grave, nor did that smile re-
store.

I’ve kept my word !” “ My thanks be thine ! We see his like
no more !

“ Now tell me one thing further, good Sexton, while I stay ;

I’ll trouble you but briefly, for I long to be away.

Pray, know you aught of two fair maids, perhaps no longer
fair,

Who in the Gothic College dwelt, that stands by Lake Sinclair ?

They were most kind to me of old,— sire, mother, brother, all,

And gave me friendly welcome ever, both in bower and hall.

I dare not visit — tell, I ask, are all alive and well ?

I ask, and yet I ask it not, and fear lest you should tell.”

“ Brentwood Hall, sir ?” “ Yes, the same ! Now speak and
quell my fears ;

Say that all live !” “ You know, sir, much takes place in
twenty years.”

“ And now, friend, this is all I’d say ; you know that boys at
school

Fall in love, and I with reason, as not used to play the fool.
 'Tis long ago, yet, when one day, we walked beside the lake,
 The younger gave a lily, saying, 'Keep it for my sake.'
 Friends value such small trifles, and this to me was dear;
 And I thought 'twere sweet to show it safe and sound some
 future year.

We danced together on the eve; we parted and I said,
 'Though twenty years must separate, yet, if I live, fair maid,
 This lily shall return some future day, and o'er the main
 Shall come, though scentless, back with me, to visit you again.'

"'Tis twenty years to-day! And I have kept it in a book,
 Pressed safely, hoping still, or by the lake or by the brook,
 To show it yet unbroken, and say proudly, 'Do you know
 The little token that you gave so many years ago?'
 Just twenty years to-day it is — God grant she liveth still!
 Good Sexton, all these other things may perish if they will,
 And Fate will I forgive, may I but spend one happy hour
 In weeping for the buried past, with her who gave this flower.
 Just twenty years to-day! Lives she? Oh, speak and quell
 my fears!"

"We were saying but just now, sir, *much* takes place in twenty
 years!

"You knew these folks? I'd gladly tell things pleasant of the
 past;

My cottage was their gift — times changed — misfortunes came
 at last.

The family decayed; the father died; the only son
 For somewhat was disgraced, but I know not what he had done.
 The elder daughter left the place, and went, I know not where;
 The younger, cheerful alway, was unwilling to despair,
 And to help the aged mother took in sewing for awhile.
 And when she died — 'twas in my house — she pointed with a
 smile

To an old book : 'I've nought but this ; keep it, old friend,'
said she,
'And save the rose, for 'twas the gift of one most dear to me.'

"The rose was mine ! Now will I go to the fair lake once
more,
View the old garden and the house, and wander on the shore,
And muse awhile ; then never will I see this place again !
I thank you, friend !" "Nay, wait awhile, your labor is in
vain.

The house is gone, the garden too, the pond is walled about ;
An ice-house stands at every rod, half in the deep, half out.
No beach there now." "Say, neighbor, was she buried by your
hand ?

Pray tell me where." "Oh, stranger, look ! Upon her grave
you stand."

"Nay, nay, forgive, sweet Spirit, in whatever world thou be,
O thou that dwellest in my heart, that I should tread on thee !

"O friends, and things I loved of old, and must you be no
more ?"

"Stranger, I lack myself the power of loving as of yore."

"Old man ! If all the world were mine, I'd give the world
straightway,

Could I but make things what they were in that sweet olden
day."

"And I, if all earth's wealth were mine, would give it with
good will

To keep the wheel of change within the world's mill turning
still."

"Happy must be the man for whom each moment is so blest.
You've had no sorrow, then ; your heart beats quiet in your
breast.

Friend, were there e'er such men, why, surely he who can for-
get

Past joys, nor wish them back, must find the present happier yet."

"Ah, think not, stranger, you alone in this wide world have cares ;

There's none were ever dear to me but now this church-yard bears,—

Wife, children, friends! Yet deem not I so little reck of pain
That I would call the dead to life, and lose them o'er again!
'Tis true, my life is dull; I bury men from year to year,
But am too old to whine, and now even change itself grows dear.

I wish 'twere swifter still, and oft the wish comes to my mind,
When life seems weary, that I might but leave these cramps behind;

And then I grow less hopeless of a world that's without pain,
Where this poor, cracked, and shattered frame may be patched up again,—

"The broken be made whole with all of which it once was part.
There are more cares for me, 'tis true, but I keep up good heart.

Grave-digging keeps me warm, at least, and, the favor to repay,
I hope some one with digging mine may sweat no distant day."
"God grant thee many, many, happy days, old man!" "Nay,
nay,

My work is done; go home with me, or till to-morrow stay.
You wish to look about, and 'twere to me a dear delight
With one who knew this place of old, to chat throughout the night."

"I'll go!" "Thanks! thanks! and share my humble meal
without disdain.

We'll drink the memory of old times, not wish them back again!"

REGRET.

I saw her first in childish years !
'Twas rarely either smiles or tears
 Disturbed that tranquil face,
Whose dark-blue eyes expressive sent
A glance less rapid than intent
 Your inmost thought to trace,
And ever in their depths revealed
Each sentiment the tongue concealed.

A lofty spirit without guile,
That gave the heart, with trustful smile,
 Where'er it gave the hand —
One that so much in truth believed
'Twas but surprised to be deceived,
 And could not understand
The reason for a lie, nor see
In subterfuge a policy.

Again I saw her in that hour
When first the bud becomes the flower,
 And childhood grows most dear ;
No ruffling passions blent their strife
To mar the beauty of a life
 So simple and sincere,
Or cloud the influence serene
She shed around the social scene.

Yet, though intent on work or book,
A something earnest in her look,
 Half soothing, half severe,
Betrayed a soul whose thought could reach
Beyond the narrow vale and beach

That bound her little sphere,—
 A soul expansive, that could give
 Its sympathies to all that live.

I came again when Nature's hand
 Had made her favorite flower expand
 To full maturity,
 Had added feeling, thought, and grace
 To health and sense and form and face ;
 And, dearer far to me,
 Love beamed at last within an eye
 Where pity dwelt in days gone by.

Ye happy ones, whom soul and sense
 Alike have formed for excellence,
 More innocent than gay !
 I bless that beauty blent with mind,
 That love with friendship grown refined,
 Which scarce can lead astray,
 And, being rather chaste than cold
 In youth, survives when life grows old.

Once more I came, when early Spring
 Waked joy in every living thing ;
 I climbed the green hill's brow,
 Dreaming of joy untouched with pain ;
 I looked on the familiar plain
 More trustingly than now —
 I thought of nothing but to see
 One that was grown twice half of me.

Nothing I saw except a stone
 Which on the hillside, gray and lone,
 Pierced Spring's last rift of snow !
 There hands unskilled, though kind, had writ

An ill-rhymed tribute, all unfit
For her who lay below :
It told the death, the day, the year,
How fair, how good, but not how dear.

O what a boundless winter there,
Before the dry eyes of despair,
Loomed in that bank of snow !
And if the wood and cottage stand,
Or if the sea hath drunk the land,
Why should he care to know
Who saw his sun at morning set
Within the ocean of regret ?

Yet what can words or rhymes avail
To move the stranger with a tale
Of sorrows not his own ?
Who lives on earth but hath as well
Some story of his own to tell,
That touches him alone ?
There is no medicine for grief,
Till time and silence yield relief.

Let, then, no epitaph of mine
Disturb the secrecy divine
That sanctifies a tear,
Nor draw disdain from them that deem
All friendship but an idle dream
Till interest makes it dear,
Nor teach that souls with souls delighted
With love alone must be requited.

One image only, drawn that night
From the dark ocean's beacon-light,

Shall find expression here :
 The fires that warn us from the shore,
 Each morn extinguished, gleam once more
 When dusky night draws near,
 But those that light us o'er Life's main,
 Once quenched, ne'er cheer its gloom again.

“VOS NON VOBIS.”

Planter of grief ! why ceaseless tell
 The woes that make thee weep ?
 Ourselves create our heaven and hell ;
 'Tis as we sow we reap.

Make not this world as sad as night,
 In hope of future bliss !
 Him best a better will delight
 Who makes the best of this.

From yonder rose all blushing red,
 From yonder sky so blue,
 No real tints their radiance shed :
 Our eyes create the hue.

So, as the hours fly on, they cast
 Few joys, few griefs behind ;
 They but repeat, while fluttering past,
 The colors of the mind.

Canst thou no sorrow, then, relieve
 No happiness enhance,
 No mind from error undeceive,
 No germs of truth advance ?

Whose cares are these with calm delight
 May ponder on the past,
And still escape the dreaded night
 Of dotage at the last.

As Art by heat and light maintains
 Its triumph o'er decay,
And Summer's fragrant bloom detains
 When she hath passed away :

So in old age may we our youth
 Prolong with kindly skill,
Lend warmth to love and light to truth,
 Shall keep Life blooming still.

Who doth not scent the new-mown hay,
 Though on another's ground ?
What though we give our flowers away ?
 They still shed sweetness round.

We, too, their bloom, their fragrance share,
 Though for another strown,
And, while we soothe another's care,
 We lull to sleep our own.

THE SUICIDE'S GRAVE.

Hater of light, what inward strife,
 What woe without relief,
Hath made thee weary of a life
 At best, alas, so brief,
And cast thee out from cheerful day
To moulder in yon bed of clay ?

Methinks the rustling of the breeze,
Yon ocean-murmur low,
The very humming of the bees,
Had made thee loth to go!
Why snatch from Fate that dreadful boon
Her hand bestows on all too soon?

Alas, so little truth is known,
The time to learn so brief,
I mourn each year when it is flown;
And, when the new-born leaf,
The melting snow, the breath of Spring,
And the green boughs all blossoming,

Have called me forth the fields to roam,
It almost gives me pain
To think the wide world's open tome
To me shall close again,
And leave that pictured page, so wise,
Unread by these unseeing eyes,—

That toil and skill must end in nought,
And I ere long be fated
To feel the ebb of sense and thought,
By culture educated,—
That the clear light of reason's ray
Must into darkness fade away!

Speak, silent one, for thou art dear,
Far more than thou couldst guess!
The spirit that reproves thee here
Disdains not to confess,
That hours have been when it could flee
Delighted to that gulf with thee!

Yet, doubting much if it should mend
 Its fortunes by such change,
 It deigns to live on to the end,
 Through scenes however strange,—
 Shrinks from confounding wise and great
 With weak or mad by such a fate.

Yes, howe'er tempted in my soul,
 A something whispered still :
 " Who gave thee wisdom to control
 The undiscovered Will ?
 Unthwarted, That shall set thee free,
 When It hath no more use for thee ! "

IDEAL LOVE.

" Why droops my friend on this fair morn,
 Ere birds have left their nest ?
 And was it, then, the hounds and horn
 Too early broke thy rest ?

" Why lonely rove ? Some secret woe,
 I fear, afflicts thy heart !
 What makes thy breast with sighs o'erflow ?
 What makes the tear-drop start ? "

" Nay, brother, 'twas not hounds nor horn
 My rest so early broke,
 Nor was it grief on this fair morn
 Some transient sighs awoke.

" He were a clod whom grief or joy
 Alone could force to sigh !

So had I answered when a boy —
So would the man reply.

“ ’Twas the sweet silence of the day,
Not sound, disturbed my sleep,
For voiceless tongues from far away
Spoke through the stillness deep ;

“ And soft winds, whispering without breath,
Stole gently on my ear,
And plaintive songs, though mute as death,
Seemed sounding sweet and clear ;

“ And birds asleep in bush and vine
Seemed singing without tone,
Each with its mate, while I with mine
Went musing all alone.”

“ With thine? What whim is in thy head?
I saw thee lonely there ! ”
“ Thou camest — and the spirit fled,
And vanished into air.”

“ Hush, brother, come! The guests are met,
And wait within the hall ;
They wait for thee — dost thou forget
The May Morn festival ?

“ The morning sun one long, long hour
Hath gilt the woodland scene,
The maidens dance within the bower,
The children throng the green,

“ And with one voice they bid me bring
One who to all is dear ;

Thy jests shall make the gay grove ring,
Thy tales the time shall cheer."

"Heed not my looks — I'll go with thee
And laugh through all the day!
Chide not, if while my tongue is free,
My soul is far away.

"We cannot change our minds at will,
A present good to gain;
The anxious soul must linger still
Upon some pleasing pain.

"The gayest scenes, the sweetest songs,
Soothe not the restless mind;
'Tis ever restless still, and longs
For what it cannot find."

"Come! Solitude hath made thee sad —
Let sports the day beguile;
Fond hearts ere long shall make thee glad,
Bright eyes shall on thee smile.

"A hundred happy ones are there,
And for thy coming wait;
Dear friend, the fairest of the fair
Were glad to be thy mate!"

"'Tis not the fairest of the fair
My heart in bonds can hold:
The merriest maid in bower or hall
To me were dull and cold.

"An earlier passion, cherished long,
Hath fixed my heart on one!

None blooms for me amid the throng;
I love, but love unknown."

"Then tell thy love, that love again
May soothe thy restless mind,
And give thee love for love!" "'Tis vain —
I know not where to find!"

"Speak but the name, I'll find her out,
And bring her here this morn!"

"It hath no name, and much I doubt
If ever yet 'twas born.

"It came to me in childhood's dreams,
To manhood still is dear;
When least in sight, most true it seems,
Far off, yet ever near.

"Never may Sense true Love control,
By touch or sight or sound;
'Tis the fair Image in the soul —
We love long e'er 'tis found!

"Unborn it lives, unseen it grows,
Inspiring mind and heart;
In hope it breathes, in fancy glows,
Nor dies till we depart.

"Who hath it not, yet wedded lies,
Lives all alone with strife;
Who hath it, though alone he dies,
Was wedded all his life!

"He'll not go mad with joy to find,
Nor mourn to find it not,

Let the fair flower within the mind
But flourish unforgot.

“To meet will breed no rapturous rage,
To miss I shall not rue,
If only to my latest age
I keep that feeling true.

“Rest, Image, here! No meaner love,
Though living, us shall part;
Thy soul shall soar with mine above,
Thy grave be in my heart.

“Now will I haste, my friend, away
To join thy comrades dear;
With jest and song we'll spend the day,
With tales the time we'll cheer.”

HARVARD'S PROCESSION.

Behold yon River, to the sound
Of music rolling slow,
That yearly o'er this classic ground
Back to its source doth flow!

Lo, where through yonder gate it glides,
From living fountains fed,
And slowly moves in sable tides
Along its ancient bed.

Now, hid in solemn shade, it creeps
Yon drooping elms between,
And now in cheerful sunshine sweeps
O'er yon smooth-shaven green.

And now the stream of living men
Hath almost reached its goal :
Behold Life's threescore years and ten —
One furlong spans the whole !

First come the waves of snowy white,
And next the waves of gray,
And then the grizzled heave in sight,
All flowing on their way,

And lo, at last, the sable wave
Commingling with the gold :
Here, from the cradle to the grave,
The Stream of Life behold !

Now at yon cave 'twixt gaping doors
The torrent rushes in,
And in a noisy whirlpool roars
With spirit-stirring din.

Wave after wave ! Still in they pour !
Unnumbered drops of rain
Have mingled with their mates once more,
And formed a fount again.

Alas, fair fount, in one short hour
Thy merry noise shall die,
And, like a transient summer shower,
The River shall run dry !

The little drops shall fast grow few
That blended side by side,
And, scattered like the evening dew,
To drops again divide :

Each, hastening with instinctive life
To join its separate cloud,
Shall mix with alien drops, 'mid strife
Of storm-winds piping loud.

I, too, one drop within its breast,
To seek my cloud must soar,
And take my flight with all the rest,
To join the sea once more.

O stream of living men, I see
The image now is vain
Which to a river likens thee,
Or these to drops of rain !

For every drop that rustles here
Gives out a different tone ;
Each is a monad that doth bear
A nature of its own.

What various features in this train
Of brethren I discern—
The modest mated with the vain,
The gentle with the stern !

The generous with the worldly stand,
The thoughtful with the fool,
The solemn pedant hand in hand
With him that laughs at rule,

The kindly nature with the cold,
The lavish with the close,
The proud with him of humble mould,
The gay with the morose.

All meet once more, remembering yet
The youths that once they were ;
All meet as brethren, but forget
The children that they are.

Here human life in every stage
Stands painted on the green :
How brief the space from youth to age —
How few the steps between !

Old men with sparse, thin locks of white
In front all tottering stand,
And close behind them comes in sight
A grave and gray-haired band ;

And next the raven-crownèd ones
In stalwart ranks appear,
And last our Mother's fair-haired sons,
Her youngest, close the rear.

Who hindmost marches here today
Shall soon be in the van,
Yet he that's gayest of the gay
Is still the careworn man.

Who at the feast first shows his face
First sinks in Lethe's wave,
And who holds next the foremost place
Hath one foot in the grave.

Of all my mates, how few are here,
How many passed away !
Friend of my youth, to memory dear,
Oh, where art thou to-day ?

Too dearly loved, too early lost,
Would that from Death's dark shore
Thou might'st one moment join this host,
And walk with me once more !

I near the gate — I pass the arch —
Fainter I draw my breath —
Ah, surely seems it less a march
To dinner than to death.

Cease, solemn bell ! Sweet music, sleep !
Ye drums, forget to roll !
And leave me with the feeling deep
That surges in my soul.

To lose how many loved ones more,
How many sorrows know,
What troubles yet to find in store,
What cherished hopes forego,—

How many disappointments bear,
How much injustice see,
Ere I yon forward post shall share,
And with the graybeards be !

O Alma Mater, when I reach
Those white ones trembling there,
What hast thou taught, what canst thou teach,
That's proof against despair ?

'Twill be no Greek nor Latin lore
That then can comfort me :
Strength must I gather from a store
Was never gleaned of thee !

THE TWO TEMPLES.

“O man of God, how broad, how high,
Men’s hands have built their temple here !
The roof seems swollen to a sky ;
How tall the stately towers appear !”

“Enter, my son, and feel no doubt ;
Here there is rest from grief and sin ;
What seems so beautiful without
Is still more beautiful within.

“On every side thine eyes behold
Where genius’ hand hath left its trace,—
Here candlesticks of massive gold,
Yonder the Holy Virgin’s face,—

“The rainbow panes, the columns tall,
The sculptured forms that round us rise,
The vault that crowns yon fretted wall,
Whose concave seems to hold the skies.

“Lo, there our sacred Tables stand,
Whose letters glow with golden fire ;
Behold what life the painter’s hand
Hath waked o’er walls and roof and choir.

“Deem not this glorious pile, my son,
By human architect was wrought :
Through ages long concealed in stone,
’Twas builded by the Almighty’s thought !

“Men’s hands did but remove the dross,
And leave the gold from rubbish clear —

Did but from rock and mould and moss
Draw forth the fane that rises here."

"'Tis beauteous! But I stood last night
In one, oh, wondrously more fair!
A million tapers shed their light,
And blazed ten billion miles in air.

"'Tis glorious, too! So proud a pile
Not yet in any land I've seen;
Still can I scarce refrain a smile—
So great, so small, so rich, so mean!"

"Has thou no reverence, then?" "O priest!
Thou canst not read my secret thought;
From pettiness thou'rt not released;
But the great world my mind hath taught.

"Man built these walls, not dug them out;
Cramp not my thought with this poor dome!
Thine architect hath sought, no doubt,
To imitate God's work in Rome,—

"Yet a poor bird's-nest, built with straw,
Comes nearer to thy builder's art,
Than his to that transcendent Law
Which builds its temple in the heart.

"The woods without these walls, old man,
Far grander domes than thine disclose;
Long ere thy sires their work began,
When from rude rocks thine altars rose,

"Yon sacred elms their branches blended
To build an arch more grand than thine,

While through their rustling vaults ascended
Sweet hymns, outpoured to Love Divine.

“Would thou hadst seen where, arch on arch,
Each raised o'er each, mine eyes gazed through
To where the stars, in silent march,
Studded heaven's boundless vault of blue!

“'Neath such a dome I lay last night,
My poor dumb beast watched with me there;
A million tapers shed their light,
And blazed ten billion miles in air.

“And with the morn a torch so vast
Shone forth, it filled the world with flame,
While warbling cherubs, flitting fast,
Put all thy painted ones to shame.

“The sacred Tables, too, I saw,
Not carved like thine, nor gilt by art;
But he who ran might read the Law!
It still lies graven on my heart.

“Farewell, old man! I thank thy care,
But nothing new thy wisdom tells;
Give me one lock of thy white hair!
More marvels are recorded there
Than speak from all thine oracles.”

